

BOOKS BY

Upton Sinclair

| | |
|--|--|
| THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING | BOSTON |
| MANASSAS, A NOVEL OF THE CIVIL WAR | MOUNTAIN CITY |
| THE JUNGLE | MENTAL RADIO |
| THE OVERMAN | ROMAN HOLIDAY |
| THE MILLENNIUM | THE WET PARADE |
| THE METROPOLIS | AMERICAN OUTPOST |
| THE MONEYCHANGERS | UPTON SINCLAIR PRESENTS |
| SAMUEL, THE SEEKER | WILLIAM FOX |
| THE FASTING CURE | DEPRESSION ISLAND |
| LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE | THE FLIVVER KING |
| SYLVIA | OUR LADY |
| SYLVIA'S MARRIAGE | LITTLE STEEL |
| DAMAGED GOODS | THE WAY OUT: WHAT LIES |
| THE CRY FOR JUSTICE | AHEAD FOR AMERICA |
| THE PROFITS OF RELIGION | I, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA |
| KING COAL, A NOVEL OF THE COLORADO STRIKE | THE EPIC PLAN FOR |
| JIMMIE HIGGINS | CALIFORNIA |
| THE BRASS CHECK | I, CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR: AND HOW I GOT |
| 100%—THE STORY OF A PATRIOT | LICKED |
| THEY CALL ME CARPENTER | WHAT GOD MEANS TO ME: |
| THE BOOK OF LIFE | AN ATTEMPT AT A |
| THE GOOSE-STEP—A STUDY OF AMERICAN EDUCATION | WORKING RELIGION |
| THE GOSLINGS—A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOLS | PLAYS OF PROTEST |
| MAMMONART | CO-OP: A NOVEL OF LIVING |
| LETTERS TO JUDD | TOGETHER |
| THE SPOKESMAN'S SECRETARY | THE GNOMOBILE |
| OIL! | WORLD'S END |
| MONEY WRITES! | BETWEEN TWO WORLDS |
| | DRAGON'S TEETH |
| | WIDE IS THE GATE |
| | DRAGON HARVEST |
| | PRESIDENTIAL AGENT |
| | A WORLD TO WIN |
| | PRESIDENTIAL MISSION |

Plays

| | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| PRINCE HAGEN | HELL |
| THE NATUREWOMAN | SINGING JAILBIRDS |
| THE SECOND STORY MAN | BILL PORTER |
| THE MACHINE | OIL (DRAMATIZATION) |
| THE POT-BOILER | |

UPTON SINCLAIR ANTHOLOGY

WITH A PREFACE

BY

UPTON SINCLAIR

Introduction by

IRVING STONE and LEWIS BROWNE

1947

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P R E F A C E

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Some twenty years ago my English friend, I. O. Evans, a tireless advocate of my books in his country, proposed to collect an anthology of representative passages from these many works. My English publisher, Werner Laurie, who never declined anything I sent him in the course of thirty years prior to his death, thought well of the project and issued the book. It was never published in America, except for a few copies which I myself had bound from sheets. Why so many of my books should have found greater reader and critic acclaim in Britain than in America is something which would require an essay to explain; for example, my then American publishers sold two or three thousand copies of "Sylvia's Marriage," while Mr. Laurie sold more than a hundred thousand in a year. I feel sure that he would have sold more of all of the "World's End" series than have been sold in America, if only he had been able to get the paper during war time and afterwards.

Now an American publisher has proposed to revise the Anthology, adding passages from my later works, and in this I have wished him Godspeed. He wants me to say something to these possible new readers, many of whom may not have read any of my more than seventy books. So I explain that I have been earning my living by my pen since the age of sixteen, which was more than a half century ago. Millions of people all over the world have found interest in my books, and the foreign translations have totaled more than eight hundred, which, so far as I know, is a world's record for any living writer. Of late a great many people all over the world have found pleasure in reading the adventures of Lanny Budd, a "presidential agent" who does what he can to help Franklin Roosevelt to understand what the Nazi-Fascist

powers are doing and planning. A new volume of this series has been published each year since 1940. How many more there will be depends upon what happens in the world — and incidentally, of course, what happens to me.

People ask me which I consider my best book and I always answer: "The one I am writing." If that were not true, I would have no heart for it. My books come out of deep conviction, and it is no fun writing them — yet when I have finished one, it is only a few weeks before I am walking up and down in my garden, taking a new load of troubles into my mind. I have written many kinds of books — novels, plays, pamphlets, treatises on politics and economics, on religion and love and the art of life. I have even written some poems, but not in the modern manner. It is always possible to understand what I am trying to say, and it seems to be the convention of our time that poetry must be difficult to understand; to be really great it must be something that only the poet and half a dozen of his admirers can understand.

You won't find anything of that sort in this volume. All my life I have tried to have something worthwhile to say, and to write it so that the ordinary man and woman can get my meaning. All my life I have been certain that human society is what we choose to make it, and that we can change it a lot faster than most people have any idea. I think that under the influence of science and technology it is now changing with great speed, and it is for us to say whether the change shall be for the better or worse. I think it is a shame for any intellectual person, and especially for one who presumes to write books, not to understand what is going on, and how he can influence and help to guide it.

I have always been, even before I knew it, a democratic Socialist. Enjoying the advantages of our political system all my life, I have wanted to see that system applied to industry as well as to politics. Thanks to my

American forebears, I have been a free man all my life, and I want to stay free, and I want to see all other men and women share that blessing. Freedom implies responsibility, and without responsibility no man can stay free, or deserve it. With political freedom and economic justice mankind can abolish poverty and war from the earth; we have the tools to do it, and all we need is the understanding.

That conviction runs through all my books, and everything I have written on every subject. I have traveled in many parts of the world, met all sorts of people, high and low, and I have tried to portray what I saw, and to reveal what I have learned. I have run for political office half a dozen times and engaged in many enterprises, including the publishing and selling of several million books. All these experiences have gone into my writings, and you will get glimpses of them in these pages. If you are moved with desire to read more, the purpose of this Anthology will have been accomplished, and a new and venturesome publisher will be pleased.

NOTE

Upton Sinclair, born in Baltimore, Maryland, September 20, 1878, was raised in the traditions of the "old South." The Sinclairs were a "Navy family" and served with distinction during the War of the States, on the Southern side. Impoverished by the war, Sinclair's father fell into the drink habit, and young Sinclair was early forced to shift for himself. He studied literature at the College of the City of New York and at Columbia University, earning his living by hack journalism. Fired with ideas of social justice, he was a romantic crusader and drove himself mercilessly. During the next few years he turned out an astounding amount of work: novels, plays, essays, magazine articles and serials. Refusing to commercialize his work, Sinclair's struggle was a bitter one and it was not until the publication of *The Jungle* early in 1906 that he first tasted fame, wealth, and success.

Upton Sinclair's life has been so full, his interests so varied, that to understand him, one must know his work. In *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*, *The Brass Check*, *The American Outpost* and in others of the seven-foot shelf of books bearing his name, he tells the story of his own life and times far more graphically and colorfully than can any biographer. An anthology, containing carefully selected extracts from his important books, should, therefore, fill a real need. It is with this thought in mind that the present volume has been published.

THE EDITORS

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INTRODUCTION

BY

IRVING STONE AND LEWIS BROWNE

In 1921, when I was a sophomore at the University of California in Berkeley, a middle-aged gentleman in steel-rimmed spectacles appeared one day just outside of Sather Gate. He had set up some kind of improvised box-table and was selling paper-bound books for fifty cents. Upon inspection of his wares I learned he was selling books by an author called Upton Sinclair. This was the first time I had heard the name. It was also the first time I had heard such titles as *Jimmy Higgins*, *The Brass Check*, *The Jungle*. Since I was working my way through college, half a dollar was a large sum of money but I laid it on the box-table for a copy of *The Jungle*. The bespectacled salesman asked if I did not want a copy of *The Brass Check*. I told him I was sorry, but I didn't have another fifty cents. He pressed a copy of *The Brass Check* into my hand. Years later I came to suspect that the book salesman was also the author.

That night I stayed up until one o'clock to finish *The Jungle*. It was the strongest novel I had ever read, and when I had completed it I knew that my adult education had begun. I haunted the stacks of the University library reading *The Money Changers*, *The Profits of Religion*, *King Coal*. When the succeeding books of Upton Sinclair came out I read them just as quickly as I could lay my hands on them. When I finally graduated from the University I had learned a few things that had not been included in their curricula—and probably one or two which they would not have been so anxious for me to have known. Certainly Upton Sinclair's books were as important in my process of education as anything taught to me by all the professors at the University put together.

In the language of Hollywood, we now DISSOLVE

OUT AND DISSOLVE IN again some fifteen years later. I was writing *Sailor On Horseback*, a biography about Jack London, who had been an old friend and co-worker of Upton Sinclair. I asked Mr. Sinclair if I might come to see him, and he readily consented. I shall never forget my evening in the Sinclair home in Pasadena, nor do I ever expect to meet again in this wide world so dynamic a human brain: for in the course of three short hours Upton Sinclair conceived two whole novels, which he outlined to me structurally! Something in our conversation stimulated him to dictate to me, whole and complete, one of the most delightfully sardonic short stories I have ever heard; and just for good measure he outlined a book on economics which he suggested we write in collaboration.

I do not always agree with Upton Sinclair, and there are mystical places in his heart and mind where I cannot and will not follow him. However, I am genuinely convinced that he is one of the wisest and best-informed men in the world today. There is mighty little of importance that he does not know about history, either past or contemporary. I have watched him prophesy world conduct over a period of years, and when he is wrong it is only in unimportant detail. He has the great gift of penetration; he stabs through pretence, sham, hypocrisy, double-talk and double-dealing like a steel spoke through butter; but even more important than his knowledge and the keenness of his international analysis, is the profound goodness of his heart. Injustice burns and tortures him no less today, after having written a round half-hundred books, than it did in the days before I was born. He loves mankind, and never ceases to wage his one-man crusade against oppression, brutality and war.

About two years ago I lectured in Gloversville, New York, when the temperature was thirty degrees below zero. The audience listened to me with their hats and great coats on and their mufflers tied around their necks.

When the lecture was over I thought they would all run at once for the warmth of their homes, but instead a group gathered around and we fell into an argument which warmed our blood a good deal more than a hot stove could have. The subject? Upton Sinclair and his books. One woman asked me, "Are the *Lanny Budd* books accurate?" I replied that that was largely a matter of interpretation, that the historical events portrayed were completely accurate but that some of the interpretations might have been Mr. Sinclair's and that she might arrive at different conclusions, based upon *her* experience and background. The woman answered, "No, no, I agree with Mr. Sinclair completely—I just wanted to make sure that his historical material was faithfully recorded. For me, they are the most deeply moving portraits of modern life to be found in any literature."

I concur heartily in this judgment. I think *World's End* a great novel, and I was delighted with *Presidential Agent. A World to Win*, stands right up with the finest volumes in the series. I wish I were terribly rich, I wish I had an inexhaustible quantity of paper: for I would supply a full set of the *Lanny Budd* novels to every boy and girl graduating from high school. I think they would then have a better chance of entering the adult world with an understanding grasp of what life holds in store for them.

IRVING STONE

* * *

The least inadequate thing one can say about Upton Sinclair is that he is a phenomenon. What other writer, after plying his craft for more than forty years, and producing more than sixty books, would be capable of turning out a series of novels as fresh and absorbing, as shrewd and well informed, as wide in scope and clear in

purpose, as are his recent "Lanny Budd" books. This man is obviously one of the literary titans, a giant whose vigor is as inexhaustible as his talent.

This has long been realized abroad. There, indeed, no one seems to doubt that Sinclair is a supremely great writer, one of a kind with Romain Rolland, H. G. Wells, Maxim Gorki, even Tolstoi. I know of no other living American author who enjoys such world prestige, for none has been as avidly translated, and none has been so influential. Wherever I have browsed, invariably I have found well-thumbed copies of his books. Wherever I have talked with students and "intellectuals," invariably I have heard his name praised. Many years before we here at home finally accorded this author our Pulitzer award, there was actually a crusade in Europe to get him the Nobel Prize!

But now America seems to be waking up to his greatness. After decades of intermittent obscurity and notoriety, of a sudden he has begun to enjoy general acclaim. All of his most recent novels have been best-sellers!

It is not hard to see why. Our reading public has done a lot of growing lately, and ideas which it once considered outrageous, or preposterous, or—worse still—dull and fatuous, these have become almost dismayingly sensible and grave. Sinclair's belated popularity, I feel sure, is due to a change in us, not in him. He has simply lived long enough for us to catch up with him.

Sinclair is a novelist, not a reporter. Wherever possible, he sticks to the known facts of history; but when necessary—because such facts are lacking—he blandly invents. He puts one in mind of those early map-makers who, not knowing the entire geography of a land, simply filled in the blank areas with vivid imaginings. That, however, does not invalidate his narrative. On the contrary, his license with factuality somehow makes for greater actuality, and what might otherwise have been

as dull as water in a ditch becomes as lively as alcohol in the brain cells.

Bernard Shaw has said that when people ask him what has happened during his long lifetime, he refers them neither to the newspaper files nor to the historians, but to Upton Sinclair's novels. How wise! For those novels — and especially his latest ones — do tell immeasurably more than can be gathered from the conventional sources. They tell more because they are so full of life and color, so full of passion and understanding. Sinclair does not seek merely to inform; his claim is to enlighten. He is a man with a mission, and that mission is to make us *see*, not just *look* at, what has been happening.

To some critics that is all wrong. They complain that Sinclair has "sold his art for a pot of message." To me that seems as glib as it is silly, for who knows what art is, or who has decided that it may not convey a message? The complaint is irrelevant, too, since Sinclair shows no sign of caring to be an artist. He is fundamentally a teacher, an apostle, a prophet. Once such a man would have spoken in parables, or in hortatory verse, or perhaps in proverbs. Today the most effective medium appears to be the novel, so that is the one Sinclair employs.

LEWIS BROWNE

BOOK I
THE PURE ARTIST

A R T

GENIUS

(From *Candid Reminiscences*.)

Was it really genius? That I cannot say. I only know it seemed like it, and I took it at its face value. I tell the story here as objectively as possible, and if the hero seems a young egotist, do not blame me, because that youth has been long since dead.

The thing I believed was genius came to me first on one of those Christmas holidays which I spent in Baltimore, at the home of my Uncle Bland. I had always enjoyed these holidays, having a normal boy's fondness for turkey and plum pudding and other Christmas delights. I used to say that anybody might wake me at three o'clock in the morning to eat ice cream; my Aunt Lelia Montague, mother of the general's wife, declared that the way to my heart was through a bag of ginger-snaps.

But on this particular Christmas my uncle's home meant to me a shelf of books. I read Shakespeare through in that holiday, and though it sounds preposterous, I read the whole of Milton in those same two weeks. That is the way I was living; literature had become a frenzy. I read while eating, I read lying down, sitting, standing and walking, everywhere I went—and I went nowhere except to the park to read on sunshiny days. I averaged fourteen hours a day, and it was a routine matter to read all of Shakespeare's comedies in two or three days, and all his tragedies in the next two or three, and the historical plays over the week-end. In my uncle's library reposed beautiful volumes, untouched, except by the hand of the parlour-maid; now I drew them forth, with love and rapture, and gave them a reason for being. Some poet said to a rich man: "You own the land and I own the landscape." To my kind uncle I said: "You own the books and I own the literature."

My mind on fire with high poetry, I went out for a walk one night. I do not know my age at the time, but it was somewhere around eighteen or nineteen, a winter night, with hard crunching snow on the ground, the great bright lights in the sky; the tree branches black and naked, crackling now and then in the breeze; but between times silence, quite magical silence—and I walking in Druid Hill Park, mile on mile, lost to the world, drinking in beauty, marveling at the mystery of life. Suddenly this thing came to me, startling and wonderful beyond any power of words to tell; the opening of gates in the soul, the pouring in of music, of light, of joy which was unlike anything else, and therefore not to be conveyed in metaphors. I stood riveted to one spot, and a trembling seized me, a dizziness, a happiness so intense that the distinction between pleasure and pain was lost.

If I had been a religious person at this time, no doubt I would have had visions of saints and holy martyrs, and perhaps have developed stigmata on hands and feet. But I had no sort of superstition, so the ecstasy took a literary form. There was a camp-fire by a mountain road, to which came travelers, and hailed one another, and made high revelry there without alcohol. Yes, even Falstaff and Prince Hal were purified and refined, according to my teetotal sentiments! There came the melancholy Prince of Denmark, and Don Quixote—I must have been reading him at this time. Also Shelley—real persons mixed with imaginary ones, but all equal in this realm of fantasy. They held conversation, each in his own character, yet glorified, more so than in the books. I was laughing, singing with the delight of their company; in short, a perfect picture of a madman, talking to myself, making incoherent exclamations. Yet I knew what I was doing, I knew what was happening, I knew that this was literature, and that if I could remember the tenth part of it and set it down on paper, it would be read.

The strangest part about this ecstasy is the multifari-

ous forms it assumes, the manifold states of consciousness it involves, all at one time. It is possible to be bowed with grief and transported with delight; it is possible to love and to hate, to be naïve and calculating, to be hot and cold, timid and daring—all contradictions reconciled. But the most striking thing is the conviction which comes to you, that you are in the hands of a force outside yourself. Without trace of a preconception, and regarding the thing as objectively as you know how, the feeling is that something is taking hold of you, pushing you along, sweeping you away. To walk in a windstorm, and feel it beating upon you, is a sensation of the body no more definite and unmistakable than this windstorm of the spirit which has come to me perhaps a hundred times in my life. I search for a metaphor, and picture a child running, with an older and swifter person by his side, taking his hand and lifting him off the ground, so that his little leaps become great leaps, almost like flying.

You may call this force your own subconscious mind, or God, or the Cosmic Consciousness, I care not what fancy name you give; the point is that it is there, and always there. If you ask whether it is intelligent, I can only say that you appear to be the intelligence, and "it" appears to be the cause of intelligence in you. How anything unintelligent can be the cause of intelligence is a riddle I pass by. Life is built upon such antinomies.

The experience came in unexpected places, and at unpredictable times. It was associated with music and poetry, but still more frequently with natural beauty. I remember winter nights in Central Park, New York, and tree branches white with snow, magical in the moonlight; I remember springtime mornings in several places; a summer night in the Adirondacks, with moonlight strewn upon a lake; a summer twilight in the far wilds of Ontario, when I came over a ridge, and into a valley full of clover, incredibly sweet of scent. One has to go into

the North in summer, to appreciate how deep and thick a field of red clover can grow, and what overpowering perfume it throws upon the air at twilight.

This repeated experience made me into more of a solitary than ever. I wanted to be free to behave like a lunatic, and yet not have anybody think me one. A highly embarrassing moment, when I was walking down a lane, bordered with wild roses in June, and two little girls seated on a fence, unnoticed by me, suddenly broke into giggles at the strange sight of a man laughing and talking to himself! I became a haunter of mountain-tops and of deep forests, the only safe places. I had something which other people did not have and could not understand—otherwise, how could they behave as they were doing? Imagine anyone wanting a lot of money, or houses and servants, or fine raiment and jewels, if he knew how to be happy as I did! Imagine anyone becoming drunk on whisky, when he might become drunk on poetry and music, sunsets, and valleys full of clover.

CREATION

(From *The Journal of Arthur Stirling.*)

It was like the bursting of an overstrained dam, these last four days. How long I have been pent up—eighteen months! And eighteen months seems like a lifetime to me. I have been a bloodhound in the leash, hungering—hungering for this thing, and the longing has piled up in me day by day. Sometimes it has been more than I could bear; and when the time was near, I was so wild that I was sick. The book! The book! Freedom and the book!

And last Saturday I went out of the hell-house where I have been pent so long, and I covered my face with my hands and fled away home—away to the little corner

that is mine. There I flung myself down and sobbed like a child. It was relief—it was joy—it was fear! It was everything! The book! The book! Then I got up—and the world seemed to go behind me, and I was drunk. I heard a voice calling—it thundered in my ears—that I was free—that my hour was come—that I might live—that I might live—live! And I could have shouted it—I know that I laughed it aloud. Every time I thought the thought it was like the throbbing of wings to me—"Free! Free!"

No one can understand this—no one who has not a demon in his soul. No one who does not know how I have been choked—what horrors I have borne.

I am through with that—I did not think of that. I am free! They will never have me back.

That motive alone would drive me to my work, would make me dare *anything*. But I did not need that motive.

I think only of the book. I thought of it last Saturday and it swept me away out of myself. I had planned the opening scene; but then the thought of the triumph-song took hold of me, and it drove me mad. That song was what I had thought I could never do—I had never dared to think of it. And it came to me—it came! Wild, incoherent, overwhelming, it came, the victorious hymn. I could not think of remembering it; it was not poetry—it was reality. *I was the Captive, I had won freedom—a faith and a vision!*

So it throbbed on and on, and I was choked, and my head on fire, and my hands tingling, until I sank down from sheer exhaustion—laughing and sobbing, and talking to God as if He were in the room. I never really believe in God except at such times; I can go through this dreadful world for months. and never think if there be a God.—Here I sit gossiping about it.—But I am tired out.

The writing of a book is like the bearing of a child.

But every birth-pang of the former lasts for hours ; and it is months before the labor is done.

It is not merely the vision, the hour of exultation ; that is but the setting of the task. Now you will take that ecstasy, and hold on to it, hold on with soul and body ; you will keep yourself at that height, you will hold that flaming glory before your eyes, and you will hammer it into words. Yes, that is the terror—into words—into words that leap the hilltops, that bring the ends of existence together in a lightning flash. You will take them as they come, white-hot, in wild tumult, and you will forge them, and force them. You will seize them in your naked hands and wrestle with them, and bend them to your will— all that is the making of a poem. And last and worst of all, you will hold them in your memory, the long, long surge of them ; the torrent of whirling thought—you will hold it in your memory ! You are dazed with excitement, exhausted with your toil, trembling with pain ; but you have built a tower out of cards, and you have mounted to the clouds upon it, and there you are poised. And anything that happens—anything !—Ah, God, why can the poet not escape from his senses ? — a sound, a touch—and it is gone !

These things drive you mad.—

But meanwhile it is not gone yet. You have still a whole sense in your consciousness—as if you were a juggler, tossing a score of golden balls. And all the time, while you work, you learn it—you learn it ! It is endless, but you learn it. In the midst of it, perhaps, you come down of sheer exhaustion ; and you lie there, panting, shuddering, your hands moist ; you dare not think, you wait. And then by and by you begin again — if it will not come, you *make* it come, you lash yourself like a dumb beast—up, up, to the mountain-tops again. And then once more the things come back—you live the scene again, as an actor does, and you shape it and you master it. And now in the midst of it, you find this highest of all moments

is gone! It is gone, and you can not find it! Those words that came as a trumpet-clash, burning your very flesh—that melody that melted your whole being to tears—they are gone—you cannot find them! You search and you search—but you cannot find them. And so you stumble on, in despair and agony; and still you dare not rest. You dare not even rest in this until the thing is done—done and over—until you have *nailed* it fast. So you go back again, though perhaps you are so tired that you are fainting; but you fight yourself like a madman, you struggle until you feel a thing at your heart like a wild beast; and you keep on, you hold it fast and learn it, clinch it tight, and make it yours forever. I have done that same thing five times to-day without a rest; and toiled for five hours in that frenzy; and then lain down upon the ground, with my head on fire.

Afterwards when you have recovered you sit down, and for two or three hours you write; you have it whole in your memory now—you have but to put it down. And this forlorn, wet, bedraggled thing—this miserable, stammering, cringing thing—*this* is your poem!

THYRSIS STUDIES MUSIC

(From *Love's Pilgrimage*. Thyrsis has been carrying on a desperate struggle against sexual temptation.)

Though Thyrsis had no time to realize it, it was in this long and bitter struggle that he won whatever power he had in his future life. It was here that he learned "to hold his will above him as his law," and to defy the world for the sake of his ideal. And then, too, this toil was the key that opened to him the treasure-house of a new art—which was music.

Until he was nearly out of college Thyrsis had scarcely heard any music at all. Church-hymns he had learned,

and a few songs in school. But now in poetry and other books he met with references to composers, and to the meaning of great music; and the things that were described there were the things he loved, and he began to feel a great eagerness to get at them. As a first step he bought a mandolin, and set to work to teach himself to play, a task at which he wrought with great diligence. At the same time a friend had bought a guitar, and the two set to work to play duets. The first preliminary was the getting of the instruments in tune; and not knowing that the mandolin is an octave higher than the guitar, they spent a great deal of time and broke a great many guitar-strings.

As the next step, Thyrsis went to hear a great pianist, and sat perplexed and wondering. There was a girl next to him who sobbed, and Thyrsis watched her as he might have watched a house on fire. Only once the pianist pleased *him*—when he played a pretty little piece called somebody's "impromptu", in which he got a gleam of a "tune." Poor Thyrsis went and got that piece, and took it home to study it, with the help of the mandolin; but, alas, in the maze of notes he could not even find the "tune."

But if he could not understand the music, he could read books about it; he read a whole library—criticism of music, analysis of music, histories of music, composers of music; and so gradually he learned the difference between a sarabande and a symphony, and began to get some idea of what he went out for to hear. At first, at the concerts, all he could think of was to crane his neck and recognize the different instruments; he heard whole symphonies, while doing nothing but watching for the "movements," and making sure he hadn't skipped any. One heartless composer ran two movements into one, and so Thyrsis' concert came out one piece short at the end, and he sat gazing about him in concentration when the audience rose to go. Afterwards he read long dissertations about

each symphony before he went, and he would note down the important points and watch for them. The critic would expatiate upon "the long-drawn dissonance *forte*, that marks the close of the working-out portion;" and Thyrsis would watch for that long-drawn dissonance, and he wondering if it was never coming—when suddenly the whole symphony would come to an end! Or he would read about a "quaint capering measure led off by the bassoons," or a "frantic sweep of the violins over a trombone melody," and he would watch for these events with eyes and ears alert, and if he found them—*eureka!*

But such things could not last for ever; for Thyrsis had a heart full of eagerness and love, and of such is the soul of music. And just then was a time when he was sick and worn—when it seemed to him that the burden of his life was more than he could bear. He was haunted by the thought that he would lose his long battle, that he would go under and go down; and then it was that chance took him to a concert which closed with the great "C-Minor Symphony."

Thyrsis had read a life of Beethoven, and he knew that here was one of the hero-souls—a man who had grappled with the fiends, and passed through the valley of death. And now he read accounts of this titan symphony, and learned that it was a battle of the human spirit with despair. He read Beethoven's words about the opening theme—"So knocks fate upon the door!" And a fierce and overwhelming longing possessed him to get at the soul of that symphony.

He went to the concert, and heard nothing of the rest of the music, but sat like a man in a dream; and when the time came for the symphony, he was trembling with excitement. There was a long silence; and then suddenly came the first theme—those fearful hammer-strokes that cannot be thought without a shudder. They beat upon Thyrsis' very heart-strings, and he sat appalled; and straight out he went upon the tide of that naughty music-

passion—without knowing it, without knowing how. He forgot that he was trying to understand a symphony; he forgot where he was, and what he was; he only knew that gigantic phantoms surged within him, that his soul was a hundred times itself. He never guessed that an orchestra was playing a second theme; he only knew that he saw a light gleam out of the storm; that he heard a voice, pitiful, fearful, beautiful beyond utterance, crying out to the furies for mercy; and that then the storm closed over it with a roar. Again and again it rose; Thyrsis did not know that this was the “working-out portion” that had for ever been his bane. He only knew that it struggled and fought his fight, that it pleaded and sobbed, and rose higher and higher, and began to rejoice—and that then came the great black phantom-shape sweeping over it; and the iron hammer-strokes of Fate beat down upon it, crushed it and trampled it into annihilation. Again and again this happened, while Thyrsis sat clutching the seat, and shaking with wonder and excitement. Never in his experience had there been anything so vast, so awful; it was more than he could bear, and when the first movement came to an end—when the soul’s last hope was dead—he got up and rushed out. People who passed him on the streets must have thought that he was crazy; and afterwards, that day and for ever, he lived all his soul’s life in music.

As a result of this Thyrsis paid all his bank-account for a violin, and went to see a teacher.

“You are too old,” the teacher said.

But Thyrsis answered, “I will work as no one ever worked before.”

“We all do that,” replied the other, with a smile. And so they began.

And so all day long, with fingers raw, and arms and back shuddering with exhaustion, Thyrsis sat and practised, the spirit of Music beckoning him on. It was in a boarding-house, and there was a nervous old man in the

next room, and in the end Thyrsis had to move. By the time he went away to the country, he was able to play a melody in tune; and then he would take some one that had fascinated him, and practise it and practise it night and day. He would take his fiddle every morning at eight and stride out into the forest, and there he would stay all day with the squirrels. They told him once how a new arrival, driving over in the hotel 'bus at early dawn, had passed an old Indian woman toiling up a hill and singing for dear life the "Tannhauser March." It chanced that the new arrival was a musician, and he leaned out and asked the old woman where she had learned it. And this was her explanation:

"Dey ees a crazy feller in de woods—he play it all day for tree weeks!"

LOVE

KIP'S PROPOSAL

(From *The Wet Parade*. Kip has been wrestling with his love for Maggie May, afraid lest he be guilty of fortune-hunting. Now he learns she is leaving the district.)

When Kip heard this news, the duel between fiend and conscience took on a character of desperation. It became one of those battles in the World War, which were fought all day and night, and lasted for weeks. Maggie May was going away! He would not see her again for a long time—perhaps never! Was he going to let her go without a word, a hint?

They were sitting out on the loggia an evening after dinner; a quiet affair *en famille*, to which Kip had been invited. Cousin Jenny had a headache, and had gone to her room; Evelyn and Bobbie were inside, fooling with a new device which had been contrived for the amusement of the rich, a thing called a "radio," whereby you could hear music and speeches all the way from New York. It didn't work very well, and was liable to break into howls and squeaks; but every now and then you really heard a voice, and it was quite exciting, and young people, and old ones too, would sit at the dials for hours on end, and argue as to who should do the twisting. At least that was the way it was with Evelyn and Bobbie, so Kip and Maggie May had the loggia to themselves, with a big gold harvest moon coming up, and scents from the garden providing a form of intoxication not prohibited by the Volstead Act. Maggie May wore a pearl-grey evening-gown, and there were those white shoulders and arms which were so perilous to Kip. Never had she been lovelier, and never had his confusion been greater.

"We're going to miss you so much," he said—the "editorial we," in the interest of propriety.

"I've had a most interesting visit, Mr. Tarleton."

"I don't suppose you'll be coming back for a long time, Miss Maggie May." The mournfulness could not be kept out of his tone.

"You must come down to Pointe Chilcote."

"I wish I could, but you know how the work is here."

"You must have a vacation; surely, you've earned one!"

"Nothing has ever been said about a vacation, Miss Maggie May."

"Well, you should ask for it. I'll speak to Cousin Jenny. Wouldn't Christmas be a good time to come?"

"There's a lot of work right at Christmas, on account of guests. But afterwards there's not so much."

"Well, come in January. Mama and Lee would be delighted to have you."

"Oh, I'd love to, Miss Maggie May!"

And there the conversation came to a halt. Kip looked at the golden moon, which seemed to shimmer in the autumn haze; he drank in large quantities of the legal intoxicating odours, and whispered in agony of soul to himself: "No! No! I'd be spoiling it all!"

"Budge!" says the fiend.

"Budge not!" says my conscience.

It was Maggie May speaking; her voice low, and sounding a little queer, somehow. "Mr. Tarleton, what do you really think of me?"

"Why, Miss Maggie May!" stammered Kip, in bewilderment. "You must know, really!"

"No, I don't know, really."

"Why, Miss Maggie May, I think you are the loveliest person — the most wonderful that I ever knew in all my life!"

"But then — why don't you say so?"

"Oh, but — how could I?"

"But why not?"

"Because — surely you know what I — what my position is!"

"You mean, because you are employed by my cousin?"

"I mean — because I haven't anything — and you have so much. I can't presume ——" Then he stopped, because he couldn't presume to put into words how great his presumption would have been if he had presumed.

After a pause there came her voice again, queerer than ever. "From what I hear, I haven't so much property. But even if I had, would it make me happy? Did it make my father happy? And Roger? Has Cousin Jenny's money made her happy? And Evelyn's?"

"I know, Miss Maggie May; but that's different. I have really nothing."

"You have character. And you're not so old yet. You might make a career somehow."

"Of course, Miss Maggie May, and I hope to; but I can't figure out just how to start; and meantime, here I am, in this restricted position" — such polite Southern phrases he had learned to use! A perfect gentleman, according to the oldest and best tradition; but just now his hands were trembling, and perspiration was breaking out on his forehead.

"You know, Mr. Tarleton" — a psychologist would have detected a note of desperation in the girl's voice — "you know, nowadays it's not unknown for a woman to earn some money."

"Yes, of course."

"Women do it even after they're married."

"Yes, but that isn't fair, Miss Maggie May! A man ought to be ashamed ——"

"Jerry Tyler isn't ashamed. His wife works, and they get along very well, it seems."

"Yes, but ——"

"I've often thought I would do it. I have something in mind, something I think would be interesting."

"What, Miss Maggie May?"

"Well, it's a long story. You mightn't approve of it. In fact, I'm not sure if you'd approve of many things about me, if you really know how I feel."

"Oh, Miss Maggie May, I assure you that couldn't be so! I — I think, truly, that you are the best, and the kindest ——"

"I know, everybody thinks that; I'm so unselfish, and I like to be that way — God made me so! But the plain truth is, I might want to do what I want, and people would think it was terrible."

"Oh, surely, I couldn't possibly! Whatever you wanted — it couldn't be anything but good."

"For example, I might not want to marry any of the men that Mama picks out for me, or that Cousin Jenny picks out. I might not want to live in a house that looks like an hotel, and manage twenty or thirty servants, and eat my heart out with grief all my days. Would that shock you so much?"

"Why, no, Miss Maggie May! Why, no — I — that is ——" The poor wretch was so tangled up, somewhere between the tongue and the brain, that he could find no words at all. "The truth is, I hoped you wouldn't marry any of these men, but I couldn't figure out why you shouldn't."

"Well, the reason was simple. I didn't happen to love any of them. I am selfish, and I won't marry except for love."

"Of course, Miss Maggie May!"

"Then, when I meet a man that I do love, why — then I have to find out if he loves me. Because, naturally, I couldn't let myself love a man who didn't love me."

"Of course — certainly — I know ——" Kip stumbled around, to figure out what he knew; and meantime, something with the intensity of a steam-siren was shrieking into his ear: "You fool, you're making the girl propose to you!" Then it said, even louder, after the fashion

of steam-sirens: "She is proposing to you!" His confusion became worse than ever.

"Miss Maggie May, do you mean — I mean, I wish I could know — if it was that — that if I wasn't so poor, and if I had a right to ask you ——"

"I mean that your being poor hasn't the first thing in the world to do with it. Let's talk about *us*, and not about money and houses."

"But — you see, I haven't dared."

"I'm giving you permission, right now. I have asked you to tell me what you think about *me*."

"Oh, Miss Maggie May, of course I'd be the happiest man — if I only thought it was right ——"

"Then you really do care for me?"

"I just haven't any words to say it — I haven't let myself think ——"

"You are sure? There isn't any doubt about it in your mind?"

"How could there be? I've never thought about anybody else, from the first moment I saw you."

She put out her hand to him, and he caught it, and began to stammer out his bewilderment, and his shocked sense of propriety. Then suddenly she stood up, saying: "Come." Still keeping his hand, she led him across the loggia, and down some steps into the garden; and as soon as they were lost in the shadows of a rose-arbour, she stopped, and faced him, and without a moment's warning, put herself into his arms. "I love you," she said.

The steam-siren changed to trumpets, a whole battery of them lined up in the back of the stage in a grand opera, splitting your ears, announcing the entrance of a king or a queen. Maggie May held up her lips for him to kiss, and he understood that she belonged to him, and he was dizzy with the shock of it; he kissed her lips, and when he found that she didn't mind, he kissed her cheeks, and her eyes. He had that adored person in his arms; she was pledging herself to him! He had never felt such an

emotion in his life, and tears began to run down his cheeks.

Then he discovered that Maggie May was sobbing also. They were a very emotional pair. "I'm so happy!" she explained. "I'm so relieved!" And suddenly she buried her face in his shoulder and exclaimed: "Oh, Kip, you made me propose!"

They stood, taking alternate sips out of a cup of rap-ture; until Maggie May said: "We may be missed." So they climbed the stairs, and sat decorously on the loggia again. "I don't want my cousins to know about it," said she. "I want to tell Mama first."

"What will your mother say?" he asked—ready to be in panic again.

"Mama doesn't know you very well, and I'll have to tell her about you. She wants me to be happy; that's the first thing with her."

"Is it going to shock Mrs. Fessenden?"

"I don't think it will; she thinks a great deal of you. But I don't want to put the responsibility on her—you know how it is."

"Yes," said Kip, the naïve one. "She's had scandals enough."

"I want you to come down home and meet everybody; we can be married there—I mean, that is, if you want to marry me. You know, you haven't asked me yet."

"Oh, if you will, *please* marry me!"

"You're sure you don't feel like these New York intellectuals? You aren't afraid of tying yourself up for life?"

"Oh, Maggie May, I'll be so happy—I can't bring myself to believe it's true! What on earth will we do? How will we live?"

"We'll find a way, as other young couples have done. Your mother and aunt said they'd move into the village and let us have the cottage."

"What?" said Kip—thinking that somehow he hadn't

heard the words straight.

"I hope you don't mind my asking them," said the girl, with not the slightest trace of mischief in her tone.

"Why, no. But—did you tell them you were going to—to—"

"To propose to you? Yes, of course. How else could I have got up the courage?"

"You mean—what did they say?"

"Well, they said they thought you would accept me. It would have been dreadful if they'd been mistaken."

Kip's head was somewhat addled, with all these strange things happening. When he thought it over, he realized that there had been something queer in the looks of his mother and his aunt when he bade them good-bye that evening. Now the pair of old witches were sitting at home, imagining what was happening, and waiting for him to bring the news! You could see how helpless a man was in the face of a conspiracy of women; the old ones contributing their cunning and experience, and the young ones their dimples and smiles and wavy brown hair and gentle brown eyes and gleaming white shoulders, and soft tender throats to be kissed!

THE PURPOSE OF LOVE

(From *Love's Pilgrimage*. Thyrsis has learned that his wife has conceived.)

So Thyrsis went away, with a new realization of the seriousness of his position, with a new sense of the grip in which he was fast. It was a conspiracy of Nature, a conspiracy of all the world! It was a Snare!

All through this love-adventure, even when most under the sway of his emotions, Thyrsis' busy mind had been groping and reaching for an understanding of it. Little by little this had come to him—and now the pic-

ture was complete. He had beheld the last scene of the panorama; he had got to the moral of the tale!

He had been the sport of cosmic forces, of the blind and irresistible reproductive impulse of Nature. Step by step he had been driven, he had played his part according to the plan. He had hesitated and debated and resolved and decided—thinking that he had something to do with it all! But now he looked back, and saw himself as a leaf swept along by a torrent. And all the while the torrent had known its destination! He had had many plans and many purposes, but always Nature had had but one plan and one purpose—which was the Child!

Twelve months ago Thyrsis had been a boy, carefree and happy, rapt in his dream of art; and now here he was, a married man, with the cares of parenthood on his shoulders! If anyone had told him that such a trick could be played upon him, he would have laughed at them. How confident he had been—how certain of his mastery of life! And now he was in the Snare!

Dismayed as he was, Thyrsis could not but smile as he realized it. The artist in him appreciated the technique of the performance. How cunningly it had all been managed—how cleverly the device had been hidden, how shrewdly the bait had been selected!

He went back over the adventure. What a fuss he and Corydon had made about it! What a vast amount of posturing and preluding, of backing and filling! And how solemnly they had taken it—how earnestly they had believed in the game! What convictions had weighed upon them, what exaltations had thrilled them—two pitiful little puppets, set here and there by unseen hands! Rehearsing from prologue to curtain the age-long drama, the drama of Sex that had been played from the beginning of the world!

He marvelled at the prodigality that Nature had displayed—at the treasures she had squandered to accomplish her purpose! She would create a million eggs to

make one salmon; and she had created a million emotions to make one baby! What poems she had written for them—what songs she had composed for them! She had emptied the cornucopiæ of her gifts into their lap! She had strewn the pathway with roses before them, she had filled their mouths with honey, and their ears with the sound of sweet music; she had blinded them, she had stunned them, she had sent them drunken and reeling to their fate!

And the elaborate set of pretences and illusions that she had invented for them! The devices to lull their suspicions—the virtues and renunciations, the humilities and the consecrations! Corydon had been frightened and evasive; Nature had made him suffer, so as to break her down! And he had been proud and defiant; and so Corydon, the meek and gentle, had been turned into a herione of revolt! Nay, worse than that; those very powers and supremacies that he had thought were his protection—were they not, also, a part of the Snare? His culture and his artistry, his visions and his exaltations—what had they been but a lure for the female? The iris of the burnished dove, the ruff about the grouse's neck, the gold and purple of the butterfly's wing! Even his genius, his miraculous, ineffable genius—that had been the plume of the partridge, the crowning glory before which his mate had capitulated!

These images came to Thyrsis, until he burst into wild, sardonic laughter. He saw himself in new and grotesque lights; he was the peacock, spreading his gorgeousness before a dazzled and wondering world; he was the young rooster, strutting before his mate, and thrilling with the knowledge of his own importance! He was each of the barnyard creatures by turn, and Corydon was each of the fascinated females. And somewhere, perhaps, stood the farmer, smiling complacently—for should there not be somewhere a farmer in this universal barnyard?

But then, the laughter died; for he thought of Maeter-

linck's *Life of the Bee*, and shuddered at the fate of the male-creature. He was a mere accident in the scheme of Nature—she wasted all his splendours to accomplish the purpose of an hour. And now it had been accomplished. He had had his moment of ecstasy, his dizzy flight into the empyrean; and now behold him falling, disembowelled and torn, an empty shell!

But no—it was not quite that way, Thyrsis told himself, after further reflection. In the human hive the male creature was not only the bearer of the seed, he was also the worker. And so there was one more function he had to perform. All those fine frenzies of his, his ideals and his enthusiasms—they had served their purpose, and would fade; but before him there was still a future—a drab and dreary future of perpetual pot-boiling!

He recalled their bridal-night. All that had puzzled him in it and startled him—how clear it was now! Corydon had shrunk from him, just enough to lure him; and then, suddenly, her whole being had seemed to change—she had caught him, and held him fast. For he had accomplished her purpose; he had gotten her with Child! And so he must stand by her—he must bring food, that she might give the child life! And for that purpose she would hold him; for that she would use every art of which she was mistress—the whole force of her being would go into it!

She would know this, of course; she would do it blindly and instinctively, as she had done everything so far. She would do it by those same generous and beautiful qualities that had made him hers! Therein lay the humour of his whole adventure—there lay the deadly nature of this Snare. The cords of it were woven out of love and tenderness, out of ecstasy and aspiration; and they were wound about his very heart-strings, so that it would kill him to pull them loose. And he would never pull them loose—he saw that in a sudden vision of ruin! She would be noble to the uttermost limit of nobleness.

She would threaten to destroy herself—and so he would save her! She would bid him cast her away — and so he would stand by her to the end! And the end would be simply the withering and shrivelling of those radiant qualities which he called his genius—qualities which were so precious to him, but about which Nature knew nothing!

So grim an aspect had life come to wear to this boy of twenty-one! He stripped all the flesh of illusion from its fair face, and saw the grinning skull beneath. And he mocked at himself, because of all those virtues by which he had been caught—and which yet he knew were stronger than his will. Through faith and love he had been made a captive; and through faith and love would he waste away and perish!

SYLVIA LOVES

(From *Sylvia*. A romantic novel of the old South.)

The matter was complicated by the episode of Beauregard Dabney, about which I have to tell.

You have heard, perhaps, of the Dabneys of Charleston; the names of three of them — Beauregard's grandfather and two great-uncles—may be read upon the memorial tablets in the stately old church which is the city's pride. In Charleston they have a real aristocracy—gentlemen so poor that they wear their cuffs all ragged, yet are received with homage in the proudest homes in the South. The Dabneys had a city mansion with front steps crumbling away, and a country house which would not keep out the rain; and yet when Beauregard, the young scion of the house, fell prey to the charm and animation of Harriet Atkinson, whose father's street railroad was equal to a mint, the family regarded it as the greatest calamity since Appomattox.

He had followed Harriet to Castleman County; and when the news got out, a detachment of uncles and aunts came flying, and captured the poor boy, and were on the point of shipping him home, when Harriet called Sylvia to the rescue. Sylvia could impress even the Dabneys; and if only she would have Beauregard and one of the aunts invited to Castleman Hall, it might yet be possible to save the situation.

Sylvia had met young Dabney once, when visiting in Charleston. She remembered him as an effeminate-mannered youth, with what would have been a doll-baby face but for the fact that the nose caved in in the middle in a disturbing way. "Tell me, Harriet," she asked, when she met her friend—"are you in love with him?"

"I don't know," said Harriet. "I'm afraid I'm not—at least, not very much."

"But why do you want to marry a man you don't love?"

Harriet was driving, and she grasped the reins tightly and gave the horse a flick with the whip. "Sunny," she said, "you might as well face the fact—I could never fall in love as you have. I don't believe in it. I wouldn't want to. I'd never let myself trust a man that much."

"But then, why marry?"

"I have to marry. What can I do? I'm tired of being chaperoned, and I don't want to be an old maid."

Sylvia pondered for a moment. "Suppose," she said, "that you should marry him, and then meet a man you loved?"

"I've already answered that—it won't happen. I'm too selfish." She paused, and then added, "It's all right, Sunny. I've figured over it, and I'm not making any mistake. He's a good fellow, and I like him. He's a gentleman—he does not offend me. Also, he's very much in love with me, which is the best way; I'll always be the boss in my own home. He's respected, and I'll help out my poor struggling family if I marry him. You know how it is,

Sunny—I vowed I'd never be a climber, but it's hard to pull back when your people are eager for the heights. And then, too, it's always a temptation to want to go where you're told you can't go."

"Yes, I know that," said Sylvia. "But that's a joke, and marrying's a serious matter."

"It's only that because we make it so," retorted the other. "I find myself bored to death, and here's something that rouses my fighting blood. They say I shan't have him—and so I want him. I'm going to break into that family, and then I'm going to shake the rats out of the hair of some of those old maid aunts of his!"

She laughed savagely and drove on for a while. "Sunny," she resumed at last, "you're all right. You know it, but I tell you so anyway. You never were a snob that I know—but I'm cynical enough to say that it's only because you are too proud. Can you imagine how you'd feel if anybody tried to patronize you? Can you imagine how you'd feel if everybody did it? I'm tired of it—don't you see? And Beauregard is my way of escape. I'm going to marry him if I possibly can; my mind is made up to it. I've got the whole plan of campaign laid out—your part included."

"What's my part, Harriet?"

"It's very simple. I want you to let Beauregard fall in love with you."

"With *me*!"

"Yes. I want you to give him the worst punishment you ever gave a man in your life."

"But what's that for?"

"He's in love with me—he wants me—and he's too much of a coward to marry me. And I want to see him suffer for it—as only you can make him. I want you to take him in and maul him, I want you to bray him and pound him in your mortar, I want you to roll him and toss him about, to walk on him and stamp on him, to beat him to a jelly and grind him to a powder! I want you to

keep it up till he's thoroughly reduced—and then you can turn him over to me."

"And then you will heal him?" inquired Sylvia—who had not been alarmed by this blood-thirsty discourse.

"Perhaps I will and perhaps I won't," said the other. "What is there in the maxims of Lady Dee about a broken heart?"

"The best way to catch a man," quoted Sylvia, "is on the rebound!"

SCIENCE

PSYCHIC RESEARCH

(From *Mental Radio*.)

Two years ago Craig and I heard of a "psychic," a young foreigner, who was astounding physicians of Southern California, performing feats so completely beyond their understanding that they were content to watch without trying to understand. We went to see this young man, and befriended him; he came to our home every day, and his strange demonstrations became familiar to us. He had the ability to produce anæsthesia in many parts of his body, and stick hat-pins through his tongue and cheeks without pain; he could go into a deep trance in which his body became rigid and cold; and I put his head on one chair and his heels on another, and stood in the middle, as if he were a two inch plank. We have a motion picture film, showing a 150-pound rock being broken with a sledge-hammer on his abdomen while he lay in this trance. The vital facilities were so far suspended in this trance that he could be shut up in an air-tight coffin and buried underground for several hours; nor was there any hocus-pocus about this—I know physicians who got the coffins and arranged for the tests and watched every detail; in Ventura, California, it was done in a ball-park, and a game was played over the grave.

In our home he gave what appeared to be a demonstration of levitation without contact. I do not say that it really *was* levitation; I merely say that our friends who witnessed it — physicians, scientists, writers and their wives, fourteen persons in all—were unable even to suggest a normal method by which the event could have happened. There was no one present who could have been a confederate, and the psychic had been searched for apparatus; it was in our home, where he had no opportunity whatever for preparation. His wrists and ankles

were firmly held by persons whom I know well; and there was sufficient light in the room so that I could see the outline of his figure, slumped in a chair. Under these circumstances a 34-pound table rose four feet into the air and moved slowly—a distance of eight feet over my head.

We saw this: our friends saw it; yet, in my mind, and no doubt in theirs, the worm of doubt would always creep in. There are so many ways to fool people; so many conjuring tricks—think of Houdini, for example! I was unwilling to publish what I had seen; yet, also, I was unwilling not to publish it—for think of the possible importance of faculties such as this, locked up in our minds! Here was my wife, ill, suffering from pain; and these facilities might perhaps be used in healing. If by concentration and auto-suggestion it was possible for the mind to control the body, and put a veto upon even a few of its disorders, certainly it was worth while for us to prove the fact.

This “psychic” claimed also to possess and demonstrate the power of telepathy, or mind-reading. He would go out of the room while one of us selected mentally some object in the room, not revealing the choice to anyone else. The “psychic” would then come back, and tell us to stand behind him and concentrate our thoughts upon that object, and follow close behind him, thinking of it. He would wander about the room for a while, and in the end pick up the object, and do with it whatever we mentally “willed” him to do.

We saw him make this test not less than a hundred times, in California, New York, and Boston; he succeeded with it more than half the time. There was no contact, no word spoken, nothing that we could imagine as giving him a clue. Did we unconsciously make in our throats some faint pronunciation of words, and did the young man have super-acuity of hearing? Again you see the worm of doubt, and we never could quite decide what we really believed about this performance. After puzzling

over it for a year or more, my wife said: "There is only one way to be certain. I am going to learn to do these things *myself*!"

This young man, whom I will call Jan, was a peculiar person. Sometimes he would be open and frank, and again he would be mysterious and secretive. At one time he would agree to teach us all he knew, and again he would hold on to his secret arts which he had had to go all the way to India to get. Was it that he considered these forces too dangerous for amateurs to play with? Or was it merely that he was considering his means of livelihood?

Jan was a hypnotist; and my wife had come to realize that all illness is more or less amenable to suggestion. She had had the idea of being hypnotized and given curative suggestions; but she did not know enough about this young stranger, and was unwilling to trust him. After she got to know him better, her purposes changed. Here was a fund of knowledge which she craved, and she put her wits to work to get it. She told him to go ahead and hypnotize her—and explained to me her purpose of trying to turn the tables on him. Jan fixed his eyes upon hers in the hypnotic stare, and made his magnetic passes; at the same time his patient stared back, and I sat and watched the strange duel of personalities.

An essential part of Jan's technique as he had explained it, was in outsmarting the patient and never blinking his eyes. Now suddenly he blinked; then he closed his eyes and kept them closed. "Do your eyes hurt?" asked his patient, in pretended innocence. "No," he replied. "Are you tired?" she asked. "No, thank you," said he. "What was I thinking?" she asked. "To hypnotize me," he replied, sleepily. But Craig wanted further proof, so she closed her eyes and willed that Jan should get up and go to the telephone. "Shall I go on treating you?" he asked. "Yes," said she. He hesitated a moment, then said, "Excuse me, I have to telephone to a friend!"

EXPERIMENTS IN HEALTH

(From *Candid Reminiscences*.)

By the end of the summer my health was too bad to tell about, and I got my thoughts centered on a new remedy, a fast-cure. I had been reading *Physical Culture Magazine*, and I wrote to Bernarr Macfadden, who was then running a rival institution to the Battle Creek sanatorium. He invited me to bring my family and let him have a try at my problem.

Athlete, showman, lecturer, editor, publisher and health experimenter—I could make “B.M.” the subject of an entertaining essay, but there is not space here. To the highbrows he is a symbol of the vulgarity and cheapness of America; and it won’t help for me to defend him, because I am also on that list. I merely state what Macfadden did for me—which was to teach me, free, gratis and for nothing, more about the true principles of keeping well and fit for my work, than all the orthodox and ordained physicians who charged me many thousands of dollars for it. Believe me, I went to the best there were in every field, and while some of them had mercy on a writer, others treated me like a millionaire. I number many doctors among my friends, and the better they know me, the more freely they admit the unsatisfactory state of their work. A leading specialist of New York, a college mate, summed the situation up when I mentioned the osteopaths, and remarked that they sometimes made cures. Said my friend: “They cure without diagnosing, and we diagnose without curing.”

My visit to Macfadden was in 1909—back in the dark ages, before the words “preventive medicine” had ever been joined together. I had asked doctor after doctor to advise me how to keep well, and not one of them seemed

to know what I was talking about ; they attempted to cure my sickness, and then sent me away to go on 'doing the things which had brought the sickness on. The secrets of natural living were the property of a little group of adventurous persons known as "health-cranks"; and it has been my pleasure to watch the leading ideas of these "cranks" being rediscovered one by one by medical authority, and so made known to the newspapers and the public. It was not Dr. Rollier of Switzerland who invented the "sun-cure"; bless your heart, the semi-lunatics of Physical Culture City were going around in breech-clouts, men and women getting themselves arrested by rural constables before ever the word "Nacktkultur" was imported.

The same thing is true of "vitamins," and of the evils of "denatured" foods, and the importance of "bulk" in the diet — we knew all that before Sir Arbuthnot Lane ever addressed a medical congress. As to fasting, I have stood the ridicule of my medical friends for twenty years, and now in the files of the *Journal of Metabolism* I find the records of laboratory tests upon humans as well as dogs, proving that the effect of a prolonged fast is a permanent increase in the metabolic rate—which is the same thing as rejuvenation, and exactly what we "health-cranks" have always claimed.

Here in Battle Creek was an institution with perhaps a hundred patients, faithfully trying out these eccentricities. They fasted for periods long or short ; I met one man who went to fifty-five days, attempting a cure for locomotor ataxia ; he was beginning to walk, in spite of all the dogmas. Later I met a man who weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and fasted over ninety days, which is the record as far as I knew. This was before suffragettes and hunger strikes, and it was the accepted idea that a human being would starve to death in three or four days. .

After the fast we went on a thing known as a "milk diet"; absorbing a glass of fresh milk every half-hour.

and sometimes every twenty minutes, until we had got up to eight quarts a day. The fasters sat around, pale and feeble in the sunshine, while the milk-drinkers swarmed at the dairy-counter, and bloomed and expanded and swapped anecdotes—it was a laboratory of ideas, and if you had a new one, no matter how queer, you could find somebody who had tried it, or was ready to try it forthwith. When you came off the milk diet, you might try some odd combination such as sour milk and dates. In the big dining-room you were served every sort of vegetarian food—and there were dark rumours that the smell of beefsteaks came from Macfadden's private quarters. I asked him about it, and he told me he was trying another experiment.

I met him recently, at the age of sixty; still of the same experimental disposition, he wanted to know what I had learned in twenty years. He now owns a string of magazines and newspapers, I don't know how many, and I would not venture to imagine how many millions they bring him every year, nor the number of his blooming daughters—I think there were eight in a photograph on his desk. He still has his muscles of steel, and will take two packs of cards, and put them together, and tear them in half before your eyes. He was a weakling in his youth, and built up the powerful frame, and would put on bathing trunks and come out on a platform and show it to people; very vulgar, of course—no "ethical" medico would dream of doing it. But it caused great numbers of men and women to take an interest in their health, and set up resistance to forces of modern civilization which are destroying the body.

My personal experience has been told in a book, *The Fasting Cure*, so I will merely say that I took a fast of ten or twelve days, and then a milk diet of three weeks, and achieved a sense of marvelous well-being. My wife did the same, and we became enthusiasts. I took a second fast of a week or so, and when I left the place I had

gained about twenty pounds, which I needed. But I did not keep it, for as soon as I left the sanatorium I started on a new book.

I was overworking again; and when my recalcitrant stomach made too much trouble, I would take another fast for a day, three days, a week. I was trying the raw food diet, and failing, as before. I was now a full-fledged physical culturist, following a Spartan regime. In front of our house ran a long pier, out to the deep water of the bay. Often the boards of this pier were covered with frost, very stimulating to the bare feet, and whipped by icy winds, stimulating to the skin; each morning I made a swim in this bay a part of my law. (Says Zarathustra: "Canst thou hang thy will above thee as thy law?")

Among the assorted philosophies expressed at Fairhope was the cult of Dr. Salisbury, meat diet advocate; so I read his books. Let me remind you again, this was before the days of any real knowledge about diet; Salisbury was one of the first regular M.D.'s who tried experiments upon himself and other human beings in order to find out how particular foods actually affect the human body. He assembled a "poison squad" of healthy young men, and fed them on various diets, and studied the ailments they developed. By such methods he thought to prove that excess of carbohydrates was the cause of tuberculosis in humans. His guess was wrong—yet not so far wrong as it seems. It is my belief that denatured forms of starch and sugar are the predisposing cause of the disease; people live on white flour, sugar, and lard, and when the body has become weakened, the inroads of bacteria begin.

Anyhow, Salisbury would put his "poison squad" upon a diet of lean beef, chopped and lightly cooked, and cure them of their symptoms in a week or two. He had a phrase by which he described the great health error, "making a yeast-pot of your stomach." That was what I had been doing, and now, to the horror of my friend Dave Howatt, I decided to try the Salisbury system. I re-

member my emotions, walking up and down in front of the local butcher's shop and getting up the courage to enter. To my relief, I caused no sensation. Apparently the butcher took it quite as a matter of course that a man should purchase a pound of sirloin.

I had been a practising vegetarian — and what was worse, a preaching one — for a matter of three years; and now I was a back-slider. My Socialist comrade, Eugene Wood, happened to be spending the winter in Fairhope, and he wrote a jolly piece about "America's leading raw food advocate who happened just now to be living upon a diet of stewed beefsteaks." I had to bow my head, and add crow to my menu! It is now twenty-two years since I made that change in my ideas, but I have not yet succeeded in letting the public know about it; I am still listed as a vegetarian. When I go out to dinner, the hostess says anxiously, "I didn't know just what to prepare for you." Or perhaps she waits until I have taken my first oyster, and then she exclaims: "Oh, I am so relieved! I had the idea, somehow, that you still believed in fasting!" I say, meekly: "Did you suppose I fasted *all* the time?"

SCIENCE AND LIFE

(From *The Profits of Religion.*)

The new religion will base itself upon the facts of life, as demonstrated by experience and reason; for to the modern thinker the basis of all interest is truth, and the wonders of the microscope and the telescope, of the new psychology and the new sociology are more wonderful than all the magic recorded in ancient Mythologies. And even if this were not so, the business of the thinker is to follow the facts. The history of all philosophy might be summed up in this simile: The infant opens his eyes and

sees the moon, and stretches out his hands and cries for it; but those in charge do not give it to him, and so after a while the infant tires of crying, and turns to his mother's breast and takes a drink of milk.

Man demands to know the origin of life; it is tolerable for him to be here and not know how, or whence, or why. He demands the knowledge immediately and finally, and invents innumerable systems and creeds. He makes himself believe them, with fire and torture makes other men believe them; until finally, in the confusion of a million theories, it occurs to him to investigate his instruments, and he makes the discovery that his tools are inadequate, and all their products worthless. His mind is finite, while the thing he seeks is infinite; his knowledge is relative, while the First Cause is absolute.

This realization we owe to Immanuel Kant, the father of modern philosophy. In his famous "antinomies," he proved four propositions: first, that the universe is limitless in time and space; second, the matter is composed of simple, indivisible elements; third, that free will is impossible; and fourth, that there must be an absolute or first cause. And having proven these things, he turned round and proved their opposites, with arguments exactly as unanswerable. Anyone who follows these demonstrations and understands them, takes all his metaphysical learning and lays it on the shelf with his astrology and magic.

It is a fact, which everyone who wishes to think must get clear, that when you are dealing with absolutes and ultimates, you can prove whatever you want to prove. Metaphysics is like the fourth dimension; you fly into it and come back upside down, hindside foremost, inside out; and when you get tired of this condition, you take another flight, and come back the way you were before. So metaphysical thinking serves the purpose of Catholic cheats like Cardinal Newman and Professor Chatterton-Hill; it serves hysterical women like "Mother" Eddy; it

serves the New-thoughters, who wish to fill their bellies with wind; it serves the charlatans and mystagoges who wish to befuddle the wits of the populace. Real thinkers avoid it as they would a bottomless swamp; they avoid, not merely the idealism of Platonists and Hegelians, but the monism of Haeckel and the materialism of Buechner and Jacques Loeb. The simple fact is that it is as impossible to prove the priority of origin and the ultimate nature as it is of mind; so that the scientist who lays down a materialist dogma is exactly as credulous as a Christian.

How then are we to proceed? Shall we erect the mystery into an Unknowable, like Spencer, and call ourselves Agnostics with a capital letter, like Huxley? Shall we follow Frederic Harrison, making an inadequate divinity out of our impotence? I have read the books of the "Positivists," and attended their imitation church in London, but I did not get any satisfaction from them. In the midst of their dogmatic pronouncements I found myself remembering how the egg falls apart and reveals a chicken, how the worm suddenly discovers itself a butterfly. The spirit of man is a breaker of barriers, and it seems a futile occupation to set limits upon the future. Our business is not to say what men will know ten thousand years from now, but to content ourselves with the simple statement of what men know *now*. What we know is a procession of phenomena called an environment; our life being an act of adjustment to its charges, and our faith being the conviction that this adjustment is possible and worth while.

In the beginning the guide is instinct, and the act of trust is automatic. But with the dawn of reason the thinker has to justify his faith; to convince himself that life is sincere, that there is worth-whileness in being, or in seeking to be; that there is order in creation, laws which can be discovered, processes which can be applied. Just as the babe trusts life when it gropes for its mother's breast, so the most sceptical of scientists trusts it when

he declares that water is made of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen, and sets it down for a certainty that this will always be so—that he is not being played with by some sportive demon, who will today cause H_2O to behave like water and tomorrow like benzine.

Life has laws, which it is possible to ascertain; and with each bit of knowledge acquired, the environment is changed, the life becomes a new thing. Consider, for example, what a different place the world became to the man who discovered that the force which laid the forest in ashes could be tamed and made to warm a cave and make wild grains nutritious! In other words, man can create life, he can make the world and himself into that which his reason decides it ought to be. The means by which he does this is the most magical of all the tools he has invented since his arboreal ancestor made the first club; the tool of experimental science—and when one considers that this weapon has been understood and deliberately employed for but two or three centuries, he realizes that we are indeed only at the beginning of human evolution.

To take command of life, to replace instincts by reasoned and deliberate acts, to make the world a conscious and ordered product—that is the task of man. Sir Ray Lankester has set this forth with beautiful precision in his book, *The Kingdom of Man*. We are, at this time, in an uncomfortable and dangerous transition stage, as a child playing with explosives. This child has found out how to alter his environment in many startling ways, but he does not yet know why he wishes to alter it, nor to what purpose. He finds that certain things are uncomfortable, and these he proceeds immediately to change. Discovering that grain fermented dispels boredom, he creates a race of drunkards; discovering that foods can be produced in profusion, and prepared in alluring combinations, he makes himself so many diseases that it takes an encyclopædia to tell about them. Discovering that

captives taken in war can be made to work, he makes a procession of empires, which are eaten through with luxury and corruption, and fall into ruins again.

This is Nature's way; she produces without limit, groping blindly, experimenting ceaselessly, eliminating ruthlessly. It takes a million eggs to produce one salmon; it has taken a million million men to produce one idea—algebra, or the bow and arrow, or democracy. Nature's present impulse appears as a rebellion against her own methods; man, her creature, will emancipate himself from her law, will save himself from her blindness and her ruthlessness. He is "Nature's insurgent son;" but, being the child of his mother, goes at the task in her old blundering way. Some men are scheduled to elimination because of defective eyesight; they are furnished with glasses, and the breeding of defective eyes begins. The sickly or imbecile child would perish at once in the course of Nature; it is saved in the name of charity, and a new line of degenerates is started.

What shall we do? Return to the method of the Spartans, exposing our sickly infants? We do not have to do anything so wasteful, because we can replace the killing of the unfit by a scientific breeding which will prevent the unfit from getting a chance at life. We can replace instinct by self-discipline. We can substitute for the regime of "Nature red in tooth and claw with ravin" the regime of man the creator, knowing what he wishes to be and how to set about to be it. Whether this can happen, whether the thing which we call civilization is to be the great triumph of the ages, or whether the human race is to go back into the melting-pot, is a question being determined by an infinitude of contests between enlightenment and ignorance: precisely such a contest as occurs now when you, the reader, encounter a man who has thought his way out to the light, and comes to urge you to perform the act of self-emancipation, to take up the marvellous new tools of science, and to make yourself,

by means of exact knowledge, the creator of your own life and in part of the life of the race.

Life is a process of expansion, of the unfoldment of new powers; driven by that inner impulse which the philosophers of Pragmatism call the *élan vital*. Whenever this impulse has its way, there is an emotion of joy; whenever it is balked, there is one of distress. So pleasure and pain are the guides of life, and the final goal is a condition of free and constantly accelerating growth, in which joy is enduring.

That man will ever reach such a state is more than we can say. It is a perfectly conceivable thing that tomorrow a comet may fall upon the earth and wipe out all man's labors. But on the other hand, it is a conceivable thing that man may some day learn to control the movements of comets, and even of starry systems. It seems certain that if he is given time, he will make himself master of the forces of his immediate environment:

The untamed giants of nature shall bow down —
The tides, the tempest and the lightning cease
From mockery and destruction, and be turned
Unto the making of the soul of man.

It is a conceivable thing that man may learn to create his food from the elements without the slow processes of agriculture; it is conceivable that he may master the bacteria which at present prey upon his body, and so put an end to death. It is certain that he will ascertain the laws of heredity, and create human qualities as he has created the spurs of the fighting-cock and the legs of the greyhound. He will find out what genius is, and the laws of its being, and the tests whereby it may be recognized. In the new science of psycho-analysis he has already begun the work of bringing an infinity of subconsciousness into the light of day; it may be that in the evidence

of telepathy which the psychic researchers are accumulating, he is beginning to grope his way into a universal consciousness, which may come to include the joys and griefs of the inhabitants of Mars, and of the dark stars which the spectroscope and the telescope are disclosing.

All these are fascinating possibilities. What stands in the way of their realization? Ignorance and superstition, fear and submission, the old habits of rapine and hatred which man has brought with him from his animal past. These make him a slave, a victim of himself and of others; to root them out of the garden of the soul is the task of the modern thinker.

The new morality is thus a morality of freedom. It teaches that man is the master, or shall become so; that there is no law, save the law of his own being, no check upon his will save that which he himself imposes.

The new morality is a morality of joy. It teaches that true pleasure is the end of being, and the test of all righteousness.

The new morality is a morality of reason. It teaches that there is no authority above reason; no possibility of such authority, because if such were to appear, reason would have to judge it, and accept or reject it.

The new morality is a morality of development. It teaches that there can no more be an immutable law of conduct, than there can be an immutable position for the steering-wheel of an aeroplane. The business of the pilot of an aeroplane is to keep his machine aloft amid shifting currents of wind. The business of a moralist is to adjust life to a constantly changing environment. An action which was suicide yesterday becomes heroism today, and futility or hypocrisy tomorrow.

This new morality, like all things in a world of strife, is fighting for existence, using its own weapons, which are reason and love. Obviously it can use no others without self-destruction; yet it has to meet enemies who fight with the old weapons of force and fraud. Whether it will pre-

vail is more than any prophet can say. Perhaps it is too much to ask that it should succeed—this insolent effort of the pygmy man to leap upon the back of his master and fit a bridle into his mouth. Perhaps it is nothing but a dream in the minds of a few, the scientists and poets and inventors, the dreamers of the race. Perhaps the nerve of the pygmy will fail him at the critical moment, and he will fall from the back of his master, and under his master's hoofs.

The hour of the decision is now; for this we can see plainly, and as scientists we can proclaim it—the human race is in a swift current of degeneration, which a new morality alone can check. The struggle is at its height in our time; if it fails, if the fibre of the race continues to deteriorate, the soul of the race to be eaten out by poverty and luxury, by insanity and disease, by prostitution, crime and war—then mankind will slip back into the abyss, the untamed giants of Nature will resume their ancient sway, and the tides, the tempest and the lightning will sweep the earth clean again. I do not believe that this calamity will befall us. I know that in the diseased social body the forces of resistance are gathering—the Socialist movement, in the broad sense—the activities of all who believe in the possibility of reconstructing society upon a basis of reason, justice and love. To such people this book goes out: to the truly religious people, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness here and now, who believe in brotherhood as a reality, and are willing to bear pain and ridicule and privation for the sake of its ultimate achievement.

THE PROCESS OF LIFE

(From *Samuel The Seeker*. The professor explains the law of "the survival of the fittest.")

On Monday morning Samuel found that Professor Stewart had returned, and he sat in the great man's study and waited until he had finished his breakfast.

It was a big room, completely walled with crowded bookshelves; in the center was a big work-table covered with books and papers. Samuel had never dreamed that there were so many books in the world, and he gazed about him with awe, feeling that he had come to the sources of knowledge.

That was Samuel's way. Both by nature and training, he had a profound respect for all authority. He believed in the majesty of the law—that was why it had shocked him so to be arrested. He thought of the church as a divine institution, whose ministers were appointed as shepherds of the people. And up here on the heights was this great College, a temple of learning; and this professor was one who had been selected by those in the seats of authority, and set apart as one of its priests. So Samuel was profoundly grateful for the attention which was given to him, and was prepared to pick up whatever crumbs of counsel might be dropped.

"Ah, yes," the professor said, wiping his glasses with a silk handkerchief. "Samuel — let me see — Samuel —"

"Prescott, sir."

"Yes—Samuel Prescott. And how have you been?"

"I've been very well, sir."

"I meant to leave a message for you, but I overlooked it. I had so many things to attend to in the rush of departure. I — er — I hope you didn't wait for me."

"I had nothing else to do, sir," said Samuel.

"The truth is," continued the other, "I'm afraid I shan't be able to do for you what I thought I could."

Samuel's heart went down into his boots.

"You see," said the professor a trifle embarrassed, "my sister wanted a man to look after her place, but I found she had already engaged some one."

There was a pause. Samuel simply stared.

"Of course, as the man is giving satisfaction—you see—it wouldn't do for her to send him away."

And Samuel continued to stare, dumb with terror and dismay.

"I'm very sorry," said the other—"no need to tell you that. But I don't know of any other place."

"But what am I to do?" burst out Samuel.

"It's really too bad," remarked the other.

And again there was a silence.

"Professor Stewart," said Samuel in a low voice, "what is a man to do who is out of work and starving?"

"God knows," said the professor.

And yet again there was silence. Samuel could have said that himself—he had the utmost faith in God.

And after a while the professor himself seemed to realize that the reply was inadequate. "You see," he went on, "there is a peculiar condition here in Lockmanville. There was an attempt to corner the glass industry, and that caused the building of too many factories, and so there is overproduction. And then, besides that, they've just invented a machine that blows as many bottles as a dozen men."

"But then what are the men to do?" asked Samuel.

"The condition readjusts itself," said the other. "The men have to go into some other trade."

"But then—the cotton mills are on half time, too!"

"Yes, there are too many cotton mills."

"But then—in the end there will be too many everything."

"That is the tendency," said the professor.

"There are foreign markets, of course. But the difficulty really goes deeper than that."

Professor Stewart paused and looked at Samuel wondering, perhaps, if he were not throwing away his instruction. But the boy looked very interested, even excited.

"Most of our economists are disposed to blink the truth," said he. "But the fact is, there are too many men."

Samuel started. It was precisely that terrible suspicion which had been shaping itself in his own mind.

"There is a law," went on the other, "which was clearly set forth by Malthus, that population tends continually to outrun the food supply. And then the surplus people have to be removed."

"I see," said Samuel, awestricken. "But isn't it rather hard?"

"It seems so—to the individual. To the race it is really of the greatest benefit. It is the process of life."

"Please tell me," Samuel's look seemed to say.

"If you will consider Nature," Professor Stewart continued, "you will observe that she always produces many times more individuals than can possibly reach maturity. The salmon lays millions of eggs, and thousands of young trees spring up in every thicket. And these individuals struggle for a chance to live, and those survive which are the strongest and best fitted to meet the conditions. And precisely the same thing is true among men—there is no other way by which the race could be improved, or even kept at its present standard. Those who perish are sacrificed for the benefit of the race."

Now, strange as it may seem, Samuel had never before heard the phrase, "the survival of the fittest." And so now he was living over the experience of the thinking world of fifty or sixty years ago. What a marvelous generalization it was! What a range of life it covered! And how obvious it seemed—one could think of a hundred things, perfectly well known, which fitted into it. And yet he had

never thought of it himself! The struggle for existence! The survival of the fittest!

A few days ago Samuel had discovered music. And now he was discovering science. What an extraordinary thing was the intellect of man, which could take all the infinitely varied facts of life and interpret them in the terms of one vast law.

EXTRASENSORY PERCEPTION

(From *Dragon Harvest*. Lanny amuses the Fuhrer with reports on "extrasensory perception" and other phenomena.)

This was a subject which interested the Fuhrer greatly, but he didn't want the fact to be known, for he had forbidden the occult arts in his Reich and couldn't afford to break his own laws. Lanny assured him that he had kept the promise not to talk about the matter, but added: "I live in the hope that before long the investigation of the subconscious mind and its secrets may become as respectable as, for example, research into the nature of the atom. A few days ago I was telling Herr Hess about the work which is now being done at Duke University, in the 'State of North Carolina.'"

So Lanny talked for a while about "extrasensory perception" and "the psychokinetic effect," and other phenomena with names long and impressive enough to be respectable even in a German university. Hitler remarked: "Perhaps I can arrange to have some of our authorities look into these matters; and perhaps in the summer you and I can try some of these experiments. I hope by that time to be free from the swarm of petty annoyances which have been burdening my mind of late. I am going to do my best to that end."

The son of Budd-Erling smiled one of his most winning smiles and remarked: "The rest of us await history,

Exzellenz; you create it." And after allowing a moment for this unction to permeate the dictatorial mind: "I wonder if Exzellenz is familiar with Napoleon's profound saying, that 'politics is fate.'"

INDUSTRY

THE STOCKYARDS

(From *The Jungle*. Jurgis and his family, come to Chicago to look for work, are being shown around the Stockyards.)

They passed down the busy street that led to the yards. It was still early morning, and everything was at its high tide of activity. A steady stream of employees was pouring through the gate—employees of the higher sort, at this hour, clerks and stenographers and such. For the women there were waiting big two-horse wagons, which set off at a gallop as fast as they were filled. In the distance there was heard again the lowing of the cattle, a sound as of a far-off ocean calling. They followed it, this time, as eager as children in sight of a circus menagerie—which, indeed, the scene a good deal resembled. They crossed the railroad tracks, and then on each side of the street were the pens full of cattle; they would have stopped to look, but Jokubas hurried them on, to where there was a stairway and a raised gallery, from which everything could be seen. Here they stood, staring, breathless with wonder.

There is over a square mile of space in the yards, and more than half of it is occupied by cattle-pens; north and south as far as the eye can reach there stretches a sea of pens. And they were all filled—so many cattle no one had ever dreamed existed in the world. Red cattle, black, white, and yellow cattle; old cattle and young cattle; great bellowing bulls and little calves not an hour born; meek-eyed milch cows and fierce, long-horned Texas steers. The sound of them here was as of all the barnyards of the universe; and as for counting them—it would have taken all day simply to count the pens. Here and there ran long alleys, blocked at intervals by gates; and Jokubas told them that the number of these gates was twenty-five thousand. Jokubas had recently been reading a newspaper

article which was full of statistics such as that, and he was very proud as he repeated them and made his guests cry out with wonder. Jurgis, too, had a little of this sense of pride. Had he not just gotten a job, and become a sharer in all this activity, a cog in this marvellous machine?

Here and there about the alleys galloped men upon horseback, booted, and carrying long whips; they were very busy, calling to each other, and to those who were driving the cattle. They were drivers and stock-raisers, who had come from far States, and brokers and commission-merchants, and buyers for all the big packing-houses. Here and there they would stop to inspect a bunch of cattle, and there would be a parley, brief and business-like. The buyer would nod or drop his whip, and that would mean a bargain; and he would note it in his little book, along with hundreds of others he had made that morning. Then Jokubas pointed out the place where the cattle were driven to be weighed, upon a great scale that would weigh a hundred thousand pounds at once and record it automatically. It was near to the east entrance that they stood, and all along this east side of the yards ran the railroad tracks, into which the cars were run, loaded with cattle. All night long this had been going on, and now the pens were full; by tonight they would all be empty, and the same thing would be done again.

"And what will become of all these creatures?" cried Teta Elzbieta.

"By tonight," Jokubas answered, "they will all be killed and cut up; and over there on the other side of the packing-houses are more railroad tracks, where the cars come to take them away."

There were two hundred and fifty miles of track within the yards, their guide went on to tell them. They brought about ten thousand head of cattle every day, and as many hogs, and half as many sheep—which meant some eight or ten million live creatures turned into food every year. One stood and watched, and little by little

caught the drift of the tide, as it set in the direction of the packing-houses. There were groups of cattle being driven to the chutes, which were roadways about fifteen feet wide, raised high above the pens. In these chutes the stream of animals was continuous; it was quite uncanny to watch them, pressing on to their fate, all unsuspecting — a very river of death. Our friends were not poetical, and the sight suggested to them no metaphors of human destiny; they thought only of the wonderful efficiency of it all. The chutes into which the hogs went climbed high up—to the very top of the distant buildings; and Jokubas explained that the hogs went up by the power of their own legs, and then their weight carried them back through all the processes necessary to make them into pork.

“They don’t waste anything here,” said the guide, and then he laughed and added a witticism, which he was pleased that his unsophisticated friends should take to be his own: “They use everything about the hog except the squeal.” In front of Brown’s General Office building there grows a tiny plot of grass, and this, you may learn, is the only bit of green thing in Packingtown; likewise this jest about the hog and his squeal, the stock in trade of all the guides, is the one gleam of humour that you will find there.

After they had seen enough of the pens, the party went up the street, to the mass of buildings which occupy the center of the yards. These buildings, made of brick and stained with innumerable layers of Packingtown smoke, were painted all over with advertising signs, from which the visitor realized suddenly that he had come to the home of many of the torments of his life. It was here that they made those products with the wonders of which they pestered him so—by placards that defaced the landscape when he travelled, and by staring advertisements in the newspapers and magazines—by silly little jingles that he could not get out of his mind, and gaudy pictures that

lurked for him around every street corner. Here was where they made Brown's Imperial Hams and Bacon, Brown's Dressed Beef, Brown's Excelsior Sausages! Here was the headquarters of Durham's Pure Leaf Lard, of Durham's Breakfast Bacon, Durham's Canned Beef, Potted Ham, Devilled Chicken, Peerless Fertilizer!

Entering one of the Durham buildings, they found a number of other visitors waiting; and before long there came a guide to escort them through the place. They make a great feature of showing strangers through the packing-plants, for it is a good advertisement. But ponas Jokubas whispered maliciously that the visitors did not see any more than the packers wanted them to.

They climbed a long series of stairways outside of the building, to the top of its five or six stories. Here was the chute, with its river of hogs, all patiently toiling upward; there was a place for them to rest to cool off, and then through another passage-way they went into a room from which there is no returning for hogs.

It was a long, narrow room, with a gallery along it for visitors. At the head there was a great iron wheel, about twenty feet in circumference, with rings here and there along its edge. Upon both sides of this wheel there was a narrow space, into which came the hogs at the end of their journey; in the midst of them stood a great burly negro, bare-armed and bare-chested. He was resting for the moment, for the wheel had stopped while men were cleaning up. In a minute or two, however, it began slowly to revolve, and then the men upon each side of it sprang to work. They had chains which they fastened about the leg of the nearest hog, and the other end of the chain they hooked into one of the rings upon the wheel. So, as the wheel turned, a hog was suddenly jerked off his feet and borne aloft.

At the same instant the ear was assailed by a most terrifying shriek; the visitors started in alarm, the women turned pale and shrank back. The shriek was fol-

lowed by another, louder and yet more agonizing—for once started upon that journey, the hog never came back; at the top of the wheel he was shunted off upon a trolley, and went sailing down the room. And meantime another was swung up, and then another, and another, until there was a double line of them, each dangling by a foot and kicking in frenzy—and squealing. The uproar was appalling, perilous to the ear-drums; one feared there was too much sound for the room to hold—that the walls must give way or the ceiling crack. There were high squeals and low squeals, grunts, and wails of agony; there would come a momentary lull, and then a fresh outburst, louder than ever, surging up to a deafening climax. It was too much for some of the visitors—the men would look at each other, laughing nervously, and the women would stand with hands clenched, and the blood rushing to their faces, and the tears starting in their eyes.

Meantime, heedless of all these things, the men upon the floor were going about their work. Neither squeals of hogs nor tears of visitors made any difference to them; one by one they hooked up the hogs, and one by one with a swift stroke they slit their throats. There was a long line of hogs, with squeals and life-blood ebbing away together; until at last each started again, and vanished with a splash into a huge vat of boiling water.

The carcass hog was scooped out of the vat by machinery, and then it fell to the second floor, passing on the way through a wonderful machine with numerous scrapers, which adjusted themselves to the size and shape of the animal, and sent it out at the other end with nearly all of its bristles removed. It was then again strung up by machinery, and sent upon another trolley ride; this time passing between two lines of men, who sat upon a raised platform, each doing a certain single thing to the carcass as it came to him. One scraped the outside of a leg; another scraped the inside of the same leg. One with

a swift stroke cut the throat; another with two swift strokes severed the head, which fell to the floor and vanished through a hole. Another made a slit down the body; a second opened the body wider; a third with a saw cut the breast-bone; a fourth loosened the entrails; a fifth pulled them out—and they also slid through a hole in the floor. There were men to scrape each side and men to scrape the back; there were men to clean the carcass inside, to trim it and wash it. Looking down this room, one saw, creeping slowly, a line of dangling hogs a hundred yards in length; and for every yard there was a man, working as if a demon were after him. At the end of this hog's progress every inch of the carcass had been gone over several times; and then it was rolled into the chilling-room, where it stayed for twenty-four hours, and where a stranger might lose himself in a forest of freezing hogs.

Before the carcass was admitted here, however, it had to pass a government inspector, who sat in the doorway and felt of the glands in the neck for tuberculosis. This government inspector did not have the manner of a man who was worked to death; he was apparently not haunted by a fear that the hog might get by him before he had finished his testing. If you were a sociable person, he was quite willing to enter into conversation with you, and to explain to you the deadly nature of the ptomaines which are found in tubercular pork; and while he was talking with you you could hardly be so ungrateful as to notice that a dozen carcasses were passing him untouched. This inspector wore a blue uniform, with brass buttons, and he gave an atmosphere of authority to the scene, and, as it were, put the stamp of official approval upon the things which were done in Durham's.

Jurgis went down the line with the rest of the visitors, staring open-mouthed, lost in wonder. He had dressed hogs himself in the forest of Lithuania; but he had never expected to live to see one hog dressed by several hun-

dred men. It was like a wonderful poem to him, and he took it all in guilelessly—even to the conspicuous signs demanding immaculate cleanliness of the employees. Jurgis was vexed when the cynical Jokubas translated these signs with sarcastic comments, offering to take them to the secret-rooms where the spoiled meats went to be doctored.

The party descended to the next floor, where the various waste materials were treated. Here came the entrails, to be scraped and washed clean for sausage-casings; men and women worked here in the midst of a sickening stench, which caused the visitors to hasten by, gasping. To another room came all the scraps to be “tanked,” which meant boiling and pumping off the grease to make soap and lard; below they took out the refuse, and this too, was a region in which the visitors did not linger. In still other places men were engaged in cutting up the carcasses that had been through the chilling-rooms. First there were the “splitters,” the most expert workmen in the plant, who earned as high as fifty cents an hour, and did not a thing all day except chop hogs down the middle. Then there were “cleaver men,” great giants with muscles of iron; each had two men to attend him—to slide the half carcass in front of him on the table, and hold it while he chopped it, and then turn each piece so that he might chop it once more. His cleaver had a blade about two feet long, and he never made but one cut; he made it so neatly, too, that his implement did not smite through and dull itself — there was just enough force for a perfect cut, and no more. So through various yawning holes there slipped to the floor below—to one room hams, to another fore-quarters, to another sides of pork. One might go down to this floor and see the pickling-rooms, where the hams were put into vats, and the great smoke-rooms, with their air-tight iron doors. In other rooms they prepared salt-pork—there were whole cellars full of it, built up in great towers to the ceiling. In yet other rooms they were

putting up meat in boxes and barrels, and wrapping hams and bacon in oiled paper, sealing and labelling and sewing them. From the doors of these rooms went men with loaded trucks, to the platform where freight-cars were waiting to be filled; and one went out there and realized with a start that he had come at last to the ground floor of this enormous building.

Then the party went across the street to where they did the killing of beef—where every hour they turned four or five hundred cattle into meat. Unlike the place they had left, all this work was done on one floor; and instead of there being one line of carcasses which moved to the workmen, there were fifteen or twenty lines, and the men moved from one to another of these. This made a scene of intense activity, a picture of human power wonderful to watch. It was all in one great room, like a circus amphitheatre, with a gallery for visitors running over the centre.

Along one side of the room ran a narrow gallery, a few feet from the floor; into which gallery the cattle were driven by men with goads which gave them electric shocks. Once crowded in here, the creatures were prisoned, each in a separate pen, by gates that shut, leaving them no room to turn around; and while they stood belching and plunging, over the top of the pen there leaned one of the "knockers," armed with a sledge-hammer, and watching for a chance to deal a blow. The room echoed with the thuds in quick succession, and the stamping and kicking of the steers. The instant the animal had fallen, the "knocker" passed on to another; while a second man raised a lever, and the side of the pen was raised, and the animal, still kicking and struggling, slid out to the "killing-bed." Here a man put shackles about one leg, and pressed another lever, and the body was jerked up into the air. There were fifteen or twenty such pens, and it was a matter of only a couple of minutes to knock fifteen or twenty cattle and roll them out. Then once more the

gates were opened, and another lot rushed in; and so out of each pen there rolled a steady stream of carcasses, which the men upon the killing-beds had to get out of the way.

The manner in which they did this was something to be seen and never forgotten. They worked with furious intensity, literally upon the run—at a pace with which there is nothing to be compared except a football game. It was highly specialized labor, each man having his task to do; generally this would consist of only two or three specific cuts, and he would pass down the line of fifteen or twenty carcasses, making these cuts upon each. First there came the “butcher,” to bleed them; this meant one swift stroke, so swift that you could not see it—only the flash of the knife; and before you could realize it, the man had darted on to the next line, and a stream of bright red was pouring out upon the floor. This floor was half an inch deep with blood, in spite of the best efforts of men who kept shovelling it through holes; it must have made the floor slippery, but no one could have guessed this by watching the men at work.

The carcass hung for a few minutes to bleed; there was no time lost, however, for there were several hanging in each line, and one was always ready. It was let down to the ground, and there came the “headsman,” whose task it was to sever the head, with two or three swift strokes. Then came the “floorsman,” to make the first cut in the skin; and then another to finish ripping the skin down the centre; and then half a dozen more in swift succession, to finish the skinning. After they were through, the carcass was again swung up; and while a man with a stick examined the skin, to make sure that it had not been cut, and another rolled it up and tumbled it through one of the inevitable holes in the floor, the beef proceeded on its journey. There were men to cut it, and men to split it, and men to gut it and scrape it clean inside. There were some with hose which threw jets of boil-

ing water upon it, and others who removed the feet and added the final touches. In the end, as with the hogs, the finished beef was run into the chilling-room, to hang its appointed time.

The visitors were taken there and shown them, all neatly hung in rows, labelled conspicuously with the tags of the government inspectors—and some, which had been killed by a special process, marked with the sign of the “kosher” rabbi, certifying that it was fit for sale to the orthodox. And then the visitors were taken to the other parts of the building, to see what became of each particle of the waste material that had vanished through the floor; and to the pickling-rooms and the salting-rooms, the canning-rooms and the packing-rooms, where choice meat was prepared for shipping in refrigerator-cars, destined to be eaten in all the four corners of civilization. Afterwards they went outside, wandering about among the mazes of buildings in which was done the work auxiliary to this great industry. There was scarcely a thing needed in the business that Durham and Company did not make for themselves. There was a great steam-power plant and an electricity plant. There was a barrel factory and a boiler-repair shop. There was a building to which the grease was piped, and made into soap and lard; and then there was a factory for making lard-cans, and another for making soap-boxes. There was a building in which the bristles were cleaned and dried, for the making of hair-cushions and such things; there was a building where the skins were dried and tanned, there was another where heads and feet were made into glue, and another where bones were made into fertilizer. No tiniest particle of organic matter was wasted in Durham’s. Out of the horns of the cattle they made combs, buttons, hair-pins, and imitation ivory; out of the shin-bones and other big bones they cut knife and tooth-brush handles, and mouthpieces for pipes; out of the hoofs they cut hair-pins and buttons, before they made the rest into glue. From

such things as feet, knuckles, hide clippings, and sinews came such strange and unlikely products as gelatine, isinglass, and phosphorus, bone-black, shoe-blackening, and bone-oil. They had curled-hair works for the cattle tails, and a "wool-pullery" for the sheep skins; they made pepsin from the stomachs of the pigs, and albumen from the blood, and violin strings from the ill-smelling entrails. When there was nothing else to be done with a thing, they first put it into a tank and got out of it all the tallow and grease, and then they made it into fertilizer. All these industries were gathered into buildings near by, connected by galleries and railroads with the main establishment; and it was estimated that they had handled nearly a quarter of a billion of animals since the founding of the plant by the elder Durham a generation and more ago. If you counted with it the other big plants — and they were now really all one — it was, so Jokubas informed them, the greatest aggregation of labor and capital ever gathered in one place. It employed thirty thousand men; it supported directly two hundred and fifty thousand people in its neighborhood, and indirectly it supported half a million. It sent its products to every country in the civilized world, and it furnished the food for no less than thirty million people!

THE BURNING OIL-WELL

(From *Oil!*. Young Bunny Ross and his dad have gone to visit Bunny's new well, which is on the point of striking oil.)

Everything "hunky-dory," said Dad. They drove over to the Rascum place and saw Ruth, and Bunny got on his hunting clothes, and got a few quail before sun-down; and then they had supper, and Paul told them all the gossip about the well, also how much money Eli had collected for his temple. After supper they went back to the

well—they just couldn't keep away! It was a crisp cold evening, a new moon in the sky, a big white star just over it—everything so beautiful, and Bunny so happy, he owned a "wild-cat," and it was "coming in," it was going to yield him a treasure that would make all the old-time fairy-tales and Arabian Nights adventures seem childish things. They were lifting the "water-string" now—a process necessary to cementing off; the casing at the bottom had to be raised, so that the cement could be forced under. It was difficult, for the casing was wedged, and they had to put down a tool known as a "jar," which struck heavy blows and shook the casing loose. Standing on the derrick platform, Bunny listened to these blows, far down in the earth; and then suddenly came a sound, the like of which had never assailed his ears in all his life, a sound that was literally a blow on the side of his head; it seemed as if the whole inside of the earth suddenly blew out. That tremendous casing-head, with its mass of cement, which Dad had said would hold down Mt. Vesuvius, went suddenly up into the air; straight through the top of the derrick, smashing the crown block and tackle as if these had been made of sugar candy!

Of course Bunny turned and ran for his life, everybody scattered in every direction. Bunny looked once or twice as he ran, and saw the casing-head and a long string of casing up in the air, for all the world like a Dutchman's pipe, only it was straight. When this pipe-stem got too long, it broke off, and crashed over sideways, taking part of the derrick with it; and out of the hole there shot a geyser of water, and then oil, black floods of it, with that familiar roaring sound—an express train shooting out of the ground! Bunny gave a yell or two, and he saw Dad waving his arms, and presumably calling; he started towards his father—when suddenly, most dreadful thing of all, the whole mass of oil up in the air burst into flame!

They were never to know what did it; perhaps an electric spark, or the fire in the boiler, or a spark made

by falling wreckage, or rocks blown out of the hole, striking on steel, anyhow, there was a tower of flame, and the most amazing spectacle—the burning oil would hit the ground, and bounce up, and explode, and leap again and fall again, and great red masses of flame would unfold, and burst, and yield black masses of smoke, and these in turn red. Mountains of smoke rose to the sky, and mountains of flame came seething down to the earth; every jet that struck the ground turned into a volcano, and rose again, higher than before; the whole mass, boiling and bursting, became a river of fire, a lava flood that went streaming down the valley, turning everything it touched into flame, then swallowing it up and hiding the flames in a cloud of smoke. The force of gravity took it down the valley, and the force of the wind swept it over the hillside; it touched the bunk-house, and swallowed it in one gulp; it took the tool-house, everything that was wood; and when there came a puff of wind, driving the stream of oil and gas to one side, you saw the skeleton of the derrick, draped with fire!

Bunny saw his father, and ran to join him. Dad was rallying the men; was anybody hurt? He got the crew together, one by one; they were all there, thank God! He told Paul to run down to the ranch-house and get his family up into the hills; he told Bunny to go with him, and keep away from the fire—a long way, you never could tell in which direction it would explode. So Bunny went flying down the arroyo at Paul's heels; they found the family down on their knees, praying, the two girls hysterical. They got them up, and told them where to go; never mind their few belongings, cried Bunny, Dad would pay for them. Paul shouted to see to the goats, and they ran to the pen, but they weren't needed; the panic-stricken creatures flung themselves against the side of the pen and broke through, and away they went down the arroyo; they would take care of themselves!

Bunny started back; and on the way, here came Dad

in his car. He was going after dynamite, he called to them; they were to keep away from the fire meantime; and off he went in the darkness. It was one time in his life that Bunny knew his father to be caught without something he needed; he hadn't thought to carry any dynamite around with him on his drives!

Of course Bunny had heard about oil fires, which are the terror of the industry. He knew of the devices ordinarily used to extinguish them. Water was of no use—quite the contrary—the heat would dissolve the water into its constituents, and you would merely be feeding oxygen to the flames. You must have live steam in enormous quantities, and for that you needed many boilers and they had only one here, this fire would go on burning all the while they were fetching more; Bunny had heard of a fire that burned for ten days, until they made a great conical hood of steel to slide over the well, with an opening in the top through which the flames rushed out, and into which was poured the live steam. And meantime all the pressure would be wasted, and millions of dollars worth of money burned up! Bunny realized that, as a desperate alternative, Dad was going to try to plug up the hole by a dynamite blast, even at the risk of ruining the well.

The two boys skirted the slopes, and got back to the well, on the windward side, away from the flames. There they found the crew engaged in digging a shaft, as close to the fire as they could get; Bunny understood that it was in preparation for the dynamite. They had set up a barrier against the heat, a couple of those steel troughs in which they mixed cement; upon this they had a hose playing, the water turning to steam as it hit. A man would run into the searing heat, and chop a few strokes with a pick, or throw out a few shovelfuls of dirt, and then he would flee, and another man would run in. Dave Murgins was working the hose, lying flat on the ground with some wet canvas over his head. Fortunately,

they had pressure from the artesian well, for their pump was out of commission, along with everything else. Dave shouted his orders, and the hole got deeper and deeper. Paul ran in to help, and Bunny wanted to, but Dave shouted him back, and so he had to stand and watch his "wild-cat" burning up, and all he could do was to bake his face a little!

They got down below the surface of the ground, and after that it was easier; but the man who worked in that hole was risking his life—suppose the wind were to shift, even for a few seconds, and blow that mass of boiling oil over him! But the wind held strong and steady, and the men jumped into the hole and dug, and the dirt flew out in showers. Presently they were tunnelling in towards the well—they would go as close as they dared, before they set the dynamite.

And suddenly Bunny thought of his father, coming with the stuff; he wouldn't be able to drive up the road, he'd have to come round by the rocky hill-side, carrying that dangerous load in the darkness. Bunny went running, as fast as he dared, to help.

There were cars down on the road; many people had seen the glare of the fire, and come to the scene. Bunny inquired for his father; and at last there came a car with much tooting, and there was Dad, and another man whom Bunny did not know. They drove as far as they dared—the Watkins house had been long ago swallowed by the flames. They stopped and got out, and Dad told Bunny to take the car back to a safe place, and not come near him or the other man with the dynamite; they would make their way to the well, very carefully. Bunny heard Dad telling the other man to go slow, they'd not risk their lives just to save a few barrels of oil.

When Bunny got back to the well again, Dad and the man were already there, and the crew was setting the dynamite. They had some kind of electric battery to explode it with, and presently they were ready, and every-

body stood back, and the strange man pushed down a handle, and there was a roar and a burst of flame from the shaft, and the geyser of oil that was rushing out of the well was snubbed off in an instant—just as if you stopped a garden hose by pinching it! The tower of oil dropped; it leaped and exploded a few times more, and that was the end. The river of fire was still flowing down the arroyo, and would take a long time to burn itself out; but the main part of the show was over.

And nobody was hurt—that is, nobody but Bunny, who stood by the edge of the red glare, gazing at the stump of his beautiful oil derrick, and the charred foundations of his home-made bunk-house, and all the wreckage of his hopes. If the boy had been a little younger, there would have been tears in his eyes. Dad came up to him and saw his face, and guessed the truth, and began to laugh. "What's the matter, son? Don't you realize that you've got your oil?"

Strange as it may seem, that idea came to Bunny for the first time! He stared at his father, with such a startled expression that the latter put his arm about the boy and gave him a hug. "Cheer up, son! This here is nothin', this is a joke. You're a millionaire ten times over."

"Gosh!" said Bunny. "That's really true, isn't it!"

"True?" echoed Dad. "Why, boy, we got an ocean of oil down underneath here; and it's all ours—not a soul can get near it but us! Are you a-frettin' about this measly little well?"

"But Dad, we worked so hard over it!"

Dad laughed again. "Forget it, son! We'll open it up again, or drill a new one in a jiffy. This was just a little Christmas bonfire, to celebrate our bustin' in among the big fellers!"

A BEAR MARKET

(From *Between Two Worlds*. "Don't sell America short," warns the elder Budd—and Lanny wonders.)

The day after Lanny's slumming expedition was Saturday, the nineteenth of October. The Detaze exhibition had been running for ten days, and was such a success that they were continuing it for another full week. Saturday being an important day, Lanny had promised to come over early; but first he stopped to look at the Transluz—a habit more easy to acquire than to drop. It was not quite eleven o'clock, and he saw that the slump of the previous afternoon was continuing. He became worried about his father, and went to a telephone booth and called his office in Newcastle. "Robbie, have you seen the ticker?"

"Oh, sure," replied the father. There was one in the Budd office, and Lanny had observed that the carpet in front of it was well worn.

"Aren't you worried about it?"

"Not a bit, Son."

"Are you long or short?"

"I'm long on everything in the good old U. S. A. Believe me, I know what I'm doing. We had several bear markets like this last year; we had them this spring, and they were fine times to pick up bargains. The market drops ten points, and then it goes up twenty."

"Yes, Robbie, but suppose it changes about, and goes up ten and down twenty?"

"It can't, because of the underlying business conditions. Look at the orders piling up!"

"But orders can stop coming, Robbie; they can even be cancelled. Do you realize that the American people owe seven billion dollars on installment-buying contracts? How can they go on ordering more things?"

Robbie wasn't so easily impressed as Irma. "Have you been talking to some of your Reds again?" He proceeded to turn the conversation around, urging his son against getting mixed up with such people in New York. Lanny was married now, and had responsibilities; he couldn't afford to make any more scandals!

"The Reds have got nothing to do with the question," insisted the younger man. "Anybody can look at prices and see that they are too high—thirty to fifty times normal earnings of the stocks! How can that go on?"

"Because everybody knows that their normal earnings are bound to increase. Because we've got an administration that has sense enough to let business alone and give them a chance to increase production, employment, and wages, all at one click. Because nobody is listening to the croakers and soreheads—the people who tell us to sell America short!"

Lanny saw that he was wasting his time. He said: "Well, I wish you luck. If you run short of cash let me know, for we're banking some every day."

"Take my advice and buy Telephone this morning," chuckled Robbie. "My brokers have an office in your hotel."

NEWS FOR SALE

(From *The Brass Check*.)

The methods by which the "Empire of Business" maintains its control over Journalism are four: First, ownership of the papers; second, ownership of the owners: third, advertising subsidies; and fourth, direct bribery. By these methods there exists in America a control of news and of current comment more absolute than any monopoly in any industry. This statement may sound extreme, but if you will think about it you will realize that

in the very nature of the case it must be true. It does not destroy the steel trust if there are a few independent steel-makers, it does not destroy the money trust if there are a few independent men of wealth, but it does destroy the news trust if there is a single independent newspaper to let the cat out of the bag.

The extent to which outright ownership of newspapers and magazines has been acquired by our financial autocracy would cause astonishment if it were set forth in figures. One could take a map of America and a paintbrush, and make large smudges of color, representing journalistic ownership of whole districts, sometimes of whole states, by special interests. The Upper Peninsula of Michigan would be swept with a yellow smudge—that is copper. The whole state of Montana would be the same, and the greater part of Arizona. A black smudge for Southern Colorado, and another in the Northern part—that is coal. A gray smudge in Western Pennsylvania, and another in Illinois—that is steel. A green smudge in Wisconsin, and another in Oregon and Washington—that is lumber. A white smudge in North Dakota and Minnesota—that is the milling trust, backed by the railroads and the banks. A dirty smudge in Central California, representing “Southern Pacific” and “United Railways,” now reinforced by “M. and M.”

The second of the methods by which our Journalism is controlled is by far the most important of all the four. I do not mean merely that the owners are owned by mortgages, and such crude financial ties. They are owned by ambition, by pressure upon their families, by club associations, by gentlemen’s agreements, by the thousand subtle understandings which make the solidarity of the capitalist class. I have written elsewhere of the labor-leaders, otherwise incorruptible, who have accepted “the dress-suit bribe.” These same bribes are passed in the business-world, and are the biggest bribes of all. When you have your shoes shined, you pay the bootblack ten

cents; but can you figure what you are paid for having your shoes shined? When you buy a new suit of clothes, you pay the dealer, say, one hundred dollars; but can you figure what you are paid for being immaculately dressed, for having just the right kind of tie, just the right kind of accent, just the right manner of asserting your own importance and securing your own place at the banquet-table of Big Business?

If you are the publisher of a great newspaper or magazine, you belong to the ruling-class of your community. You are invited to a place of prominence on all public occasions; your voice is heard whenever you choose to lift it. You may become a senator like Medill McCormick or Capper of Kansas, who owns eight newspapers and six magazines; a cabinet-member like Daniels, or an ambassador like Whitelaw Reid or Walter Page. You will float upon a wave of prosperity all your family will share; your sons will have careers open to them, your wife and your daughters will move in the "best society." All this, of course, provided that you stand in with the powers that be, and play the game according to their rules. If by any chance you interfere with them, if you break their rules, then instantly in a thousand forms you feel the pressure of their displeasure.

What counts with newspapers, as everywhere else in the business world, is not so much the bulk of the wealth as its activity. Wealth which is invested in government bonds and farm-mortgages is asleep, and will stay asleep until the profit system itself is threatened. On the other hand, one or two hundred thousand dollars which happens to be in the hands of new men, trying to break into the game, may be exercising an influence out of all proportion to its amount. Such wealth may be bidding for a new franchise. It will come to the newspaper publisher and offer him stock; or it will point out to him that if the franchise is granted, certain real estate that he holds will be increased in value; or it will offer to help nomin-

ate him for mayor; or it will point out to him that his rival newspaper is enlisted on the other side, and is looking for some unrighteous graft. The story of every newspaper is a story of such a game of power-politics incessantly going on. No newspaper can exist without taking part in it, because every newspaper wields influence, and every newspaper must cast its decision on every issue that arises. Every paper is expected to have its political policies, and inevitably in our system these candidates and these policies are a screen behind which great financial interests move to their ends.

If the newspaper fails to protect its big advertisers, the big advertisers will get busy and protect themselves. This happens every now and then, and every newspaper editor has seen it happen. Sometimes an editor gets sick of the game and quits, and then we have a story. For example, William L. Chenery, who was editor of the "Rocky Mountain News" during the Colorado coal-strike, tells me that "the business men of Denver attempted both an advertising and a social boycott in order to prevent the publication of strike news. . . . I was told that the owner of the paper would not be admitted to the Denver Country Club so long as our editorials seemed to support the cause of the strikers."

Or take the case of Boston. George French, managing editor of a Boston paper, told how his paper lost four hundred dollars on account of one item which the "interests" had forbidden. Says Mr. French, "That led to a little personal conversation, and to my retiring from the paper."

We are accustomed to the idea that in Europe there exists a "reptile press," meaning a press whose opinions are for sale, not merely to politicians and governments, but to promoters and financiers; we read of the "Bourse press" of Paris, and understand that these papers accept definite cash sums for publishing in their columns news favorable to great speculations and industrial enterprises.

I have heard America congratulated that it had no such newspapers; I myself was once sufficiently naive so as to congratulate America!

Naturally, it is not so easy to prove direct bribery of the press. When the promoter of an oil "deal" or of a franchise "grab" wishes to buy the support of a newspaper, he does not invite the publisher onto the sidewalk and there count a few thousand dollar bills into his hands. But as a person who steals once will go on stealing, so a newspaper proprietor who takes bribes becomes a scandal to his staff, and sooner or later bits of the truth leak out. America has been fortunate in the possession of one bold and truth-telling newspaper editor, Fremont Older; and when you read his book, "My Own Story," you discover that we have a "reptile press" in America, a press that is for sale for cash.

The chances are that you never heard of Fremont Older's book. It was published over a year ago, but with the exception of a few radical papers, American Journalism maintained about it the same silence it will maintain about "The Brass Check."

MUNITION MAKERS

(From *World's End*. Lanny and his father talk of war and labor and industry.)

Lanny was seventeen, and had grown nearly a foot in those thirty-two months since he had seen his father. For many youths it is an awkward age, but he was strongly knit, brown with sunshine and red with well-nourished blood. He came running from the train to welcome Robbie, and there was something in the sight of him which made the man's heart turn over. Flesh of my flesh—but better than I am, without my scars and my painful secrets! So Robbie thought, as the lad seized him

and kissed him on both cheeks. There was a trace of down on Lanny's lips, light brown and soft; his eyes were clear and his look eager.

He wanted to know everything about his father in the first moment. That grand rock of a man, that everybody could depend on; he would solve all the problems, relieve all the anxieties—all in the first moment! Robbie looked just the same as ever; he was in his early forties, and his vigor was still unimpaired; whatever clouds might be in his moral sky showed no trace. He looked handsome in brown tweeds, with tie and shoes to match; Lanny, whose suit was gray, decided at once that he would look better in brown.

"Well, what do you think about the war?" The first question every man asked then.

The father looked grave immediately. "We're going in; not a doubt of it."

"And are you going to support it?"

"What can I do? What can anybody do?"

It was nearing the end of March. Relations with Germany had been severed for many weeks, and President Wilson had declared a state of what he called "armed neutrality." America was going to arm its merchant vessels, and in the meantime Germany was going on sinking them, day after day. Shipping was delayed, the vessels in American harbors were afraid to venture out.

"What can we do?" repeated Robbie. "The only alternative is to declare an embargo, and abandon our European trade entirely."

"What would that do?"

"It would bring a panic in a week. Budd's would have to shut down, and throw twenty thousand men out of work."

Driving to their hotel in a horse-drawn cab, Robbie explained this situation. A large-scale manufacturing enterprise was geared to a certain schedule. A quantity of finished goods came off the conveyers every day, and was

boxed and put into freight cars or trucks—or, in the case of Budd's, which had its own river frontage, onto ships. Vessels were loaded and moved away, making room for others. If for any reason that schedule was interrupted, the plant would be blockaded, because its warehouses could hold only a few day's output. The same thing would happen at the other end, because raw materials came on a fixed schedule—they had been ordered and had to be taken and paid for, but there was place to store only a limited supply; they were supposed to go through the plant and be moved on.

That, said Robbie, was the situation not merely with steel mills and munitions plants, but with meat packing and flour milling, making boots and saddles, automobiles and trucks, anything you could think of. Rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, American business had geared itself to the task of supplying the needs of the nations of Europe. American finance had geared itself to taking and marketing their bonds. If all this were suddenly stopped, there would be such a breakdown as had never been known in the world before — “ten or twenty million men out of work,” declared the representative of Budd Gun-makers Corporation.

Lanny had heard many persons express disapproval of those who were making money out of this war: Kurt, and Rick, and Beauty, Sophie, Marcel, and M. Rochambeau. But when he listened to his father, all that vanished like mist before the morning sun. He saw right away that things had to be like this; if you were going to have machinery, and produce goods on a big scale, you had to do it in a fixed way. The artists and dreamers and moralists were just talking about things they didn't understand.

At least that was the way it seemed until Lanny got off by himself. Then he began to have troubles in his thinking. Robbie was all for Budd's, and defended the right of Budd's to get all the business it could, and to keep

its workers employed. But Robbie didn't like Zaharoff, and had a tendency to resent the business that Vickers got. Robbie blamed Schneider-Creusot because it sold goods to neutral countries which resold them to Germany. But suppose that Budd's had owned plants in Germany—wouldn't Robbie be trying to take care of them, and pointing out the harm it would do if they were bombed?

In short, wasn't there as much to be said for one set of businessmen as for another? As much for Germans as for British or French or Americans? Lanny felt it duty bound to be fair to his friend Kurt, and to Kurt's family who had been so kind to him. He could not forget having heard Herr Meissner using these very same arguments about the need of German manufacturers to get raw materials and to win foreign markets, in order to keep their workers employed and their plants running on schedule. It was extremely puzzling; but Lanny didn't say much about it, because for two years and a half he had been learning to keep his ideas to himself. In wartime it appeared that nobody wanted to see both sides of any question.

RELIEF

(From *Co-op*. A father speaks his mind about the N. R. A., self-help and government interference with private business.)

This was the time when the N. R. A. was at the height of its activity. Competitive industry was being made over, and the masters of America were summoned to Washington, and instead of pounding the tables they had to watch others do it, and they had to listen while others talked. So far no official had summoned J. Seymour, but he heard the indignant stories of his friends, and witnessed the onrush of the mad bull of bureaucracy. Already there was talk of government insurance against unemployment

and old age; how long would it be before some bright young college professor recalled that insurance companies had a lot of money, and conceived the idea of taxing them out of business, and setting up a government machine to take over the function of supporting the widows and orphans?

"I tell you, my son," said the president of the International, striking the arm of his padded leather chair, "when government undertakes to invade the field of private enterprise, and sap the initiative which has built up the American nation, we are witnessing the beginning of the end of constitutional government as we know it, and are launching ourselves upon the same path which the Russian people traveled into the abyss. It passes my comprehension how my son, having witnessed that nightmare of misery—"

Herbert listened politely for five or ten minutes, and then managed to break in: "I beg you, father, let's not go over the Russian question again. I'm not advocating anything like that, and my duties for the government are relatively modest."

"All right, I'll say no more. When are you planning to leave?"

"I'm flying tomorrow. I have to stop off in Ohio for a few days, to inspect some of the work there. They have made a start at the kind of thing I am supposed to do."

"What is it you are going to do? I naturally have some curiosity as to my son's activities."

"Certainly, father. That is why I came to see you. I am going to help work out a system by which the unemployed can produce at least a part of what they need, instead of having to get it as charity, and at the expense of the taxpayers."

"You say they have started that in Ohio?"

"It is known as the Ohio Plan. Of course it's on a small scale; the unemployed are making mattresses, and doing simple woodwork—"

"They're doing it with capital furnished by the government?"

"Yes, father. They have no capital of their own."

"And don't you see what that will do to private business?"

"The goods are not to come upon the market; they are to be exchanged among the different producing groups."

"But doesn't that take them out of the market, as purchasers of the products of industry?"

"They're already out, father; they have no money, except such as the government gives them."

"Imagine that you are a manufacturer of mattresses in Ohio. You have invested capital in plant and machinery, and have built up trade and goodwill. The slump comes, and you see your life savings disappearing; but you hold on, waiting for this depression to pass, as all depressions have passed in our history—I know, you think this one is different, but I tell you the only difference is that a bunch of theorists, college professors and their pupils, have got hold of the ear of the President—"

"You overlook the fact, father, that you spent a lot of money giving me an education with those same professors. And now you object to my making an effort to apply it."

"I am trying to point out to you the obvious consequences of the public policy which you propose to initiate. Is it not obvious that when the unemployed make mattresses for themselves, they remove themselves as possible future customers of the mattress manufacturers, if and when prosperity returns?"

"But, father, are the unemployed to sleep on boards until prosperity returns? For how long would you sentence them to that fate? It has been nearly five years now—"

"If private business were encouraged and reassured—if manufacturers were not frightened by the prospect of being undermined by government competition—we should

be on the way back now. But we take measures which destroy the very basis of our prosperity—we make it impossible for anyone to invest money with any certainty of return—and so we make State Socialism inevitable, and put ourselves on the way to revolution and civil war.”

“Well, father, it seems to me the way to make revolution and civil war is to let men sleep on bare boards for five years, and give them no hope of getting a mattress for another five years. But you see how it is: we look at the thing differently, and it doesn’t do the least good to argue.”

J. Seymour Alding sat gazing at this strange young man, with sandy hair and pale blue eyes and thin, ascetic face with too many lines in it. It wasn’t really a weak face, but it seemed so to the father, by contrast to the hearty aspect of himself and his other sons. Herbie was his mother’s darling, and he had his mother’s sensitiveness—but added to it this strange stubborn streak that was so annoying to a parent who had always had his own way. J. Seymour, as he watched him, was not moved to sympathy by the signs of his son’s distress; on the contrary, he felt estrangement, even dislike. He would have been shocked to admit this, and he repressed it deep into his subconscious—from which it emerged in the form of speeches denouncing those college professors who had set themselves to tear down and destroy the things which J. Seymour had spent his whole life in building.

“Well,” said the old man at last, “I suppose there’s no use in any more discussion. You have made up your mind.”

“I have to do what seems right to me, father. Many members of families hold different opinions on these questions. We can each respect the other’s good faith, and love each other just the same.”

“Yes,” replied the other, “I suppose so.” He repressed the look of distaste which might have come upon his face—and which would appear in some future tirade as a

reference to the hypocrisy of reformers and theorists who pretend to the love of man, when in reality all they are thinking of is "soaking the rich," and punishing those who have won out in the battle of life.

WILD NATURE

IN THE BACKWOODS

(From *Love's Pilgrimage*. Thyrsis has gone out into the woods to write a pot-boiling novel, and has instead written an idealistic play and sent it to a prominent actress.)

A most trying thing it was to a man who carried the burden of the future in his soul—to have to wrestle with an obstinate stomach! But so it was again; the magic red liquid seemed to be losing its power. Then, the pot-boiler was not going well; and to cap the climax, the manuscripts stopped coming. Thyrsis, after waiting two or three weeks in suspense and dread, wrote to Mr. Ardsley, and received a reply to the effect that he would not be able to send any more. Mr. Ardsley had sent them because of his interest in the proposed “practical” novel; and now he had learned that the poet had been giving his time to the writing of an impossible play!

Thyrsis' predicament was a desperate one, and drove him to a desperate course. It was now midsummer; and run down from overwork as he was, could he face the thought of returning to the sweltering city, to go to work in some office? Or was he to hire out as farm-labor, under he knew not what conditions? He recoiled from either of these alternatives; and then suddenly, as he racked his brains, a wild idea flashed over him. For years he had talked and dreamed of escaping from civilization. He had pictured himself upon some tropic island, where bananas and coconuts grew; or again in some Northern wilderness, where he might hunt and fish, and live like the pioneers. And now—why not do it? He had an axe and a rifle and a fishing-rod; and only a few days previously he had heard a man telling of a lake in the Adirondacks, where not a dozen people went in the course of a year.

It was early one morning the idea came to him; and within an hour he had struck his tent and packed his trunk. He stowed his camp-stuff and bedding in a dry goods box, and leaving his tent with the farmer, he purchased a ticket to a place on the edge of the wilderness. He put up at a village-hotel, and the next day drove fifteen miles by a stage, and five by a wagon, and spent the night at a lumber-camp far in the wilderness. The next day, carrying as much of his belongings as he could, he walked three miles more, and came to the tiny lake that was his goal.

It was perhaps half a mile long; the virgin forest hung about it like a great green curtain, and the shadows of the blue mountains seemed as if painted upon its surface. Thyrsis gave a gasp of delight as he pushed through the bushes and saw it; he stripped and plunged into the crystal water—and hot and tired and soul-sick as he was, the coolness of it was like a clasp of protecting arms. There was a rock rising from the center, and he swam out and stood upon it, and gazed about him at all the ravishing beauty, and he laughed and whooped so that the mountains rang with the echoes.

He found an abandoned "open-camp," or shed, the roof of which he made water-proof with newspapers and balsamboughs. He cut fresh boughs for his bed, and spread his blankets upon them, and went back to the lumber-shanties, and purchased a box of prunes and a bag of rice. There were huckleberries in profusion upon the hills, and in the lakes were fish, and in the forests squirrels and rabbits, partridges and deer. There were the game-laws, to be sure; but there was also a "higher law," as eminent authorities had declared. As one of the wits at the lumber-camp put it, "If any wild rabbit comes rushing out to bite you, don't you hesitate to defend yourself!"

So, with the sum of one dollar and twenty-three cents in his pocket-book, Thyrsis began the happiest experience of his life. He watched the sun rise and set behind the

mountains; and sometimes he climbed to the summits to see it further upon its way. He watched the progress of the tempests across the lake, and swam in the water while the rain splashed his face and the lightning splintered the pines in the forest. He crouched in the bushes and saw the wild ducks feeding, and the deer that came at sunset to drink. He watched the loons diving, and spying him out with their wild eyes—sometimes, as they rose in flight, beating the surface of the water with a sound like thunder. At night he heard their loud laughter, and the creaking cries of the herons flying past. Sometimes far up in the hills a she-fox would bark, or some too-aged tree of the forest would come down with a booming crash. Thyrsis would lie in his open camp and watch the moonlight through the pines, and prayers of thankfulness would well up within him—

“Peace of the forest, rich, profound,
Gather me closely, fold me round!”

There had been much carrying and hard work to do before he was settled, and there was more of it through his stay. He had to cook all his meals and clean up afterwards; and because the nights were cold and his blankets few, there was much firewood to be cut. Also, there was no food unless he went out and found it, and so he spent hours each day tramping about in the forests. By the time he had got home and had cleaned the game and cooked it, he was ravenously hungry, and there was never any question as to what would digest. This was just what he had sought; and so now, deliberately, he banned all the muses from his presence, and poured the rest of the dyspepsia-medicine into the lake. His muscles became hard, and the flush of health returned to his cheeks, and as he went about his tasks he laughed and sang, and shouted his defiance to the world. And to Corydon he wrote his newest plan—to earn a little in the city that

winter, and come back in the early spring and build a log-cabin for herself and the baby!

Twice a week his mail came to the lumber-camp, in care of the friendly foreman. Each time that he went out to get it, he hoped for some new turn. There was a publisher interested in *The Hearer of Truth*, and an editor was reading *The Higher Cannibalism*; also, and most important of all, Miss Ethelynda Lewis had now had *The Genius* for nearly two months, and had not yet reported. Thyrsis wrote to remind her, and after another two weeks, he wrote yet more urgently. At last came a note—"I have been away from the city, and have not had a chance to read the play. I will attend to it at once." And then, after three weeks more, Thyrsis wrote again—and at last came a letter that made his heart leap.

"I have read your play," wrote the popular *comédienne*. "I am very much interested in it indeed. I have asked my manager to read it, and will write you again shortly."

Thyrsis sent this to Corydon, and again there was rejoicing and expectation. "If only I can get the play on," he wrote, "our future is safe, for the profits from plays are enormous. It will be a great piece of luck if I have found the right person at the first attempt."

More weeks passed. Thyrsis watched the pageant of autumn upon the mountains—he saw the curtains of the lake-shore change to gold and scarlet, and from that to pale yellow and brown; and now, with every lightest breeze that stirred, there were showers of leaves came fluttering to the ground. The deer left the lake-shore and took to the "hard-wood," and the drumming of partridges thundered at sunset. The nights were bitterly cold, and he spent a good part of his day chopping logs and carrying them to camp, so that he might keep a blazing fire all night. There were hunting-parties in the woods,

and he got a deer, and sold part of it, and had the rest hanging near his camp.

And then one night came the first snow-storm; in the morning it lay white and sparkling in the sunlight—and oh, the wonder of a hunting-trip when the floor of the wilderness was like a page on which could be read the tale of all that happened in the night! One could hardly believe that so many creatures were in these woods—there were tracks everywhere one looked. Here a squirrel had run, and here a partridge; here had been a porcupine, with feet like a baby's and here a fox, and here a bear with two cubs. And in yon hollow a deer had slept through the night, and here he had blown away the snow from the moss; here two bucks had fought; and here one of them had been startled by a hunter, and had bounded away with leaps that it was a marvel to measure.

Thyrsis nearly lost his life at these fascinating adventures; for another storm came up, and covered his tracks, and when he tried to find his way back by the compass, he found that he had forgotten which end of the needle pointed to the North! So he wandered about for hours; and in the end had to decide by the toss of a penny whether he should get out to the main road, or wander off into twenty miles of trackless wilderness, without either food or matches. Fortunately the penny fell right; and he spent the night at a farm-house, and the next day got back to the lumber-camp.

And there was a letter from Ethelynda Lewis! Thyrsis tore it open and read this incredible message:

"Your play has been carefully considered, and I am disposed to accept it. It is certainly very unusual and interesting, and I think it can be made a success. There are, however, certain changes which ought to be made. I am wondering if you will come to the city, so that we can talk it over. It would not be possible to settle a matter so important by mail; and there is no time to be lost, for I

“I am ready to go ahead with the work at once, and so is my manager.”

Nothing that the mail had ever brought to Thyrsis had meant so much to him as this. He was transported with delight. Yes, for this he would go back to the city!—But then, he caught his breath, realizing his plight. How was he to get to the city, when he had only three dollars to his name?

He turned the problem over in his mind. Should he send a telegram to some relative and beg for help? No, he had vowed to die first. Should he write to the actress, and explain? No, for that would kill his chances. There was just one way to be thought of; venison in the woods was worth eleven cents a pound, and the smallest of deer would get him to the city!

And so began a great adventure. Thyrsis wrote Miss Ethelynda that he would come; and that night he loaded up some more buckshot “shells,” and before dawn of the next day was out upon the hunt. The snow was gone now; and with soft shoes on his feet he wandered all day through the wilderness—and was rewarded by two chances to shoot at the white tails of flying deer.

And then came night, and he rigged up a “jack,” a forbidden apparatus made of a soap-box and a lantern and a tin-plate for a reflector. He had an ingenious arrangement of straps and cords, whereby he could fasten this upon his head; and he had found an old lumber-trail where the deer came to feed upon the soft grass. Down this he crept like a thief in the night, with the light gleaming ahead, and the deer tramping in the thickets and whistling their alarms. Now and then one would stand and stare, his eye-balls gleaming like coals of fire, and at last came the roar of the gun, and the jacklight tumbled to the ground. When Thyrsis lighted up again and went to examine, there were spots of blood upon the leaves—but no deer.

So the next day he was up again at dawn, watching by one of the runways to the lake. And then came another tramp, through the thickets and over the mountains—and more shots at the “flags” of the elusive enemy. Thyrsis’ back ached, and his feet were as if weighted with lead, but still he plodded on and on—it was his life against a deer’s.

If only he had had a boat, so that he could have set up his “jack” in that! But he had no boat—and so he wrapped himself in blankets and sat to watch another runway at sunset; and when no deer came he decided to stay on until the moon rose. It was a bitterly cold night, and his hands almost froze to the gun-barrel when he touched it. And the moon rose, and forthwith went behind a cloud—and then came a deer!

There was hardly a trace of motion in the air, but somehow the creature half-scented Thyrsis; and so it stood and trumpeted to the night. Oh, the wildness of that sound—the thumping of the heart of the hunter, and the breathless suspense, and the burning desire. The deer would take a step, and a twig would crack; and then it would stand still again, and Thyrsis would listen, crouching like a statue, clutching his weapon and striving to penetrate the darkness. And then the deer would take two or three more steps, and stand again; and then, in sudden alarm, bound away; and then come back again, step by step—fascinated by the mysterious thing there in the darkness. For three mortal hours that creature pranced and cavorted about Thyrsis, while he waited with chattering teeth; then in the end it took a sudden fright, and went bounding away through the thicket.

So came another day’s hunting; and at sundown another watch by a runway; and another deer that approached from the wrong direction, and came upon a man, worn out by three days and nights of effort, lying sound asleep at his post!

But there could be only one ending to this adventure.

Thyrsis was out for a deer, and he would never quit until he got one. All his planning and wandering had availed him nothing; but now, the next morning, as he stepped out from his camp with a bucket in his hand—behold, at the edge of a thicket, a deer! Thyrsis stood rooted to the spot, staring blankly; and the deer stood staring at him.

It was a time of agony. Should he try to creep back to his gun, or should he make a sudden dash? He started to try the latter, and had a pang of despair as the deer whirled and bolted away. He leaped to the camp and grabbed his gun and sprang out into sight again—and there, off to the right, was another deer. It was a huge buck, with wide-spreading antlers, rising out of the bushes where it stood. It saw Thyrsis, and started away; and in a flash he raised his gun and fired. He saw the deer stumble, and he fired the other barrel; and then he started in wild pursuit.

He had been warned to beware of a wounded deer; but he forgot that—he forgot also that he had no more shells upon him. He ran madly through the forest, springing over fallen logs, plunging through thickets—he would have seized hold of the animal with his bare hands, if only he could have caught up with it.

The deer was badly hurt. It would leap ahead, and then stumble, half falling, and then leap again. Even in this way, the distance it covered was amazing; Thyrsis was appalled at the power of the creature, its tremendous bounds, the shock of its fall, and the crashing of the underbrush before it. It seemed like a huge boulder, leaping down a precipice; and Thyrsis stood at a safe distance and watched it. According to the poetry-books he should have been ashamed—perhaps moved to tears by the reproachful look in the great creature's eyes. But assuredly the makers of the poetry-books had never needed the price of a railroad-ticket as badly as Thyrsis did!

He only realized that night how desperate his need had been. He lay in his berth on board a train for the city—while back at his “open-camp” a wild blizzard was raging, and the thermometer stood at forty degrees below zero. But Thyrsis was warm and comfortable; and also he was brown and rugged, once more full of health and eagerness for life. All night he listened to the pounding of the flying train; and fast as the music of it went, it was not fast enough for his imagination. It seemed as if the rails were speaking—saying to him, over and over and over again, “Ethelynda Lewis! Ethelynda Lewis! Ethelynda Lewis!”

RELIGION
PURITAN'S PROGRESS
(From *Candid Reminiscences*.)

Another element in my life which requires mentioning was the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. The Sinclairs had always belonged to that church; my father was named after an Episcopal clergyman, the Reverend Upton Beall. My mother's father was a Methodist, and took the *Christian Herald*, and as a little fellow I had read all the stories and studied all the pictures of the conflicts with the evil one; but my mother and aunts had apparently decided that the Episcopal Church was more suited to their social standing, and therefore my spiritual life had always been one of elegance. Recently in Boston, seeking local colour, I attended a service in Trinity Church; it was my first service in more than thirty years, yet I could recite every prayer and sing every hymn, and could even have preached the sermon.

In New York, no matter how poor and wretched the rooms in which we lived, we never failed to go to the most fashionable church; it was our way of clinging to social status. When we lived at the Weisiger House, we went to St. Thomas's, on Fifth Avenue. When we lived on Second Avenue, we went to St. George's. When we moved uptown, we went to St. Agnes's. Now and then we would make a special trip to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, which was "high," and had masses, and many candles, and jewelled robes, and processions, and genuflections and gyrations. Always I wore tight new shoes, and tight gloves, and a neatly brushed little derby hat—supreme discomfort to the glory of God. I became devout, and my mother, determined upon making something special of me, decided that I was to become a bishop. I myself talked of driving a hook-and-ladder truck.

We moved back to the Weisiger House, and I was confirmed at the Church of the Holy Communion, just around the corner; the rector, old Dr. Mottet, died only recently. His assistant was the Reverend William Wilmerding Moir, son of a wealthy Scotch merchant; the young clergyman had, I think, more influence upon me than any other man. My irreverent memory brings up the first time I was invited to his home, and met his mother, who looked and dressed exactly like Queen Victoria, and his testy old father, who had a large purple nose, filled, I fear, with Scotch whisky. The son took me aside and communicated as follows: "Upton, we are going to have chicken for dinner, and father always carves, and when he asks you if you prefer white meat or dark, please express a preference, because if you say that it doesn't matter, he will answer that you can wait till you make up your mind."

"Will" Moir was a young man of fashion who had gone into the Church from genuine devoutness and love of his fellow-men. "Spirituality" is out of fashion at the moment, and open to dangerous suspicions, so I hasten to say that he was a thoroughly wholesome person; not brilliant intellectually, but warm-hearted, loyal and devoted. He became to me a foster-father, and with all the teasing of the Episcopal Church which I have done in *The Profits of Religion* and other places, I have never forgotten this loving soul, and what he meant at the critical time of my life. My quarrel with the churches is a lover's quarrel; I do not want to destroy them, but to put them on a rational basis, and especially to drive out the money-changers from the front pews.

Moir specialized in training young boys in the Episcopal virtues, with special emphasis upon chastity. He had fifty or so under his wing all the time. We met at his home once a month and discussed moral problems; we were pledged to write him a letter once a month and tell him all our troubles. If we were poor, he helped us to find a job; if we were tempted sexually, we would go to see him

and talk it over. The advice we got was always straightforward and sound; but the procedure is out of harmony with this modern age, and my sophisticated friends smile when they hear about it. The problem of self-discipline versus self-development is a complicated one, and I can see virtues in both courses, and perils in either extremity. I am glad that I did not waste my time and vision "chasing chippies," as the sport was called; but I am sorry that I did not get advice and aid in the task of finding a girl with whom I might have lived wisely and joyfully.

I became a devout little Episcopalian, and at the age of fourteen went to church every day during Lent. I taught a Sunday School class for a year. But I lost interest, because I could not discover how these little ragamuffins from the tenements were being made any better by learning about Jonah and the whale and Joshua blowing down the walls of Jericho. I was beginning to use my brains upon the Episcopalian map of the universe, and a chill was creeping over my fervour. Could it possibly be that the things I had been taught all my childhood were merely the Hebrew mythology instead of the Greek or the German? Could it be that I would be damned for asking such a question? And would I have the courage to go ahead and believe the truth, even though I were damned for it?

I took these agonies to my friend Mr. Moir, who was not too much troubled; it appeared that clergymen were used to such cries in the young. He told me that the fairy-tales did not really matter, he was not sure that he believed them himself; the only thing of importance was the resurrection of Jesus Christ and the redemption by His blood. So I was all right for a time—until I began to find myself doubting the resurrection of Jesus Christ. After all, what did we know about it? Were there not a score of other martyred redeemers in the mythologies?

And how could Jesus have been both man and God at the same time? As a psychological proposition, it meant knowing everything and not knowing everything, and was not that plain nonsense?

I took this also to Mr. Moir, and he loaded me up with tomes of Episcopalian apologetics. I remember the *Bampton Lectures*, an annual volume of foundation lectures delivered at Oxford. I read several volumes, and it was the worst thing that ever happened to me; these devout lectures, stating the position of the opposition, suggested so many new doubts that I was completely bowled over. Literally, I was made into an agnostic by reading the official defences of Christianity. I remind myself of this when I have a tendency to worry over the barrage of attacks on Socialism in the capitalist press. Truth is as mighty now as it was forty years ago.

I told my friend Mr. Moir what had happened, but still he refused to worry; it was a common experience, and I would come back. I felt certain that I never would, but I was willing for him to keep himself happy. I no longer taught Sunday School, but remained under my friend's sheltering wing, and told him my troubles—up to the time when I was married, which was apparently regarded as a kind of graduation from the school of chastity. My friend did not live to see me as a Socialist agitator; he succumbed to an attack of appendicitis—due, no doubt, to his habit of talking Christianity all through dinner, and, just before the butler came to remove his plate, bolting his food in a minute or two.

For a time my interest was transferred to the Unitarian Church. I met Minot J. Savage of the Church of the Messiah, now the Community Church; his arguments seemed to me to possess the reasonableness which I had missed in the Bampton lectures. I never joined his church, and have never again felt the need of formal worship; from the age of sixteen, it has been true with me that “to

labor is to pray." I have prayed hard in this fashion, and found it the great secret of happiness.

An interesting detail about Dr. Savage: he was the first intellectual man I ever met who claimed to have seen a ghost. Not merely had he seen one, he had sat up and chatted with it. I found this an interesting idea, and find it so still. I am the despair of my orthodox materialistic friends because I insist upon believing in the possibility of so many strange things. My materialistic friends know that these things are *a priori* impossible; whereas I assert that nothing is *a priori* impossible. It is a question of evidence, and I am willing to hear the evidence about anything whatever.

The story as I recall it is this: Savage had a friend who set out for Ireland in the days before the cable; and at midnight he awakened and saw his friend standing by his bedside. The friend stated that he was dead, but Savage was not to think that he had known the pangs of drowning; the steamer had been wrecked on the coast of Ireland, and the friend had been killed by a beam striking him on the left side of his head as he was trying to get off the ship. Savage wrote this out and had it signed by witnesses, and two or three weeks later came the news that this ship had been wrecked, and the friend's body found with the left side of the head crushed.

If such a case stood alone, it would of course be nothing. But in Gurney's two volumes, *Phantasms of the Living*, you may find a thousand or so cases, carefully documented. There is another set of cases, collected by Dr. Walker Franklin Prince, of the Boston Society for Psychical Research, Bulletin XIV of that society. I no longer find these phenomena so difficult of belief, because my wife and I have demonstrated long-range telepathy in our personal lives. If you are interested in all that, you may read *Mental Radio*.

CHRIST AND NIETZSCHE

(From *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*, a work, Sinclair claims, "which helped to launch the Nietzsche cult in America. The vision revealed in *Zarathustra* is close to the central doctrine of all the seers, and in a chapter on Nietzsche in *Mammonart* I pointed out its curious resemblance to the Beatitudes.")

Two days ago I was reading *Menschen und Werke*, by Georg Brandes. I was glancing over an essay on Friedrich Nietzsche, and I came upon some things that made my heart throb.

Those words made my blood tingle, they made me tremble. Alone, miserable, helpless—here was a voice at last, a friend! I dropped the book and I went to the library, and I was back with *Also sprach Zarathustra* in an hour.

I have been reading it for two days—reading it in a state of excitement, forgetting everything. Here is a man! —Here is a man! The first night that I read it I kicked my heels together and laughed aloud in glee, like a child. *Oh*, it was so fine! And to find things like this already written, and in the world! Great heavens, it was like finding a gold mine underneath my feet; and I have forgotten all my troubles again, forgotten everything! I have found a man who understands me, a man to be my friend!

I do not know what the name Friedrich Nietzsche conveys to the average cultured American. I can only judge by my own case—I have kept pace with our literary movements and I have read the standard journals and

reviews; but I have never come upon even a reference to Friedrich Nietzsche, except as a byword and a jest.

I had rather live my own life than any other man's life. My own vision is my home. But every great man's inspiration is a challenge, and until you have mastered it you cannot go on.

I speak not of poets, nor philosophers, but of religious teachers, of prophets; and I speak but my opinion — let every man form his own. I say that I have read all those that men honor, and that a greater prophet than this man has not come upon the earth in centuries. I think of Emerson and Carlyle as the religious teachers, the prophets, of this time; and beside this mighty spirit Emerson is a child and Carlyle a man without a faith or an idea. I call him the John Baptist of the new Dispensation, the first high priest of the Religion of Evolution; and I bid the truth-seeker read well his Bible, for in it lies the future of mankind for ages upon ages to come.

Half that I love in my soul's life I owe to the prophet of Nazareth. The other half I owe—not to Nietzsche, but to the new Dispensation of which he is a priest. Nietzsche will stand alone; but he is nevertheless the child of his age—he sings what thousands feel.

It is a disadvantage to be the first man. If you are the first man you see but half-truths and you hate your enemies. When you seek truth, truly, all systems and all faiths of men—they are beautiful to you—born of sorrow, and hallowed with love; but they will not satisfy you, and you put them by. You do not let them influence you one way or the other; you can no more find truth while you are bound to them by hatred than while you are bound to them by love. There are dreary places in *Also sprach Zarathustra*, narrownesses and weaknesses too; they come whenever the writer is thinking of the evils of

the hour, whenever he is gazing, not on the vision of his soul, but on the half-truths of the men about him.

When I speak of Christ let no man think of Christianity. I speak of a prince of the soul, the boldest, the freest, the noblest of men that I know. With the thousand system that mankind has made in his memory, I have simply nothing in any way to do.

To me all morality is one. Morality is hunger and thirst after righteousness. Morality is quality of will. The differences that there are between Christ and Nietzsche are differences of the intellect — where no man is final.

The doctrine of each is a doctrine of sacrifice; with one it is a sacrifice of love, with the other it is a sacrifice of labor. For myself, I care not for the half-truths of any man. I said to my soul, "Shall I cast out love for labor?" And my soul replied, "For what wilt thou labor but love?"

Moral sublimity lies in the escape from self. The doctrine of Christ is a negation of life, that of Nietzsche an affirmation; it seems to me much easier to attain to sublimity with the former.

It is easier to die for righteousness than to live for it. If you are to die, you have but to fix your eyes upon your vision, and see that you do not take them away. But the man who will *live* for righteousness—he must plant and reap, must gather firewood and establish a police force; and to do these things nobly is not easy; to do them sublimely seems hardly possible at all.

Twenty centuries ago the Jewish world was a little plain, and God a loving Father. He held you in his arms, he spoke to you in every dream, in every fantasy, in every accident. Life was very short—but a little trial—you had only to be patient, and nothing mattered. Society did not exist—only your neighbor existed. Knowledge did not

exist, nor was it needed—the world was to end—perhaps tonight—and what difference made all the rest? You took no heed for the morrow—for would not your Father send you bread? You resisted not evil—for if you died, was that all that you could ask?

It was with such a sweet and simple faith as this that the victory of Jesus Christ was won. These were his ideas, and as the soul was all-consuming with him, he lived by them and died by them, and stands as the symbol of faith.

And now twenty centuries have gone by. And a new teacher has come to whom also the soul is all-consuming. What ideas has *he*? And what task does he face?

I speak not to children. I speak to men seeking truth.

In twenty centuries we have learned that God is not a Father who answers prayers and works miracles and holds out his arms at the goal. We have come shuddering to the awful mystery of being; strange and terrible words have been spoken—words never to be forgotten—“phenomenon,” and “thing-in-itself;” not knowing what these words mean, you are ignorant and recreant to the truth; *knowing* what they mean, you tug no more at the veil. Also we have learned that time and change are our portion, “the plastic dance of circumstance;” we talk no more of immortality. We have turned our hopes to the new birth of time, to the new goal of our labor, the new parent of our love, that we name Society.

And likewise Evolution has come, which is the whole of knowledge. And we have learned of starry systems, of the building of worlds, of the pageant of history and the march of mind. Out of all these things has come a new duty, which is not peace, but battle—which is not patience but will—which is not death, but life.

There is no room in the world of Evolution for the doctrine of non-resistance to evil. Non-resistance to evil

is the negation of life, and the negation of life is the negation of faith. How shall you resist not evil when life is action and not passion? When not a morsel of food can you touch except by the right that you are more fitted to survive than that morsel? How when you know that you rose from the beast by resistance? And that you stay above the beast by resistance? Will you give up the farm land to be jungle again? Or will you teach the beasts your non-resistance? And the trees of the forest to crowd no more your land!

It is no longer possible to build a heaven and reject the earth. Such as life is you have to take it.

And you have to live it. The huge machinery of Society is on your hands, with all its infinite complications, its infinite possibilities of beauty and joy. Your life is, as ever, a sacrifice; all life is, as ever, a sacrifice; but it is a sacrifice to man—a sacrifice to the best. Once your task was self-abnegation, and that was easy; now it is self-assertion, and that is hard. Knowing what you are, you will dare to live, not for your own sake, but that strength and beauty may be in the world. Knowing what you might be, you choose infinite toil for your portion, and in the humility of toil you find your holiest peace. Your enemy you resist with all your soul, not for hatred of your enemy, but for love of the right. If he were not evil he could not be your enemy; and being evil, he has no right to be. Your conscience to you is no longer a shame, but a joy; you think no more of infinite sin, but of infinite virtue.—And for the rest, you do not attain perfection, and you are not worshipped as a god; you are much troubled by trivialities, and the battle tries your soul. But you make no truce with lies, and you never lay down your sword; you keep your eyes upon a far goal, and you leave the world better than you found it. When you come to die you have no fear, but a song; for you are master of yourself, and you have learned to know that which you are.

—And there is only to add—that whether you believe these things or not, they are what you actually *do*. It seems to me not desirable that one's belief should be less than one's practice.

RELIGIOUS FAITH

(From *What God Means To Me*. Life as creation.)

Religious faith has, in the past, been taken to mean belief in this or that set of dogmas; and with the discrediting of dogmas has come the breakdown of faith. But I am seeking here to give a broader interpretation of the word, which no man can reject. My faith is in the well-spring of my own soul, the creative impulses which awaken there, or emerge from there. I don't know what they are, fundamentally, and my guess is that I shall never know; but I learn what I can, and seek to know more, and find pleasure in the seeking. I am sustained by a sense of the worth-whileness of what I am doing; a trust in the good faith of the process which created me and sustains me.

That process I call God. If my materialist friends prefer to say Nature, or Universe; if my philosophical friends prefer Elan Vital with Bergson, or Life Force with Bernard Shaw, or Cosmic Consciousness with Bucke, or Over-soul with Emerson, or First Cause with Plato, or Noumenon with Kant—that is all right with me. If you ask me precisely what I mean by God, I answer you as I did the Fundamentalist preacher who sent me a questionnaire during the recent political campaign. "Do you believe in God? If yes, define what you mean." My answer was: "The infinite cannot be defined."

What else could I say? I don't know what God is. I know a few manifestations of His activity—a bit more than an oyster knows, but not much more, as compared with the total. I cannot even describe the events in my

own consciousness, except by vague metaphors which don't really fit. I have to talk about well-springs and flowing streams—whereas I know quite well that there is no up or down, no backward or forward about it; it is something which appears to be outside space, yet I can only think about it in terms of space. I talk about light, warmth, power, activity—all these terms from physics, applied arbitrarily to my psychic life, which is something quite different.

Yet here I am; having to live my life here and now, on the basis of what I know, and not of something which may be discovered tomorrow. I have to make a guess at God's nature, and what He wants me to do. The only clue I have is the well-spring of my soul, moment by moment, hour by hour, day by day. Certain things make it flow freely and happily; God seems to be pleased with me. But suddenly comes a change; God seems to be angry, there is lightning in my spiritual sky, and I am frightened, and try to find out what I have done to displease the Almighty One.

This is the language of our racial childhood; and the facts remain what they were in the days of those mental children, our ancestors. God is what helps life, and our changing concepts represent our efforts to grope our way to better understanding of a bewildering universe. Of course, wherever we can get exact knowledge, as a physical science, it is our duty to seek it. But where we are unable to get knowledge, it is my argument that we are justified in accepting that point of view which fosters our own progress.

And so it is that I believe in God. So it is that I believe in a *personal* God: a power, operating at the center of this universe, which creates, maintains, and comprehends my personality, and all other personalities, those which were, and those which are, and those which have yet to be; a power which causes my being—otherwise it would not be; which sustains my being—otherwise it

would cease ; which understands my being—otherwise I should not conform to my pattern, but would become a chaos.

I go farther yet, and assert that the truth of these statements may be experimentally determined. I say that the God who is in you, or who sustains you, is alive, and that He will prove it to you ; that He will work with you, and you can work with Him. I say that I have proved that in my own life, whenever I have taken time to try. I say that you can prove it in your life, whenever you take time to try. I say that this is no figment of mysticism, or of superstition, but a fact of psychology, which can be stated in scientific terms so that scientific men will accept it. It can be so stated that it will be accepted as a matter of common sense ; so that you will say, "Well, of course, if *that's* what you mean."

HISTORY

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

(From *Mammonart*.)

Once in their history fate provided the Greeks with a great cause; that was in the fifth century, when the gigantic Juggernaut of Persia came rolling down upon them. King Xerxes assembled his barbarian hordes; his tribes of wild horsemen and his phalanxes of slaves, his war elephants and his chariots. Compared with these invaders, the Greeks were modern civilized men; free men, holding in their minds all the treasures of the future. They forgot their state jealousies and civic factions, and rallied and saved their culture. From that national impulse came practically everything that is worth while in the "classics." It was here that the Greek spirit achieved self-consciousness; it was here that Greek patriotism and Greek religion found their justification, their validity as propaganda for great art.

Among the Athenian captains who fought at Marathon was one by the name of Æschylus. He returned, full of the pride of his race, and wrote a tragedy, *The Persians*, around the story of the king whom he had helped to defeat; the climax of the drama being the battle in which the poet had been a leader. It was Greek patriotic and religious propaganda without any thought of disguise; its purpose being to portray the downfall of despotism. The play was a popular success, and made Æschylus the national poet, not merely of Athens, but of all the Greeks.

He wrote other plays of the same religious and patriotic sort, and he never feared to put in whatever moral teachings he thought his audience needed. "Obedience is the mother of success, bringing safety," summed up his political creed; so, needless to say, he belonged to the

conservative party. So little was he afraid of "propaganda" that in *The Seven Against Thebes* he praised by name the statesman Aristides, who was present in the audience. This kind of topical allusion "brought down the house" in ancient Athens, precisely as it would in New York today.

The sculptors and architects and other artists of Greece felt the same patriotic and religious thrill, the same consciousness of a sublime destiny; they labored with burning faith to glorify the gods and demigods, the ancestors and rulers who had made them masters of the land. As a memorial to the victory of Marathon the Greeks instituted national games, which took place every four years, and were a means of uniting the various tribes in worship of their gods. There was the keenest rivalry, and the ambition of Greek gentlemen was to win the crowns and laurel wreaths. When they won, they wanted the fact to be known; so they paid poets who could sing their achievements in glorious verses. The poet Pindar became a high-class publicity man for these aristocratic sportsmen; also he sang the praises of whatever tyrants held power in the Greek cities, making them splendid and heroic, regardless of how unprincipled and cruel they might be.

The production of the dramas was also a kind of game. Each playwright found a wealthy patron to pay the expenses of drilling and equipping the chorus for his play; then, if the play carried off the prize, the wealthy gentleman built a monument to his own generosity; and so we saw, lining the streets of Athens, the choregic monuments of Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller and Otto H. Kahn. Each poet seeking the prize would take the demigods and ancestral rulers, and portray them according to his own interpretation; incidentally he would use the chorus to discuss the current events of politics, and to express his own convictions. Thus Æschylus wrote his *Eumenides* to oppose the abolishing of the Areopagi-

ticus, an ancient court which met on the Sacred Hill; just as if today a poet should produce a drama to combat the radical attacks on the United States Supreme Court.

Another dramatist arose, the son of a noble family, Sophocles by name. He wrote some thirty plays, and carried off the prize nineteen times, and his rivals and enemies took pleasure in charging that he was greedy for money, a regular old miser, besides being exceptionally fond of the ladies, and raising a large illegitimate family. Sophocles produced serene and beautiful works, because he believed in the patriotic and pious traditions he served, accepting the hideous stories of the old-time Greek heroes and demigods as the natural fate of mortals. He is the perfect type of the ruling-class artist who achieves perfection without strife, because he is completely at one with his environment, identifying the interests of his class with the will of the gods. We shall encounter a line of such poets — Virgil, Spencer, Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe, Tennyson. They feel love and pity for the unhappy children of their brains, and they move us to grief and awe, but never do they move us to revolt.

But now came another dramatist, in a different mood. This man looked at the Greek legends and decided that they were not true. He looked at Greek institutions, private property, and state patriotism, and the sovereignty of old men in family and tribe, and he decided that these were not necessarily wise and permanent arrangements. He set himself up as a propagandist of things that we call "modern," and that the Greeks called blasphemy and infidelity. His name was Euripides, and he took the heros and heroines of the old legends and turned them into plain human beings, suffering the cruelties of fate, but fighting back, voicing protests and doubts. So came a string of plays, jeering at militarism and false patriotism, denouncing slavery and the subjection of women in the home, rebuking religious bigotry, undermining the noble and wealthy classes. A play in which the women get together to

rebel against war! A play in which a devoted wife gives her life to an angry god in order to save her husband's life— but the husband is shown as an egotistical cad, not worthy of this dutiful and pious Greek sacrifice! Read a passage of the dramatic propaganda of Euripides, and realize how this must have sounded to hundred per cent Athenian patriots—and right in the midst of a war to the death with Sparta:

Doth some one say that there be gods above?
There are not; no, there are not. Let no fool,
Led by the old false fable, thus deceive you.
Look at the facts themselves, yielding my words
No undue credence; for I say that kings
Kill, rob, break oaths, lay cities waste by fraud,
And doing thus are happier than those
Who live calm pious lives day after day.
How many little states that serve the gods
Are subject to the godless but more strong,
Made slaves by might of a superior army!

Needless to say, the Bolshevik sentiments of Euripides were not proclaimed before the altar of Dionysus without protest on the part of the orthodox. There rose up another dramatist, this time a comedian, to champion the ancient and honorable traditions of Athens. Aristophanes was his name, and he was one of the world's great masters of the comic line. He had infinite verve and wit and imagination; you can read him today and laugh out loud—even while his reactionary ideas make you cross.

The point to be got clear is that right or wrong, this poet is altogether a propagandist; a political campaigner, full of the most bitter fury against his enemies, attacking them by name, lampooning them, ridiculing them, not scrupling even to tell vicious falsehoods about them. He wrote his plays to advocate this thesis or that thesis; he arranged his incidents to exhibit this or that aspect of the thesis; he chose his characters, either to voice his own convictions, or to make the opposite convictions absurd.

Not merely do his characters make long speeches in which they set forth the poet's ideas; at any time in the course of the action the poet will wave these characters to one side, and step out in the form of the chorus and say what he thinks, arguing and pleading with the audience, scolding at them, denouncing his enemies, explaining his previous actions, discussing his present play—even going so far as to explain to the audience why they should award the prize to Aristophanes and not to somebody else! I doubt if there has ever been a bolder propagandist using the stage; I doubt if the propertied classes and the partisans of tradition ever had a more vigorous defender; and this, don't fail to note, in a world dramatist, a "classic" of history's greatest "art for art's sake" period!

The amazing modernness of Aristophanes is what strikes us most. There is hardly a single one of our present-day contentious questions he does not discuss at length. He has the malicious wit of the *New York Sun* in the days of Dana; he has the fun of Stephen Leacock, whose comical tales ridicule every new and sensible idea the human mind can conceive. Again, one thinks of the verses of Wallace Irwin—except that Aristophanes sincerely held his convictions, whereas Mr. Irwin's wit appears to be directed by his newest publisher.

Aristophanes was a gentleman, in the English sense of the word, and wrote for other gentlemen. Just as in England during the late war we observed the manufacturers of beer and munitions rising to power and turning the aristocracy out of their castles, so during the Peloponnesian war Aristophanes saw his cultured class dispossessed by newly rich traders. There is a scene in the *Knights* in which he denounces them; they are "mongers," a whole succession of "mongers"—topical allusions which the audience received with roars of laughter. First came a rope-monger to govern the state, and then a muton-monger; now there was a leather-monger—Cleon, ruler of the city, who sat in the audience and heard him-

self abused. Athens could go only one stage lower, said Aristophanes, and he produced an offal-monger, and recited to this person a list of his vices, which proved him fit to take charge of public affairs.

As to Cleon, the poet objected that his political manners were rude; and in order to set him a good example, described him as "a whale that keeps a public-house and has a voice like a pig on fire!" This was in war-time—and imagine what would have happened to a playwright who produced a play in Washington, D. C., in the year 1918, describing the President of the United States in similar language!

Again, Aristophanes produced a play denouncing his city for its shabby treatment of its tributary states. He produced this play while ambassadors from those states were in the audience, attending a council of the empire. For this Cleon had the poet prosecuted and fined; so in his next production Aristophanes comes back, proposing that the people shall kick out a number of rascals including

All statesmen retrenching the fees and the salaries
Of theatrical bards, in revenge for the raileries,
And jests, and lampoons, of this holy solemnity,
Profanely pursuing their personal enmity,
For having been flouted, and scoff'd, and scorn'd—
All such are admonish'd and heartily warn'd!

Aristophanes loathed Euripides for having turned the ancestral heroes into weak mortals, with sentiments and whinings about their rights and wrongs. He dragged the poet down into hell, and there beat him with all the weapons he could lay hold of. He took the poet's play of feminism, the *Lysistrata*, and turned it to farce by that most modern of devices, a strike of mothers! A play in which the women of Athens refuse to co-habit with their husbands until the husbands have ended the war with Sparta!

Also Aristophanes loathed Socrates, because that philosopher taught the youths of Athens to think for themselves. To this the poet attributed the corruption of Alcibiades, the young aristocrat who had been a pupil of Socrates, and had sold out his country to the Persian king. He wrote a play called *The Clouds*, in which he represented Socrates as a cunning trickster, teaching men how to advocate any cause for money. He portrayed the philosopher sitting in a hanging basket in front of his house, performing absurdities with his pupils. It is exactly the tone of a *Saturday Evening Post* editorial, jeering at "parlor pinks," and college professors who teach their pupils "mugwumpery." The time came when the mob voted death to Socrates; and this was the great triumph of the funny man of reaction.

But alas, the death of one free-thinker did not suffice to bring the citizens of Athens back to the simple life of their ancestors. They continued to make money and enjoy themselves, and to hire soldiers to do their fighting. Their dramatists developed the so-called "social comedy"—that is, pictures of the fashions and follies of the leisure class, without any propaganda. It is an invariable rule that the absence of propaganda in the art of a people means that this people is in process of intellectual and moral decay. So now a strong man came down out of the north and took charge of Greece, and Greek literature moved into the Alexandrine period.

The center of this new culture was the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. The poets now took pride in their technical skill, and wrote delicate and charming portrayals of the delights of love. A horde of learned scholars busied themselves with criticism and interpretation of the works of the past, and composed long epic poems dealing with grammar and rhetoric and similar subjects. This too was "propaganda;" but you note that it was propaganda of a secondary and imitative sort, it was not produced by men who were doing great deeds, and creating

new forms of life. Alexandria was a cosmopolitan center, ruled by a despot, the home of some wealthy and cultured gentlemen, who supported painters and sculptors and poets and musicians and actors to while away their boredom, and to serve as their press-agents and trumpeters. But the art of classical Greece was the work of free men, citizens of a state ruled by a larger proportion of its inhabitants than had ever before held authority in civilized times. That meant throughout the community the joy and thrill of intellectual adventure, it meant a great leap of achievement for the whole group. Such invariably is the origin of art which we now regard as "classical"—and which we use to hold the minds of new generations in chain to tradition and conformity!

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME

(From *Roman Holiday*. Luke Faber, in the delirium brought on by an accident on the motor-racing track, imagines himself to be Caius Lucius Faber, a young Roman patrician in hospital as the result of a chariot-racing accident, and being visited by his family.)

We talked about the business situation. Immediately following the great war—it was now eight years after the destruction of Carthage—Rome had suffered a period of disorganization and financial insecurity; but then affairs had begun to pick up, and we were now in the midst of an extraordinary boom. Our great joint stock companies had never in all history known such prosperity, and the increase in value of their securities was beyond belief.

Most of our economic authorities consider that the rise is permanent; they say that we have at last escaped from the evil influence of the so-called business cycle, and that Rome has seen its last financial panic. But my father, always anxious, and looking at the worst side of things, points out the orgy of speculation which has seized the

capital. He watches all his investments, and is by no persuasion to be drawn into the wild schemes for new copper developments in Hispania and new irrigation projects on the upper Nilus. Let us keep our capital at home, he says, and develop our own land, whose resources cannot be taken from us by any enemy.

My mother and older sister have come in while this discussion is under way, and they sit and listen respectfully. But Gratia is a person with ideas of her own—after the fashion of these modern young ladies. She has been drawn into the worship of the goddess of Peace, whose votaries now have a temple. Inspired by these teachings, Gratia ventures to raise her voice in the most august company. To be sure, she does it very gently—having read the books of an Athenian philosopher, telling about the old-time rhetor, Socrates, who carried on his teachings by means of questions.

“Father,” says Gratia, “who is this enemy that we have to fear?”

“I do not know, my daughter,” says our revered parent; “but the lesson of history is that a new enemy always arises to dispute world power.”

“But, father,” says the inquisitive female, “was it not declared to us by our great statesmen that the struggle with Carthage was the war to end war?”

“Some may have said that, my dear; but it is not possible for the best-meaning statesmen to repeal the laws of human societies.”

“But then, father, are we to say that one cannot believe the solemn pledges of the best-meaning statesmen when they ask us to support them?”

Says our wise progenitor: “It was a dreadful war, Gratia, and the balance was in doubt for long years. I think it is the part of wisdom for us to give thanks to the immortal gods that we won it, and not inquire too closely into the devices we were forced to employ.”

My brother Quintus comes each day. Being a young man of leisure, able to follow his own sweet will, Quintus is accustomed to ramble about from one summer resort to the next, and indulge himself in sport, and in artistic and literary pursuits. His wife being away, and their children in care of a sister-in-law, Quintus is free in every way that the most modern standards require, and in the fashionable society of Rome are many ladies of advanced ideas who are glad to divert a charming young patrician. His conversation reeks with the sophistication of this so-called "smart set," which prides itself upon always knowing the very latest thing, and being in every possible way beyond the comprehension of the ordinary mortal.

My brother has spent several years, off and on, wandering among the isles of Greece. He has inspected the works of old-time sculptors and painters; he has visited strange temples—not as a worshipper, of course, but from æsthetic motives, regarding the temple as a work of architecture. He has sat in the porticoes of philosophers, and taken part in their disputes. He has witnessed the Olympian games, and the dramatic festivals at Athens, and has come back as completely hellenized as if we had never forced Philip of Macedon to submit to our will. A most peculiar phenomenon, this; it would appear that conquests of arms are really of no significance, and that these people whom we have made our vassals are going to overpower us intellectually, and force us to adopt their standards of manners, morals, and taste.

No longer does one have to travel in order to encounter this Eastern corruption. Their priests have come to Rome, bringing their gods in the hold of a ship. Their philosophers have come, followed by slaves staggering under loads of books and manuscript rolls. Their dramatists and musicians and dancers, architects and sculptors and painters, all are here, and they alone know how to do anything excellently, and they will do it for us—for a

price! Even when they are slaves, we have to pay, bidding against one another for their skill. Our homes are full of them, for they know how to beautify houses, how to conduct elegant entertainments, how to rear and educate children. The result is that our young people can jabber in Greek more fluently than in Latin.

It is the fashion to ridicule the ideas of the late departed Cato the Censor, but I agree with him fully, that this is a menace to our civilization, and should at all hazards be stopped. For along with their arts, these Greeks bring their tricky ways, their softness and slyness and viciousness; they corrupt our very infants in the cradle. They are a degenerate race, wholly unfit to survive or to govern. We Romans conquered them, because of the stern virtue we inherited from our ancestors; we laugh now at that virtue, calling it a provincialism — but that is only a measure of the extent to which the poison has spread in our thinking.

No longer are we satisfied with anything we do. We must get a Greek to show us how to build a temple, and what god to worship in it; we must have Greeks to cure our diseases, and to compose our histories, and show us how to write plays. We are merely a lot of dull-witted soldiers and traders, money-changers and keepers of accounts; we don't understand the high and fine things of life, and when we try to express ourselves in any of the arts, we make ourselves the laughing-stock of the world. Our idea of having a good time is to assemble in banquet-halls with gold and silver dishes, and eat more costly food than ever was seen on a table before; to get drunk on old Falernian wines, and roar out drinking-songs about how we have licked the world, and are sitting on top of it.

Thus my brother Quintus; and because I still have some fever in my blood, and am ordered to keep quiet, I make no reply, and let the Bacchantes have their way in Rome. But all the time I am thinking: "Some day I am going to sit in the Senate in my grandfather's place, and

when I do, the first law I shall propose will be one to limit the immigration of foreigners into the Italian peninsula. The second will be a law imposing a tax upon all foreigners engaged in any profession or art, all teachers, rhetoricians, actors, dramatists, poets, painters, sculptors, dancers, singers—the whole smart-aleck crew; and believe me, it will be a tax that will send a lot of them back where they came from, and leave our native land with some part of its ancestral dignities.”

I have said all this to Quintus in days past, and he has a mocking phrase with which he answers me: “There ought to be a law! There ought to be a law to forbid this, and a law to forbid that!” My clever young brother apparently does not think there ought to be any laws at all; everybody ought to be allowed to do what he or she pleases, and our great republic ought to be allowed to go to ruin, because nobody has the sense to see what is happening to us.

JOHN BROWN

(From *Manassas*. Allan Montague, an Abolitionist, has been invited by John Brown to join in his scheme for freeing the slaves by means of an armed insurrection.)

He reached Baltimore about midnight. There was no train for the West until about six in the morning. He was obliged to wait, with such patience as he could command. He went to a hotel, but he could not sleep—he did not even lie down. Before train time he wandered up by the office of the American—there was nothing there to indicate any unusual excitement. He was on the train and nearly half an hour on his way, before at last the thunderbolt fell. At one of the stations he heard excited shouts, and saw people running this way and that; Allan sprang off, as did nearly everyone else, the train men

included. Then they got the news—there was an insurrection of the slaves at Harper's Ferry, and reports of uprisings throughout Virginia and Maryland. The government arsenal had been seized and the arms sent away to the mountains. The bridge was defended with cannon—the wires were down and the tracks were being destroyed. Trains had been fired into, the citizens of the town were being massacred, and an appeal for the militia of Baltimore and Washington was made!

Such were the tidings; the alarm and confusion were indescribable—for some time it seemed uncertain whether or not the train would proceed, and when finally it did, it left a good number of its passengers behind.

Their progress was slow; they stopped for news at every station, finding the depots more and more crowded, the excitement more and more intense. Midway they passed the east-bound train, which had been stopped by the insurrectionists the night before, and only just allowed to proceed. It was after ten o'clock when they neared Harper's Ferry.

The little town lies on a point of land made by the Shenandoah River as it runs into the Potomac. The railroad runs up the Maryland side of the river, crossing to the town by a long bridge. About a quarter of a mile this side of it the train stopped. Armed men could be seen ahead. It was in spite of the protests of the train hands that Allan started towards them. They shouted to him to surrender as he came within range, and he held up his hands, calling out that he was a friend.

There were three men, one of them a negro; they were wrapped in blankets—it was cold and rainy—and armed with long "Sharp's rifles." They regarded him with suspicion, which changed only slightly when he said that he was a friend of Lovejoy's.

"Take him to the captain," said one in command—a son of Brown's, though Allan did not then know it.

He marched across the bridge, under the escort of the

negro. At the other side another armed man paced back and forth—a short way up the street was another. There were no other persons to be seen. A few rods on was the iron gate of the armory yard—as they turned the corner Allan saw more men here, and among them old Brown, rifle in hand.

He recognized Allan, and shook hands with him. "It is all right," he said to the negro. "Go back to your post."

"Well, sir," he inquired, "have you concluded to help us after all? You see we have been successful."

Allan stared at him. "Successful!" he cried. "How long do you expect to stay here? Don't you know that the whole country is on fire—troops will be pouring in here in a few hours."

"Let them come, let them come!" said the old man. "We are ready—we have hostages."

"But how long do you expect to hold the town? When are you going to start for the mountains?"

"Not until nightfall," was the answer.

"Until nightfall!" gasped Allan.

"Yes—we must wait for the slaves to come in."

The young man stared in amazement. "I have thought it all over," Captain Brown went on hastily, "I must stay here, I cannot change my plan. The Lord's will must be done."

Allan attempted no reply. "Where is Lovejoy?" he inquired, after a pause.

"He is gone," the other answered.

"Gone! Gone where?"

"He has deserted us, sir. He left about an hour ago—as soon as he found that I was resolved to stay. I was very sorry—but there was no help for it. *I must stay!*"

The other was helpless with wonder. Old Brown seemed to act unaccountably—as if exalted by the excitement of the occasion. His eyes were flashing as he turned here and there, giving his orders. He spoke swiftly—eagerly; he was the master of the place, and Allan

noticed the almost childish delight which he took in his various achievements. He had secured from one of his prisoners a sword which Frederick the Great had presented to General Washington; and it pleased him that he was wielding this in the cause of the slave. He had freed half a dozen negroes, and armed them; he stopped to talk with them, fondly, paternally — as also with some of the prisoners who were brought in. One pleaded for his wife and children — the old man sent him with one of his men for an escort, to visit them and assure them that no harm was meant. "Do not shoot at that man!" he would call to one of his followers. "Don't you see that he is unarmed?" Then again he would go over to where his "hostages" were cowering, and comfort them, and urge them to keep out of the way of a chance shot.

"What is it that you wish to do, sir?" he said at last, turning to Allan again. "Will you take one of the rifles?"

"I do not wish to fight," Allan answered.

"Then," said the old man, "perhaps you had best go with the prisoners—you will be safer there. My son Oliver Brown, Mr. Montague. My son Watson, Mr. Montague. Watson, take this gentleman—"

The young fellow was in the act of coming towards Allan, holding out his hand. Suddenly from one of the windows down the street came a blaze of firearms, and he pitched forward with a cry. At the same instant another of the men fell dead—with a bullet in his breast.

"Fire! Drive them back there!" shouted Brown, wildly; and sprang towards his son.

The boy was ghastly white. "I'm done for," he gasped, as he strove to rise; the old man gathered him in his arms and carried him into the building, his lips set tightly, his face unmoved.

The firing went on, in a desultory way. Allan, without waiting for more, made his way over to a corner of the grounds, where were gathered all of the prisoners, forty or fifty persons, black and white, old and young, rich and

poor. For the most part they were wild with terror, expecting that they would be put to death. Among them Allan noticed an elderly gentleman, tall and aristocratic in aspect, Colonel Lewis Washington, from whose plantation the precious sword had been taken. The "liberators," as they called themselves, had taken nothing else.

It was not long before there came the sound of rapid firing from the distance. It swelled to a volley, and then continued as an almost incessant rattle for several minutes. "They're after them now!" exclaimed a man to Allan. "The soldiers are coming!"

Captain Brown had come out again, grave and impassive, directing his men, who were still keeping back the sharp-shooters from the windows. The distant firing seemed to worry him, as well it might; not long after it had died down, a negro dashed into the place, breathless and gasping.

"They've captured the rifle works!" he panted. "Everyone's killed!"

"Killed!" cried Brown. "Who?"

"Kagi—Leary—all of them!" exclaimed the man. "They drove them into the river and shot them there! They're killing Thompson, too!"

Thompson was Brown's son-in-law; the old man put his hand to his forehead. "They have no mercy!" Allan heard him murmur.

The time passed on, the firing still continuing here and there. Allan could make out from his position that troops were now surrounding the armory grounds; he caught sight of a uniform now and then, but the besieged did not seem to notice it. Towards mid-afternoon, however, the fighting redoubled in fury. Two coloured men were killed by shots from nearby windows, and though the little guard still stuck by the gate, they were able to maintain only an intermittent fire. Then there came sounds of a conflict in the rear. Several volleys were heard, and at the same time bodies of troops began to be seen deploying

in front. Brown's other son, Oliver, was struck by a bullet, and staggered into the building to die; so at last it became plain, even to Brown, that the yard could not be held much longer.

Within the enclosure was a compact little stone building, the engine-house. To this the old man retreated now, with the remainder of his men, and about a dozen of his "hostages," carefully selected. He nodded to Allan to make his escape with the others, who left the yard at his command. The troops outside were on the watch for them, and welcomed them with huzzas. The last glimpse that Allan ever had of Old John Brown was as he stood in the engine-house doorway, holding his dying son in his arms.

The young man had seen only one side of it, so far; he had not realized the frightful panic of the town, or the temper of the besiegers. Fully a thousand troops, besides numerous armed citizens, were now surrounding the place. As they realized that the armory yard was won, they rushed up, yelling like wild animals. A little way down the street lay a huge mulatto, writhing upon the ground, a great gaping wound in his neck; a crowd of men were dancing about him, cursing, jeering, screaming. They were beating him with their canes, prodding him—Allan saw one man thrusting a stick into the gap while the crowd roared to see the victim kick. A little farther on lay another of the band—a white man, desperately wounded. He had come out with a flag of truce, and been shot down. He had five bullets in him; but men were shouting for a rope to hang him with.

The firing grew loud and fast; they were beginning an assault upon the engine-house. Allan did not wait to learn the issue, but hurried away, sick at heart. He came suddenly upon the hotel—and as he approached the door he saw a crowd rushing out. They were young men, and their faces were white with determination and rage. In their midst was the figure of a prisoner, tightly bound,

held by the arms and collar. His captors made scarcely a sound, but rushed him down the street, straight for the railroad bridge. Allan followed mechanically.

They dragged him into the center of it and stood him against one of the piers. Almost before the spectator had realized what was going on, there was a crashing volley, and the man toppled and dropped like a stone. He fell to the base of the pier—fifty feet, at least; but he was still alive, and began to crawl and kick himself along. "Give it to him again!" yelled a voice, and once more the rifle shots rang out. The body splashed into the water, and the current swept it away.

The bridge was held by troops now, and no one allowed to pass. A body of four or five hundred militia were just arriving from Maryland, and behind them Allan returned to the hotel. He was swept here and there in the seething tumult of people. The assault on the engine-house had been repulsed, and several killed; they were planning another attack from the rear, but darkness fell before it began.

In the night there came the first regular troops, a company of United States Marines, under the command of a colonel—a Virginian, as it happened—Robert E. Lee by name. Allan was in the hotel corridor when he entered booted and gloved, dressed as for a parade, a tall and stately personage, speaking to be obeyed.

"How is this gentlemen?" he asked, as he came in, addressing the militia officers, who had made the place their headquarters. "Fifteen hundred troops, and these fellows have been too much for you all day?"

"We have not had time, Colonel —" began someone.

"Pshaw, pshaw!" exclaimed the other. "Your men have had time to slaughter helpless prisoners in the streets, have they not? How many of the outlaws are there left?"

"We have counted ten killed," replied a voice. "There

cannot be more than four or five alive in the engine-house."

"We shall soon settle it in the morning," said the colonel. "The prisoners might be hurt if we attacked to-night. I have ordered my men to replace the guards about the armory—we will not need any help. Lieutenant Stuart!"

Several officers had come in with Colonel Lee. One of them stepped forward—a big, broad-shouldered lieutenant of cavalry, handsome and dashing, with a long brown beard as glossy as silk. He was another Virginian—J. E. B. Stuart by name.

"Lieutenant," said the colonel, "please to take a flag and proceed to the engine-house. Demand the surrender of the insurgents—we can give no terms but protection from violence and a trial according to law. Otherwise tell them the place will be stormed the first thing in the morning."

"Very well, sir," said the lieutenant; and then he added: "By the way, colonel, they say the leader is Osawatomie Brown, that old scoundrel I once captured out in Kansas."

"You should have held on to him, lieutenant," said the other quietly. "We will not let him go this time, sir!"

EARLY DIFFICULTIES OF THE CINEMA

(From *Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox.*)

In 1894 Thomas Edison had invented a device which he called a "Cinetoscope." Out at his place in East Orange he had spent the enormous sum of \$25,000 upon experiments, and had built a shanty covered with tar paper and known to his friends as "the Black Maria."

Inside this Black Maria was a huge device weighing more than a ton, a camera with a rapidly moving shutter by which you could take a series of pictures of something in motion—provided that its motion didn't carry it away from the front of the camera. To this place came pugilists and acrobats and dancers, and they performed in front of the camera, and so there began to spring up in the cities places called nickelodeons, a sort of arcade with a row of machines having eye-pieces. You dropped a nickel into the slot and gazed into the eye-pieces, and you saw as real as life the pugilists boxing and the acrobats turning somersaults and the dancers kicking up their skirts.

Then several years later appeared another device generally called the "vitagraph" or the "bioscope," which threw these same images upon a screen. The camera weighed somewhat less than a ton now, and it could be taken on a truck and placed, say by a railroad track, and so you could see the Twentieth Century Limited emerging from a tunnel and rushing down upon you. I well remember seeing the first pictures in a place called the Eden Museum on Twenty-third Street in New York. There were wax-works and all sorts of horrors—President Garfield being shot, and the Chicago anarchists making bombs, and a policeman who looked so lifelike that you went up and asked him the way to the labyrinth of mirrors or whatever delightful thrill you were seeking. Then you went into a little court with palm and rubber trees, and sat in rows of chairs, and there was the image of the Twentieth Century Limited. It trembled and jumped so that it almost put your eyes out, but nevertheless it was so real that you could hardly keep from ducking out of the way as it bore down upon you. A tremendous adventure!

It happened that on Fourteenth Street there was a place called the "Automat," with phonographs, punching bags, weighing machines, chewing-gum machines and,

of course, cinetoscopes. The Automat was one of the sights of the town, because no employees were needed, only a watchman. You dropped your nickels into the machines, and down in the basement there was a track running under the machines and a little car running on the track, and as it passed, the machines spilled their nickels into it, and then the car ran around to the other side of the room and dumped the nickels into a funnel, from the other end of which they emerged, all counted and wrapped and ready for deposit in the bank. It was almost as marvellous as the Chicago stockyards, where a hog was dropped into the machine at one end, and sausages and buttons and hair-combs came out at the other end.

The Automat pleased W. F. (William Fox), and he made it known that he was in the market to buy an establishment of that sort. Soon there came an agent suggesting that there was one at 700 Broadway, Brooklyn, owned by a man named J. Stewart Blackton, then president of the Vitagraph Company of America, and destined to become one of the big moving picture millionaires. W. F. made an appointment to inspect the property, and he tells this story:

"When I went there, by appointment, there was a large crowd. When I went again a little later in the week, also by appointment, there was an even larger crowd. I thought it was a good thing, and after certain negotiations I bought the establishment. I took charge of it on the following Monday, and only about two persons dropped in all day. I realized that someone had supplied the crowd on the two former occasions when I had gone to see the place. This was somewhere around in May, and I was told that business was always bad in summer."

How was the crowd to be induced to enter the Fox Automat? Quite recently he had attended a showing of the new "moving pictures;" he had seen a picture of a tree, and the leaves of the tree had moved, and the man

behind him had said that it was a trick, someone was shaking the curtain. But W. F., with his inquiring mind, had talked to the operator after the performance was over, and asked to have the trick explained. No, the screen had not been shaken; the pictures actually did move of themselves. The operator showed the film, which was nearly three times as wide as it is now, and did not run on sprockets, but merely through a groove. The length of the film was then 100 feet.

W. F. investigated further. He saw the pictures of the Twentieth Century Limited, and a still more marvellous production, a little story told in front of the camera, called "The Life of an American Fireman;" then another one, still more thrilling, "The Great Train Robbery." He saw the public pouring in to witness these spectacles, and he examined the premises he had rented and noted that there were rooms upstairs used as a dwelling. It occurred to him that he might rent these premises also, and put out the tenants and turn it into a showroom for the new picture stories. If he took the people up by the front stairway, and after the show sent them down by the rear stairway, they would enter the nickelodeon at the rear and have to walk past all the machines, and very probably they would drop some nickels on the way.

With W. F. a thing is done almost as soon as he thinks of it. There was a showroom with a screen, and one hundred and forty-six chairs, and some display posters outside informing the public that moving pictures were to be seen. But alas, the Brooklyn public didn't know what moving pictures were, and nobody went upstairs. W. F. stood outside for a whole day, gazing anxiously at the public, and regretting that he had no personal charms to lure them into his establishment.

But then came a man who had the necessary charms. W. F. describes him as a fellow with a great big Western hat. He said: "What are you worrying about?" and W. F. told his troubles. He had the greater part of his fortune

in the place, and it wasn't so much the fortune as that he hated to fail. The fellow offered to take charge of it and run it, and told him to shut up the place that day and come back the next.

The next day he came, and had with him a coin-manipulator, a sword-swallower and a fire-eater—which did W. F. prefer? W. F. carried no fire insurance, so fire-eaters were ruled out; also swallowing swords might possibly be dangerous—there might be employers' liability laws. But there could be no harm in a coin-manipulator. He was a little fellow, dressed in black satin breeches and a black satin coat, wearing a black moustache and a little black goatee, neither of which belonged to him. All this was in imitation of "Hermann the Great." He set up his table and started to work in the doorway of the establishment; and when the crowd gathered, he told them that he would finish the performance upstairs, and show them yet more wonderful tricks, and that admission was free for the present. The crowd came trooping up, and there they found out what moving pictures were, and in a week there was such a crowd that the police had to be called in to control them.

So at last W. F. had found a real gold mine! Here was the way of fortune plain before him, and his one task was to get there ahead of the others. He got two friends to join him, and began renting stores on the crowded avenues of Brooklyn, and in each one of them they set up a screen and a projection machine and rows of chairs—of which the total must not exceed two hundred and ninety-nine. Up to that limit you could have a "common show" license; but if you had three hundred chairs or more, you were a theatre, and the fire laws took strict charge of you.

So presently here was William Fox with fifteen show places in Brooklyn and New York. I made him search his memory for all the details about those old-time pictures. There was one called "The Automobile Thieves."

Automobiles were then just coming into fashion, and some producer had conceived the idea of a new way of stealing. Soon after this someone did actually steal an automobile, and was arrested, and there was a great clamour in the newspapers—this new device of moving pictures was corrupting public morals and stimulating crime! The *New York World*, which built up its circulation by carrying on crusades, started a crusade against moving pictures.

Also there was one called "The Runaway Wagon." This was a trick picture. It wasn't an automobile, merely a wagon, yet it went running up and down hill all by itself. The trick was that the photographer had blotted out the horse. A still trickier one was a man putting on a pair of shoes and the shoes lacing themselves.

The names of the companies that made the pictures were Vitagraph, Biograph, Lubin, Pathe and Essanay.

The clamour against these pictures continued in the newspapers. In court the lawyer would say: "Your Honour, this child never stole before. He saw stealing in a moving picture and that suggested it to him." This clamour disturbed the associates of W. F., whose wives thought they were in a disreputable business. So W. F. bought them out, and added more places until he had twenty-five. He had his own ideas about the moral effect of pictures, for he noticed that wherever the shows were going well, the business of saloons began to dwindle.

"My conclusion was that the workingman's wage was not large enough to buy tickets to the theatre for himself and family, so he found his recreation in drinking his glass of beer against the bar. But when the motion picture theatre came, he could buy a ticket for 10 cents, and for his wife the same, and if he had a child he could buy a ticket for 5 cents. They could be entertained anywhere from two and a half to three hours, and the man found he was getting a much bigger kick holding his kid's hand, or the hand of his wife, than he would be getting from

his drink at the bar. I have always contended that if we had never had prohibition, the motion pictures would have wiped out the saloon. We then opened a theatre at 110th and Broadway. On the corner of this property was a saloon and we tried to buy the lease of the owner but he wouldn't sell. Within a year after that theatre opened, he could not get enough business to pay his rent."

W. F. went on to tell me of a later experience when he leased the Star Theatre, on Lexington Avenue near 107th Street, which had been used for melodrama. They were then called "ten-twenty-thirts." On the four corners of 107th Street there were four saloons, frequently called "gin-mills," but after this theatre was converted into a moving picture theatre, one after another the gin-mills closed up, and within two or three months were occupied by other tenants.

Not since the days of the forty-niners had there been such a way for the little fellow to get rich as in this new business. Everything depended upon a location where the crowds were passing. W. F. found that in order to get the right location, it would often pay him to lease the whole building—even though the fire laws required that the upstairs tenants be turned out before moving pictures were shown in the building.

He conceived the idea of combining motion pictures and vaudeville, with the admission price of 10 cents to any seat in the house. He tried in each case to find a manager who had a good voice, and this manager would sing what were called illustrated songs. It was easy to get new songs, because the song-writers wanted them popularized before the sheet music was offered to the public. The manager would sing the song and there would be lantern slides with pictures illustrating the songs. The audience would be invited to join the singing—the more the merrier. There was always a line of people waiting to get into these shows. The problem was to rent new

places ahead of the other fellow. Here is the story of the first Fox theatre:

"It was located at 194 Grand Street, Brooklyn, and had been devoted to burlesque. When I went to visit the premises, it was winter and the agent told me to bring along rubber boots. I did, and we walked in snow and water up to the knees; the roof was practically gone and it was the most dilapidated structure I ever saw. When I inquired as to how the building came to be in such a deplorable condition, the agent explained that the building was fifty years old and had been unoccupied for two years. He told me that the man who owned the mortgage had it now. It was known as the Bum Theatre and I changed the name to Comedy. I think I paid about \$20,000 for the land and building.

"While making extensive repairs, there arose the necessity of a campaign to acquaint the people of the neighborhood that this was to be a theatre for nice people. We made a list of ten thousand names of people living in that vicinity, and for ten weeks we sent them a weekly letter, telling them how this building was progressing. The tenth letter quoted someone as saying that the theatre had been called the 'Bum' because the people around there were bums. I suggested that perhaps those who resented this reference would like to form a parade in the main street of town the night my theatre opened. That night there were ten thousand people in that parade. The theatre did a terrific business, and in a short space of time we paid off the mortgage and declared hundreds of thousands of dollars in dividends."

W. F. realized that the people who were leasing the films to him were making more money than he was. So he began to buy films, and became president of a concern called "The Greater New York Film Rental Company." Two years later the manufacturers decided to form a trust, and set up a company known as "The Motion Pic-

ture Patents Company," and claimed that they owned all the patents used in motion pictures. All the manufacturers had to have licenses, and nobody could get films anywhere but from them. It was like the old days of the Beef Trust and the butcher stores. They set out to get possession of the business from top to bottom. They would offer to buy you out, and if you refused to sell, they would cancel your license. They had one hundred and twenty licensees in America, and in a short time one hundred and nineteen of them had been either bought out or forced out. The only one left was William Fox, by this time thirty years of age.

This was the greatest battle of his life so far, and he is proud of the service he rendered to the motion picture industry. At that time it was completely throttled. The trust fixed all the prices everywhere. The highest price paid for a scenario was \$62.50. No writer's name ever appeared upon the screen, because they did not want anyone to become popular, and so have a chance to raise his price. Of course no writer of talent was going to work on that basis. The salaries of the actors were correspondingly low, and no actor's name ever appeared upon the screen. So long as these conditions continued, motion pictures could make no progress whatever.

The representatives of the trust sent for W.F., and I will let him tell the story of what happened:

"They said: 'We have been very kind to you. We have allowed you to make a large profit for the last two years by leaving you to the last. Now we have to get you out of the way — how much do you want for your plant?' I told them I wanted \$750,000. They asked me if I thought that that was what I was going to get, and I told them yes. They told me to think it over and come back later. I came back the next day and still quoted \$750,000. Then they told me they had decided to cancel my license. The next day there came a cancellation of my license in the mail."

They had a charge against W.F., whereby they justified their decision to cancel his license. They charged that he had permitted their motion pictures to be shown in a house of prostitution in Hoboken. W.F. tells a curious story about this which illustrates the method of monopolies, not merely in the moving picture industry, but in all others that I have investigated. It appears that W.F.'s concern was supplying pictures to an exhibitor in Paterson, New Jersey, and after the show the operator would bring the films back to New York and get the material for the next day's show. It appeared that the trust had bribed this operator to take the films each night after the show to a house of prostitution in Hoboken, and the trust had caused a projection machine to be set up in this place and had run the films.

Under the terms of his contract with the trust, they had been obliged to give him fourteen days' notice before stopping the supplies of films, and he used that period to play a shrewd trick upon them. He says:

"I went back and suggested that they tell me how much they would give me for my establishment. They said \$75,000. I sold it. Then I said, 'Now you have cancelled my license. I think you ought to reinstate the license, so that you have an active business when you take it over and not a pile of junk.' They thought that was a good idea, and the next day I got a letter reinstating the license. A couple of days after that I said I did not want to sell out, and I got another cancellation. I then had grounds, and began a legal action under the Sherman Antitrust Act."

This controversy began in 1908 and was carried to the Court of Appeals of New York State, and was not settled until 1912.

"If successful we were to get triple damages. We were suing for \$600,000, and if successful, it meant \$1,800,000. One evening about eight o'clock a man called and said that the other people were offering to settle out

of court. While the decision was due soon, my lawyer thought we should settle out of court, as there was no assurance that the decision would be in our favor. We drew the settlement papers that night, working until six o'clock the next morning, and they paid me \$350,000. The next day it was announced that the case had been settled. The judge told my lawyer that we should have waited, because they were in unanimous agreement that the judgment was to be in my favor."

This was a suit for damages, not selling. W.F. got his money, and he still had his company and the right to do business. The manufacturers were not permitted to cancel the license, and were compelled to market their films to William Fox at the same prices as to their own company.

The result of this campaign was to put the film trust out of business. Anyone could make pictures, and many began to do so. Under competitive conditions, writers and actors could ask higher prices for their work, and could demand that their names be advertised; so reputations could be built up and talent developed. An odd circumstance is that the men who had organized the trust were unable to meet this new competition, and within five years none of those who had fought William Fox were any longer in the business.

All these four years W.F. had been going ahead with the leasing, buying and building of theatres, and turning them into motion picture "palaces." When you were running a regular theatrical production, you had as a rule only one company, and drew your audience from all over the city. But for these 10-cent theatres, you drew the people of the neighborhood, and since you could make hundreds of prints of the film, you could have a theatre in every neighborhood; you could have a chain of theatres all over New York and Brooklyn and the suburbs — it was a series of gold mines, and the deeper you dug into these mines, the richer became the vein. The quality of the films became better, and a better class of

people would come to see them. It became possible to have real "palaces;" to spend money on theatre decorations, and charge 15 cents, 25 cents, even 50 cents admission.

HELL TREMBLES

(From *Presidential Agent*. Peace is saved but at what a price. Lanny Budd is almost ready to throw up his hands and resign.)

The rest of the day, and until after midnight, all the world waited upon that conference. It had been known in advance that the Fuhrer was insisting upon military occupation of the Sudetenland on Saturday, four days later, but beyond that all was uncertainty. Lanny stayed in his room, to keep out of the way of the newspapermen who swarmed in the hotel, and who, in the absence of real news, would have been glad to get hold of a man who had been a recent guest at the Berghof. The radio would give the results as soon as there were any; and meanwhile, take the most interesting book you could get hold of and do your best to lose yourself and forget the agony of the world! Lanny had an American book, dealing with ranch life in the wide open spaces of the great southwest; some tourist had left it behind, and it had caught Lanny's eye on the open stall of a secondhand-book store. It was a part of the world which he had never visited, but it was his homeland nonetheless. In spite of mountain lions and rattlesnakes and tarantulas and bandits, he would have chosen it as a place of residence over any city of old Europe on the verge of war.

At one o'clock in the morning, such Germans as had stayed awake learned over the radio that their Fuhrer had put his signature to a Four-Power Pact, providing

the methods by which the Sudeten territory was to be turned over to Germany. The evacuation by the Czechs was to begin on the next day and to be completed within ten days. The German troops were to enter zone by zone to each of four zones marked on an accompanying map. Both sides were to release political prisoners, and the inhabitants of the ceded territory were to have six months in which to decide which citizenship they wished to enjoy. All these matters were to be in charge of an international commission, and the four heads of government agreed to guarantee the new boundaries of the Czechoslovak State against unprovoked aggression.

So there it was; peace in Europe had been saved. The three visiting delegations went home in rain, and when the British arrived there was a rainbow in the sky over Buckingham Palace, and crowds singing and shouting a tumultuous welcome. They told Chamberlain that he was a jolly good fellow, which must certainly have surprised his friends. In return he told the crowd that it was "peace with honor" and "peace in our time." Premier Daladier said afterwards that he had expected to be mobbed when he reached home; but he too was cheered and sung to, all along a twelve-mile drive into Paris. Arriving, he was carried on the shoulders of a multitude to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Only a few grumblers and Czechs had any fault to find with the settlement, and Lanny Budd knew few of either. When, later in the day, he read that the Assistant Secretary of State of his own country had praised the achievement, he felt himself the forgotten man.

A tragic time indeed for clearsighted men and lovers of justice; the greedy ones were rubbing their hands and the butchers were sharpening their knives all over the world. Every gain that had been made in the World War had been thrown away, and every principle for which Woodrow Wilson had fought had been mocked. Each day became a series of fresh humiliations, and it took all

the fortitude that a presidential agent possessed to keep him from throwing up his job and going back to lie on the beach at Juan and let the world go to hell in its own way.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(From *Dragon's Teeth*. Something new under the sun —
a democratic repudiation of democracy.)

The period of the Detaze show in Berlin corresponded with an election campaign throughout the German Reich; assuredly the strangest election campaign since that contrivance had been born of the human brain. Hitler had wiped out all other political parties, and all the legislative bodies of the twenty-two German States; by his methods of murder and imprisonment he had destroyed democracy and representative government, religious toleration and all civil rights; but being still the victim of a "legality complex," he insisted upon having the German people endorse what he had done. A vote to say that votes had no meaning! A Reichstag to declare that a Reichstag was without power! A completely democratic repudiation of democracy! Lanny thought: "Has there ever been such a madman since the world began? Has it ever before happened that a whole nation has gone mad?"

Living in the midst of this enormous institute of lunacy, Lanny Budd tried to keep his balance and not be permanently stood upon his head. If there was anything he couldn't comprehend, his Nazi friends were eager to explain it, but there wasn't a single German from whom he could hear a sane word. Even Hugo Behr and his friends who were planning the "Second Revolution" were all loyal Hitlerites, co-operating in what they considered a sublime demonstration of patriotic fervor. Even the

members of smart society dared give no greater sign of rationality than a slight smile, or the flicker of an eyelash so faint that you couldn't be sure if you had seen it. The danger was real, even to important persons. Only a few days later they would see Herzog Philip Albert of Wurttemberg imprisoned for failing to cast his vote in this sublime national referendum.

Hitler had raised the issue in the middle of October when the British at Geneva had dared to propose a four years' "Trial period" before permitting Germany to rearm. The Fuhrer's reply was to withdraw the German delegates from both the League of Nations and the Conference for Arms Limitation. In so doing he issued to the German people one of those eloquent manifestoes which he delighted to compose; he told them how much he loved peace and how eager he was to disarm when the other nations would do the same. He talked to them about "honor"—he, the author of *Mein Kampf*—and they believed him, thus proving that they were exactly what he had said they were. He proclaimed that what the German people wanted was "equal rights;" and, having just deprived them of all rights, he put to them in the name of the government this solemn question:

"Does the German people accept the policy of its National Cabinet as enunciated here and is it willing to declare this to be the expression of its own view and its own will and to give it holy support?"

BOOK II
THE SOCIALIST

TOIL

"The dignity and tragedy of labor; pictures of the actual conditions under which men and women work in mills and factories."¹

THE CORDAGE FACTORY

(From *Boston*. Cornelia, the rich widow of a millionaire, has left her home to live as a working woman.)

It was a long walk to her destination; this greatest cordage plant in the world extended three-quarters of a mile along the bay-front, with a covered dock to which the ships came to unload their cargoes of sisal, and railroad tracks and switch-yards for the cars which carried away rope and binder twine. The roar of machinery was everywhere, and men hurrying about like busy ants. Cornelia stayed close to her guide, who knew his way through the labyrinth of labor, and would deliver her safely to her little niche.

The ceiling of the wrapping-room was low — no space was wasted. The coils of rope came through upon an endless platform, and a row of women sat sewing burlap covers with long needles and hempen thread. Cornelia's escort spoke to the foreman, who took another woman off the job, gave her seat to Cornelia and showed her the work. She had to turn the coil of rope a certain distance, take up a threaded needle, turn in the edges of the burlap cover and sew a certain number of stitches; all this within a calculated time, before the motion of the platform took the coil of rope out of her reach and brought a new one to her.

It took an intelligent person about five minutes to learn all there was to the job; after that it was just the same motions over and over. At first it was agreeable;

¹ So far as possible, the sub-headings to the sections in this part of the book are taken from those to the corresponding sections in *The Cry for Justice*.

Cornelia's problems were solved, and she could take glimpses at the other women in the line and at the room and the machinery. But after an hour or two the unaccustomed muscles and nerves began to make protests; she was tired and her hands were trembling. The hempen thread was long and so was the motion of her arm; if you think it is not tiresome to wave your arm for several hours — try it! She began to feel dizzy, and the coil of rope which had at first moved normally, now seemed to be glued to the platform and refused to turn. She had no way to tell the time; she was at the mercy of this enormous machine which had run wild and forgotten the clock, and would go on until the row of arm-waving women were paralysed!

But at last the siren sounded; and then Cornelia understood, without any sociological discussion, why it was that the workers leaped up in a flash and hurried outdoors. For herself, she did not move; all she wanted was to lie back against the wall and close her trembling eyelids and let her tired hands drop. She had brought lunch in a little box, but she did not want it; she only wanted to be still. She answered faintly the other women who sat near and expressed their sympathy. They knew how it was at first and sought to reassure her; it would be easier by and by, her fingers and back would get used to it. But she was an old lady to be tackling a job like this.

Yes, Cornelia was old; she had never felt so old in her life before. She had been foolish to attempt such a thing; she might have known she couldn't see it through. But then she shut her tired fists and clenched her teeth. She had made up her mind to get a job and stick to that job, whatever it turned out to be. Now this was it, and it was do or die. People in New England did things like that — strange, eccentric, and terrible things, because their consciences drove them to it, or just because they had said they would, and were too stubborn to change.

The siren sounded again and the great machine started to rumble. Cornelia picked up the threaded needle with her shaking fingers, and began making the motions against which her being rebelled. She saw her future stretching out to infinity; every morning from seven until twelve she would sit and make these motions; then she would rest an hour and make them again from one until six. And those ten hours would be ten hours, and no nonsense about them, no fine sentiment. Cornelia recalled her reason for selecting the Plymouth Cordage Company as her first employer. Old Mr. Perry — J. Lawrence Perry, a director of the company — was such a kindly old gentleman; she had heard him talk so much about the “welfare work” they were doing and what a beautiful plant it was and how happy and contented the workers were. It had sounded quite idyllic and Cornelia had swallowed it whole. Mr. Perry gave money to various charities, and also gave time to running them, and everybody admired him so. But now it came to Cornelia in a flash that she didn’t care in the least what he did with the money he got by selling these coils of rope; what she wanted was for his machinery to stop for a few minutes! All the love and fine sentiment in the world didn’t matter a particle, so long as you had to sit here ten hours out of twenty-four making the same motions over and over!

Nor did it matter that rope was clean and even romantic, having to do with ships. Cornelia had pleased herself by that vain imagining; but now she realized that she wasn’t going to see any ships, nor have anything to do with the rope, except to take eighteen or twenty stitches around the edges. She wasn’t going to know what became of the product after it left her fingers; she wasn’t even going to know, except by hearsay, how it came to be what it was. The dear, gentle, white-haired old Mr. Perry hadn’t provided any system for escorting his employees through the plant and showing them the process. Each one went to his own appointed spot and was stand-

ing there when the siren blew, and stayed there until it blew again five hours later. One job was the same as the next — except for one difference, the amount of money in the pay envelope when it was torn open. Some day Cornelia would point that out to dear old Mr. Perry and see the shocked look on his placid face. The idea gave her satisfaction, helping to drive from her consciousness the clamour of aching muscles and nerves.

When at last the siren blew again, one of the other women had to help Cornelia from her seat. She was the last to escape from the building, and the last to reach the gates. Brini and Vanzetti were waiting for her, and they ran quickly and put their strong arms under her feeble, trembling ones — and what dear, good, honest, kind Italian laborers they seemed! They could read in her face how exhausted she was and they half carried her along the street.

THE FERTILIZER MAN

(From *The Jungle*. Jurgis has been injured in an accident and has lost his job.)

All this while that he was seeking for work, there was a dark shadow hanging over Jurgis; as if a savage beast were lurking somewhere in the pathway of his life, and he knew it, and yet could not help approaching the place. There are all stages of being out of work in Packingtown, and he faced in dread the prospect of reaching the lowest. There is a place that waits for the lowest man — the fertilizer plant!

The men would talk about it in awe-stricken whispers. Not more than one in ten had ever really tried it; the other nine had contented themselves with hearsay evidence and a peep through the door. There were some things worse than even starving to death. They would

ask Jurgis if he had worked there yet, and if he meant to; and Jurgis would debate the matter with himself. As poor as they were, and making all the sacrifices that they were, would he dare to refuse any sort of work that was offered to him, be it as horrible as ever it could? Would he dare to go home and eat bread that had been earned by Ona, weak and complaining as she was, knowing that he had been given a chance, and had not had the nerve to take it? And yet he might argue that way with himself all day, and one glimpse into the fertilizer-works would send him away again shuddering. He was a man, and he would do his duty; he went and made application — but surely he was not also required to hope for success!

The fertilizer-works of Durham's lay away from the rest of the plant. Few visitors ever saw them, and the few who did would come out looking like Dante, of whom the peasants declared that he had been into hell. To this part of the yards came all the "tankage," and the waste products of all sorts; here they dried out the bones — and in suffocating cellars where the daylight never came you might see men and women and children bending over whirling machines and sawing bits of bone into all sorts of shapes, breathing their lungs full of the fine dust, and doomed to die, every one of them, within a certain definite time. Here they made the blood into albumen, and made other foul-smelling things into things still more foul-smelling. In the corridors and caverns where it was done you might lose yourself as in the great caves of Kentucky. In the dust and the steam the electric lights would shine like far-off twinkling stars — red and blue, green and purple stars, according to the color of the mist and the brew from which it came. For the odors in these ghastly charnel-houses there may be words in Lithuanian, but there are none in English. The person entering would have to summon his courage as for a cold-water plunge. He would go on like a man swimming under water; he would put his handkerchief over his face, and begin to

cough and choke; and then, if he were still obstinate, he would find his head beginning to ring, and the veins in his forehead to throb, until finally he would be assailed by an overpowering blast of ammonia fumes, and would turn and run for his life, and come out half-dazed.

On top of this were the rooms where they dried the "tankage," the mass of brown stringy stuff that was left after the waste portions of the carcasses had had the lard and tallow dried out of them. This dried material they would then grind to a fine powder, and after they had mixed it up well with a mysterious but inoffensive brown rock which they brought in and ground up by the hundreds of carloads for that purpose, the substance was ready to be put into bags and sent out to the world as any one of a hundred different brands of standard bone phosphate. And then the farmer in Maine or California or Texas would buy this, at say twenty-five dollars a ton, and plant it with his corn; and for several days after the operation the fields would have a strong odor, and the farmer and his wagon and the very horses that had hauled it would all have it too. In Packingtown the fertilizer is pure, instead of being a flavouring, and instead of a ton or so spread out on several acres under the open sky, there are hundreds and thousands of tons of it in one building, heaped here and there in haystack piles, covering the floor several inches deep, and filling the air with a choking dust that becomes a blinding sand-storm when the wind stirs.

It was to this building that Jurgis came daily, as if dragged by an unseen hand. The month of May was an exceptionally cool one, and his secret prayers were granted; but early in June there came a record-breaking hot spell, and after that there were men wanted in the fertilizer-mill.

The boss of the grinding-room had come to know Jurgis by this time, and had marked him for a likely man; and so when he came to the door about two o'clock

this breathless hot day, he felt a sudden spasm of pain shoot through him — the boss beckoned to him. In ten minutes more Jurgis had pulled off his coat and overshirt, and set his teeth together and gone to work. Here was one more difficulty for him to meet and conquer!

His labor took him about one minute to learn. Before him was one of the vents of the mill in which the fertilizer was being ground — rushing forth in a great brown river, with a spray of the finest dust flung forth in clouds. Jurgis was given a shovel, and along with half a dozen others it was his task to shovel this fertilizer into carts. That others were at work he knew by the sound, and by the fact that he sometimes collided with them; otherwise they might as well not have been there, for in the blinding dust-storm a man could not see six feet in front of his face. When he had filled one cart he had to grope around him until another came, and if there was none on hand he continued to grope till one arrived. In five minutes he was, of course, a mass of fertilizer from head to feet; they gave him a sponge to tie over his mouth, so that he could breathe, but the sponge did not prevent his lips and eyelids from caking up with it and his ears from filling solid. He looked like a brown ghost at twilight — from hair to shoes he became the color of the building and of everything in it, and, for that matter, a hundred yards outside it. The building had to be left open, and when the wind blew Durham and Company lost a great deal of fertilizer.

Working in his shirt-sleeves, and with the thermometer at over a hundred, the phosphates soaked in through every pore of Jurgis's skin, and in five minutes he had a headache, and in fifteen was almost dazed. The blood was pounding in his brain like an engine's throbbing; there was a frightful pain in the top of his skull, and he could hardly control his hands. Still, with the memory of his four months' siege behind him, he fought on, in a frenzy of determination; and half an hour later he began to vomit — he vomited until it seemed as if his inwards

must be torn into shreds. A man could get used to the fertilizer-mill, the boss had said, if he would only make up his mind to it; but Jurgis now began to see that it was a question of making up his stomach.

At the end of that day of horror he could scarcely stand. He had to catch himself now and then, and lean against a building and get his bearings. Most of the men, when they came out, made straight for a saloon — they seemed to place fertilizer and rattlesnake poison in one class. But Jurgis was too ill to think of drinking — he could only make his way to the street and stagger on to a car. He had a sense of humour, and later on, when he became an old hand, he used to think it fun to board a street-car and see what happened. Now, however, he was too ill to notice it — how the people in the car began to gasp and sputter, to put their handkerchiefs to their noses, and transfix him with furious glances. Jurgis only knew that a man in front of him immediately got up and gave him a seat; and that half a minute later the two people on each side of him got up; and that in a full minute the crowded car was nearly empty — those passengers who could not get room on the platform having gotten out to walk.

Of course Jurgis had made his home a miniature fertilizer-mill a minute after entering. The stuff was half an inch deep in his skin — his whole system was full of it, and it would have taken a week not merely of scrubbing, but of vigorous exercise, to get it out of him. As it was, he could be compared with nothing known to men, save that newest discovery of the savants, a substance which emits energy for an unlimited time, without being itself in the least diminished in power. He smelt so that he made all the food at the table taste, and set the whole family to vomiting; for himself it was three days before he could keep anything upon his stomach — he might wash his hands, and use a knife and fork, but were not his mouth and throat filled with the poison?

And still Jurgis stuck it out. In spite of splitting headaches, he would stagger down to the plant and take up his stand once more, and begin to shovel in the blinding clouds of dust. And so at the end of the week he was a fertilizer-man for life — he was able to eat again, and though his head never stopped aching, it ceased to be so bad that he could not work.

THE CHASM

"The contrast between riches and poverty; the protest of common sense against a condition of society where one-tenth of the people own nine-tenths of the wealth."

THE BANQUET

(From *The Metropolis*.)

In the center of this dining-room was a great cone-shaped stand, containing a display of food; and as they strolled out, Montague stopped to look at it. There were platters garnished with flowers and herbs, and containing roast turkeys and baked hams, jellied meats and game in aspic, puddings and tarts and frosted cakes — every kind of food-fantasticality imaginable. One might have spent an hour in studying it, and from top to bottom he would have found nothing simple, nothing natural. The turkeys had paper curls and rosettes stuck over them; the hams were covered with a white gelatine, the devilled crabs with a yellow mayonnaise — and all painted over in pink and green and black with landscapes and marine views — with "ships and shoes and sealing-wax and cabbages and kings." The jellied meats and the puddings were in the shape of fruits and flowers; and there were elaborate works of art in pink and white confectionery — a barn-yard, for instance, with horses and cows, and a pump, and a dairymaid — and one or two alligators.

And all this was changed every day! Each morning you might see a procession of a score of waiters bearing aloft a new supply. Montague remembered Betty Wyman's remark at their first interview, apropos of the whipped cream made into little curleques; how his brother had said, "If Allan were here, he'd be thinking about the man who fixed that cream, and how long it took him, and how he might have been reading *The Simple Life*!"

He thought of that now; he stood here and gazed, and wondered about all the slaves of the lamp who served in this huge temple of luxury. He looked at the waiters — pale, hollow-chested, harried-looking men: he imagined the hordes of servants of yet lower kinds, who never emerged into the light of day; the men who washed the dishes, the men who carried the garbage, the men who shovelled the coal into the furnaces, and made the heat and light and power. Pent up in dim cellars, many stories under ground, and bound for ever to the service of sensuality — how terrible must be their fate, how unimaginable their corruption! And they were foreigners; they had come here seeking liberty. And the masters of the new country had seized them and pent them here!

From this as a starting-point his thought went on, to the hordes of toilers in every part of the world, whose fate it was to create the things which these blind revellers destroyed; the women and children in countless mills and sweatshops, who spun the cloth, and cut and sewed it; the girls who made the artificial flowers, who rolled the cigarettes, who gathered the grapes from the vines; the miners who dug the coal and the precious metals out of the earth; the men who watched in ten thousand signal-towers and engines, who fought the elements from the decks of ten thousand ships — to bring all these things here to be destroyed. Step by step, as the flood of extravagance rose, and the energies of the men were turned to the creation of futility and corruption — so, step by step, increased the misery and degradation of all these slaves of Mammon. And who could imagine what they would think about it — if ever they came to think?

— And then, in a sudden flash, there came back to Montague that speech he had heard upon the street-corner, the first evening he had been in New York! He could hear again the pounding of the elevated trains, and the shrill voice of the orator; he could see his haggard and hungry face, and the dense crowd gazing up at him.

And there came to him the words of Major Thorne:
 "It means another civil war!"

TO A RICH YOUNG MAN

BY

MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR

You wear a silken undervest and hose
 And all your garments are immaculate.
 No care disturbs your leisurely estate
 When you are cushioned softly for repose
 In a fair chamber kept by her deft hand,
 Which, you assume, God made to cleanse your room —
 The hand of servitude, of mop and broom,
 Of consecration to a boy's demand!

You have no purpose but to find some way
 To entertain an idle mind all day
 At golf or with the decorated few.
 And yet, you are a man, to outward view!
 A man — while women labor everywhere,
 And you do naught for life but blink and stare!

THE DECAY IN THE SOULS OF THE RICH

(From *Letters to Judd.*)

I have written these letters as an act of service to my country. I personally am not suffering, as you know; I have won my fight, to the extent that I am an independent man, and no one can muzzle me. But how can I be happy in this so-called civilization, where I see on every hand about me war and the preparation for war, poverty and the despair which poverty brings, crime and prostitution, suicide and insanity — such a mass of misery that I cannot face the thought of it, and all those beauties of nature and art which in my youth set me a-thrill from top

to toe, now mean hardly anything to me, because of the wrongs I see about me — and all so needless, Judd, so utterly, utterly needless!

And something just as bad as the misery of the poor, the decay in the souls of the rich! To see a whole society chasing false ideals, vanity and luxury and waste; admiring and imitating wretched parasites, who have millions of dollars and not one useful thing to do! I know a few of these people, Judd, their lives touch mine here and there, and the truth is they are just as unhappy as the poor, and just as much to be wept over, with their jazz and their bootleggers and their petting parties and their pitiful empty heads. A brief little hour of excitement and display — and then so much suffering, and bewilderment, despair about life, and cynicism about everything sound and true. I think of the millionaire youth I know, drinking himself to death; and the gay young society matron with a venereal disease in her blood and terror in her heart — I feel like calling upon the useful workers of America to organize and save the rich from the misery of being out of work!

What we want, Judd, is a world with neither rich nor poor, but with people who live by producing, and not by taking what others have produced. We want to make that sort of world, and we call to our aid all men and women who are willing to work for it. We want to study this problem, and fill our minds with real information, and stop reading the poison press of our enemies. Indeed, Judd, it is not too much to say that we want to make over our moral and mental life, so that we cease to admire the ideals of our exploiters — waste and the display of waste, plundering and the power to plunder. We want to teach ourselves and our children to admire useful labor, and social vision, and loyalty to the cause of those who produce. We who serve that cause call one another “comrade,” or “brother,” or “fellow-worker;” and we invite you to join our ranks.

THE OUTCAST

"The life of the underworld, of those thrown upon the scrap-heap of the modern industrial machine; vivid and powerful passages portraying the lives of tramps, criminals, and prostitutes: the protests of the soul of man confronted with injustice and groping for a remedy."

THE MENAGERIE NIGHT IN A COUNTY WORKHOUSE

(From *The Cry for Justice*. Written during a period of imprisonment.)

Oh come, ye lords and ladies of the realm,
Come from your couches soft, your perfumed halls,
Come watch with me throughout the weary hours.
Here are there sounds to thrill your jaded nerves,
Such as the cave-men, your forefathers, heard,
Crouching in forests of primeval night;
Here tier on tier in steel-barred cages pent
The beasts ye breed and hunt throughout the world.
Hark to that snore—some beast that slumbers deep;
Hark to that roar—some beast that dreams of blood;
Hark to that moan—some beast that wakes and weeps;
And then in sudden stillness mark the sound—
Some beast that rasps his vermin-haunted hide!

Oh come, ye lords and ladies of the realm,
Come keep the watch with me; this show is yours.
Behold the source of all your joy and pride,
The beasts ye harness fast and set to draw
The chariots of your pageantry and pomp!
It is their blood ye shed to make your feasts,
It is their treadmill that moves all your world.
Come gather now, and think how it will be
When God shall send his flaming angel down
And break these bars—so hath he done of yore,
So doeth he to lords and ladies grand—
And loose these beasts to raven in your streets!

WINTER IN THE JUNGLE

(From *The Jungle*.)

Now the dreadful winter had come upon them. In the forests, all summer long, the branches of the trees do battle for light, and some of them lose and die; and then come the raging blasts, and the storms of snow and hail, and strew the ground with these weaker branches. Just so it was in Packingtown; the whole district braced itself for the struggle that was an agony, and those whose time was come died off in hordes. All the year round they had been serving as cogs in the great packing-machine, and now was the time for the renovating of it and the replacing of damaged parts. There came pneumonia and grippe, stalking among them, seeking for weakened constitutions; there was the annual harvest of those whom tuberculosis had been dragging down. There came cruel, cold, and biting winds, and blizzards of snow, all testing relentlessly for failing muscles and impoverished blood. Sooner or later came the day when the unfit one did not report for work; and then, with no time lost in waiting, and no inquiries or regrets, there was a chance for a new hand.

The new hands were here by the thousands. All day long the gates of the packing-houses were besieged by starving and penniless men; they came, literally, by the thousands every single morning, fighting with each other for a chance for life. Blizzards and cold made no difference to them, they were always on hand; they were on hand two hours before the sun rose, an hour before the work began. Sometimes their faces froze, sometimes their feet and their hands; sometimes they froze all together — but still they came, for they had no other place to go. One day Durham advertised in the paper for two hun-

dred men to cut ice; and all that day the homeless and starving of the city came trudging through the snow from all over its two hundred square miles. That night forty score of them crowded into the station-house of the stock-yards district — they filled the rooms, sleeping in each other's laps, toboggan-fashion, and they piled on top of each other in the corridors, till the police shut the doors and left some to freeze outside. On the morrow, before daybreak, there were three thousand at Durham's, and the police reserves had to be sent for to quell the riot. Then Durham's bosses picked out twenty of the biggest; the "two hundred" proved to have been a printer's error.

Four or five miles to the eastward lay the lake, and over this the bitter winds came raging. Sometimes the thermometer would fall to ten or twenty degrees below zero at night, and in the morning the streets would be piled with snowdrifts up to the first-floor windows. The streets through which our friends had to go to their work were all unpaved and full of deep holes and gullies; in summer, when it rained hard, a man might have to wade to his waist to get to his house; and now in winter it was no joke getting through these places before light in the morning and after dark at night. They would wrap up in all they owned, but they could not wrap up against exhaustion; and many a man gave out in these battles with the snowdrifts, and lay down and fell asleep.

There was no heat upon the killing-beds; the men might exactly as well have worked out of doors all winter. For that matter, there was but very little heat anywhere in the building, except in the cooking-rooms and such places — and it was the men who worked in these who ran the most risk of all, because whenever they had to pass to another room they had to go through ice-cold corridors, and sometimes with nothing on above the waist except a sleeveless undershirt. On the killing-beds you were apt to be covered with blood, and it would freeze

solid; if you leaned against a pillar, you would freeze to that, and if you put your hand upon the blade of your knife, you would run a chance of leaving your skin on it. The men would tie up their feet in newspapers and old sacks, and these would be soaked in blood and frozen, and then soaked again, and so on, until by night-time a man would be walking on great lumps the size of the feet of an elephant. Now and then, when the bosses were not looking, you would see them plunging their feet and ankles into the steaming hot carcass of the steer, or darting across the room to the hot-water jets. The cruellest thing of all was that nearly all of them — all of those who used knives — were unable to wear gloves, and their arms would be white with frost and their hands would grow numb, and then, of course, there would be accidents. Also the air would be full of steam, from the hot water and the hot blood, so that you could not see five feet before you; and then, with men rushing about at the speed they kept up on the killing-beds, and all with butcher-knives, like razors, in their hands — well, it was to be counted as a wonder that there were not more men slaughtered than cattle.

And yet all this inconvenience they might have put up with, if only it had not been for one thing — if only there had been some place where they might eat. Jurgis had either to eat his dinner amid the stench in which he had worked, or else to rush, as did all his companions, to any one of the hundreds of liquor stores which stretched out their arms to him. To the west of the yards ran Ashland Avenue, and here was an unbroken line of saloons — “Whisky Row,” they called it; to the north was Forty-seventh Street, where there were half a dozen to the block, and at the angle of the two was “Whisky Point,” a space of fifteen or twenty acres, and containing one glue-factory and about two hundred saloons.

One might walk among these and take his choice: “Hot pea-soup and boiled cabbage today.” “Sauerkraut

and hot frankfurters. Walk in." "Bean-soup and stewed lamb. Welcome." All of these things were printed in many languages, as were also the names of the resorts, which were infinite in their variety and appeal. There was the "Home Circle" and the "Cosy Corner;" there were "Firesides," and "Hearthstones," and "Pleasure Palaces," and "Wonderlands," and "Dream Castles," and "Love's Delights." Whatever else they were called, they were sure to be called "Union Headquarters," and to hold out a welcome to working men; and there was always a warm stove, and a chair near it, and some friends to laugh and talk with. There was only one condition attached — you must drink. If you went in not intending to drink, you would be put out in no time, and if you were slow about going, like as not you would get your head split open with a beer-bottle in the bargain. But all of the men understood the convention and drank; they believed that by it they were getting something for nothing; for they did not need to take more than one drink, and upon the strength of it they might fill themselves up with a good hot dinner. This did not always work out in practice, however, for there was pretty sure to be a friend who would treat you, and then you would have to treat him. Then someone else would come in — and, anyhow, a few drinks were good for a man who worked hard. As he went back he did not shiver so, he had more courage for his task; the deadly, brutalizing monotony of it did not afflict him so; he had ideas while he worked, and took a more cheerful view of his circumstances. On the way home, however, the shivering was apt to come on him again; and so he would have to stop once or twice to warm up against the cruel cold. As there were hot things to eat in this saloon, too, he might get home late to his supper, or he might not get home at all. And then his wife might set out to look for him, and she, too, would feel the cold; and perhaps she would have some of the children with her; and so a whole family would drift into

drinking, as the current of a river drifts downstream. As if to complete the chain, the packers all paid their men in cheques, refusing all requests to pay in coin; and where in Packingtown could a man go to have his cheque cashed but to a saloon, where he could pay for the favor by spending a part of the money?

From all of these things Jurgis was saved because of Ona. He never would take but the one drink at noon-time; and so he got the reputation of being a surly fellow, and was not quite welcome at the saloons, and had to drift about from one to another. Then at night he would go straight home, helping Ona and Stanislovas, or often putting the former on a car. And when he got home, perhaps, he would have to trudge several blocks, and come staggering back through the snowdrifts with a bag of coal upon his shoulder. Home was not a very attractive place—at least, not this winter. They had only been able to buy one stove, and this was a small one, and proved not big enough to warm even the kitchen in the bitterest weather. This made it hard for Teta Elzbieta all day, and for the children when they could not get to school. At night they would sit huddled round this stove, while they ate their supper off their laps; and then Jurgis and Jonas would smoke a pipe, after which they would all crawl into their beds to get warm, after putting out the fire to save the coal. Then they would have some frightful experiences with the cold. They would sleep with all their clothes on, including their overcoats, and put over them all the bedding and spare clothing they owned; the children would sleep all crowded into one bed, and yet even so they could not keep warm. The outside ones would be shivering and sobbing, crawling over the others and trying to get down into the center, and causing a fight. This old house with the leaky weather-boards was a very different thing from their cabins at home, with great thick walls plastered inside and outside with mud; and the cold which came upon them was a living thing,

a demon-presence in the room. They would waken in the midnight hours, when everything was black; perhaps they would hear it yelling outside, or perhaps there would be death-like stillness — and that would be worse yet. They could feel the cold as it crept in through the cracks, reaching out for them with its icy, death-dealing fingers; and they would crouch and cower, and try to hide from it, all in vain. It would come, and it would come; a grisly thing, a spectre born in the black caverns of terror; a power primeval, cosmic, shadowing the tortures of the lost souls flung out to chaos and destruction. It was cruel, iron-hard; and hour after hour they would cringe in its grasp, alone, alone. There would be no one to hear them if they cried out; there would be no help, no mercy. And so on until morning — when they would go out to another day of toil, a little weaker, a little nearer to the time when it would be their turn to be shaken from the tree.

SISTERHOOD

BY

MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR

Last night I woke, and in my tranquil bed
 I lay, and thanked my God with fervent prayer
 That I had food and warmth, a cosy chair
 Beside a jolly fire, and roses red
 To give my room a touch of light and grace
 And I thanked God, oh, thanked Him! that my face
 Was beautiful, that it was fair to men.
 I thought a while, then thanked my God again.

For yesterday, on Broadway I had walked.
 And I had stopped to watch them as they stalked
 Their prey; and I was glad I had no sons
 To look with me upon those woeful ones —
 Paint on their lips, and from a corpse their hair,
 And eyes of simulated lust, astare.

REVOLT

"The struggle to do away with injustice; the battle-cries of the new army which is gathering for the deliverance of humanity."

In connection with these passages, the following quotation from the Preface to *The Cry for Justice* seems apposite:

"The Anarchists and the apostles of insurrection are also represented; and if some of the things seem to the reader the mere unchaining of furies, I would say, let him not blame the faithful anthologist, let him not even blame the writer — let him blame himself, who has acquiesced in the existence of conditions which have driven his fellowmen to the extremes of madness and despair."

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON

(From *The Jungle*. Jurgis has been imprisoned for assaulting a foreman who had used his position to seduce his wife.)

In the distance there was a church-tower bell that tolled the hours one by one. When it came to midnight Jurgis was lying upon the floor with his head in his arms, listening. Instead of falling silent at the end, the bell broke into a sudden clangour. Jurgis raised his head. What could that mean — a fire? God! suppose there were to be a fire in this gaol! But then he made out a melody in the ringing; there were chimes. And they seemed to waken the city — all around, far and near, there were bells, ringing wild music. For fully a minute Jurgis lay lost in wonder, before, all at once, the meaning of it broke over him — this was Christmas Eve!

Christmas Eve — he had forgotten it entirely! There was a breaking of flood-gates, a whirl of new memories and new griefs rushing into his mind. In far Lithuania they had celebrated Christmas; and it came to him as if it had been yesterday — himself a little child, with his

lost brother and his dead father in the cabin in the deep black forest, where the snow fell all day and all night and buried them from the world. It was too far off for Santa Claus in Lithuania, but it was not too far for peace and goodwill to men, for the wonder-bearing vision of the Christ-child. And even in Packingtown they had not forgotten it; some gleam of it had never failed to break their darkness. Last Christmas Eve and all Christmas Day Jurgis had toiled on the killing-beds, and Ona at wrapping hams, and still they had found strength enough to take the children for a walk upon the avenue, to see the store windows all decorated with Christmas trees and ablaze with electric lights. In one window there would be live geese, in another marvels in sugar — pink and white canes big enough for ogres, and cakes with cherubs upon them; in a third there would be rows of fat yellow turkeys, decorated with rosettes, and rabbits and squirrels hanging; in a fourth would be a fairyland of toys—lovely dolls with pink dresses, and woolly sheep and drums and soldier hats. Nor did they have to go without their share of all this, either. The last time they had had a big basket with them and all their Christmas marketing to do—a roast of pork and a cabbage and some rye-bread, and a pair of mittens for Ona, and a rubber doll that squeaked and a little green cornucopia full of candy to be hung from the gas-jet and gazed at by half a dozen pairs of longing eyes.

Even half a year of the sausage-machines and the fertilizer-mill had not been able to kill the thought of Christmas in them. There was a choking in Jurgis's throat as he recalled that the very night Ona had not come home Teta Elzbieta had taken him aside and shown him an old valentine that she had picked up in a paper store for three cents—dingy and shop-worn, but with bright colours, and figures of angels and doves. She had wiped all the specks off this, and was going to set it on the mantel, where the children could see it. Great sobs shook Jurgis

at this memory—they would spend their Christmas in misery and despair, with him in prison and Ona ill and their home in desolation. Ah, it was too cruel! Why, at least had they not left him alone—why, after they had shut him in jail, must they be ringing Christmas chimes in his ears?

But no, their bells were not ringing for him—their Christmas was not meant for him, they were simply not counting him at all. He was of no consequence; he was flung aside, like a bit of trash, the carcass of some animal. It was horrible, horrible! His wife might be dying, his baby might be starving, his whole family might be perishing in the cold—and all the while they were ringing their Christmas chimes! And the bitter mockery of it—all this was punishment for him! They put him in a place where the snow could not beat in, where the cold could not eat through his bones; they brought him food and drink—why, in the name of Heaven, if they must punish him, did they not put his family in jail and leave him outside? Why could they find no better way to punish him than to leave three weak women and six helpless children to starve and freeze?

That was their law, that was their justice! Jurgis stood upright, trembling with passion, his hands clenched and his arms upraised, his whole soul ablaze with hatred and defiance. Ten thousand curses upon them and their law! Their justice! it was a lie, it was a lie, a hideous, brutal lie, a thing too black and hateful for any world but a world of nightmares. It was a sham and a loathsome mockery. There was no justice, there was no right, anywhere in it—it was only force, it was tyranny, the will and the power, reckless and unrestrained! They had ground him beneath their heel, they had devoured all his substance; they had murdered his old father, they had broken and wrecked his wife, they had crushed and cowed his whole family; and now they were through with him, they had no further use for him; and because he had interfered with them,

had gotten in their way, this was what they had done to him! They had put him behind bars, as if he had been a wild beast, a thing without sense or reason, without rights, without affections, without feelings. Nay, they would not even have treated a beast as they had treated him! Would any man in his senses have trapped a wild thing in its lair, and left its young behind to die?

These midnight hours were fateful ones to Jurgis; in them was the beginning of his rebellion, of his outlawry and his unbelief. He had no wit to trace back the social crime to its far sources—he could not say that it was the thing men have called “the system” that was crushing him to the earth; that it was the packers, his masters, who had bought up the law of the land, and had dealt out their brutal will to him from the seat of justice. He only knew that he was wronged, and that the world had wronged him; that the law, that society, with all its powers, had declared itself his foe. And every hour his soul grew blacker, every hour he dreamed new dreams of vengeance, of defiance, of raging, frenzied hate.

RUSSIA: 1918

by

MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR

Oh, hear them! Hear their voices rise at last!
Hear them, serene and sure! Again! Again!
Oh, hear the voices of the workingmen!
The long, long day of servitude is past!

They do not crave the right to speak: they speak!
The voices of the workingmen are firm;
For they have found deliverance and the term;
They find the weak grown strong, the strong grown weak.

No spoil of conquest by a kingly creed!
No shining victors, ravening to feed
 Upon the shattered vanquished! They are wise
 Who hear the terms and heed; the fools revise—
And are revised; the workingmen have said!
A world is born, the kingly creeds are dead!

THE CASE FOR THE ANARCHIST

(From *Boston*. Cornelia and Betty are discussing revolutionary ethics with an American radical and a French communist "suspected of a right wing deviation.")

To this quartette of assorted thinkers came the news about Sacco and Vanzetti. When the first letter was read, Cornelia said it would be pleasant to have Bart here. But Joe Randall smiled dryly and told her not to count too much upon it; for capitalist policemen were not so eager to provide their victims with vacations on Italian lakes. When the second letter came, he said, "I told you so."

"But it's too absurd!" cried Cornelia. "They are innocent!"

"They have to prove it," said Joe.

And Pierre Leon eyed the old lady with a quizzical expression. "Don't forget, comrade," said he, "it sometimes happens that anarchists are guilty." Then, seeing Cornelia's startled look, he added, "I was an anarchist myself for years; and I assure you I wasn't always innocent!"

Said Betty, "You mustn't say that to Grannie. She is soft-boiled."

Pierre was interested in American slang, which he said was a new contribution to the world's poetry. He asked about this phrase, and then went on: "People that are soft-boiled had better not go wandering about in the radical movement, because they may get their shells broken." He went on to say that about anarchists you

could never make a general statement, each one was a law to himself. You had to know him before you could say what he would do—and even then you didn't always know.

"Well, we know Bart," insisted Cornelia; "and we know he is no bandit."

"And the other one?"

"I don't know him so well, I only met him two or three times. But he's a gentle, soft-spoken young fellow—"

"Which means absolutely nothing," said Pierre. "Even your American two-gun-men have been that; I think it's a tradition, out on the western plains, that your deadliest sheriffs have been mild-mannered men. The first thing you have to know about an anarchist is what leaders he follows."

"Bart and Nick belong to the Galleani group."

"But Galleani is a militant. If you don't believe that, go down to Milano, or wherever he's living now, and hear him. Who gave you the idea he is a pacifist?"

"I didn't have that idea. Bart told me he was a militant —"

"But then, when an anarchist tells you he's a militant why don't you believe him?" Pierre's face indicated that this was one more droll aspect of American ladies. "Understand me, Comrade Thornwell, it is good of rich and cultured ladies to take an interest in the exploited workers; but you suffer always from the fact that you can't possibly realize how they actually feel."

"Don't forget, Comrade Leon, I worked for a year and a half in a cordage plant, and lived on the wages."

"I know, Betty told us; and I never heard anything like it. But all the same, if you will pardon me, it wasn't practically real, because if you had been ill or out of a job, you'd have gone back to your family; it wasn't psychologically real, because you always knew you could, and you had the moral support of knowing you were a lady. No worker has that; so don't be shocked if you

should some day learn that some workers commit what the bourgeoisie calls crimes in the struggle against their exploiters."

There was a pause, while Cornelia digested these uncomfortable words. At last she said, "Crimes such as banditry, Comrade Leon?"

"Well, that's a question that calls for definitions. If you mean by banditry, robbing for private advantage, the answer is no. If you mean robbing for the cause, the answer is, there have been such anarchists: not many, but a few. Take Ravachol; he robbed the rich and gave the money to the poor, and boasted of it."

"What do other anarchists say of that?"

"I have heard a thousand arguments about it. It's a practical question, whether such a course helps the cause; some say yes, some say no. A few anarchists repudiated Ravachol, others endorsed him—Elisée Reclus among the latter, and he is a god of the movement, a great scientist and a great soul. You see, Comrade, it is difficult for any anarchist to repudiate another who has acted from good motives. There are two things a real anarchist will never do; one is to betray a comrade, and the other is to profit at the expense of the cause. So long as he is loyal, and risks his own life for the cause, nothing he does can be repudiated; that lies in the nature of the doctrine, because he is a law to himself, and has a right to be that, and other anarchists proclaim that right. How can they control him? How can they refuse to stand by him?"

"That ought to frighten me," said Cornelia, "but we New Englanders were raised on that creed—we called it Transcendentalism."

"I know," said Pierre. "There are few anarchist book shops without copies of Thoreau's *Duty of Civil Disobedience*."

"But we managed to keep the doctrine from involving the right to kill other people." Thus Cornelia, sure of her Boston.

"Did you really?" asked Pierre. "Stop and think now!" There was something in his tone that told Cornelia he was going to have fun with her. The twinkle was also in Betty's eye and in Joe's, so she knew they were in the secret. "Think hard!" said the Frenchman, and when she gave it up, he said, "Did you ever hear of a practising anarchist by the name of John Brown?"

"Well," said Cornelia, hesitating, "I suppose he did kill people—"

"Yes, do suppose it! It so happens we have been reading a life of him—and while you are talking about bandit-raids, consider the one at Harper's Ferry. It was a surprise attack, you remember; it was going to give the slaves a chance to rise and get hold of an arsenal with some guns; and to that great end, four white men, quite innocent, harmless fellows, not even slave-holders, were shot dead in the streets of a country town. And remember, they took him and hanged him as a common felon, and were certain that history would agree with them. But up in Boston your Wendell Phillips proclaimed in a public meeting, 'He has abolished slavery in Virginia!' And some anarchist poet wrote four lines—Comrade Betty, can you say those lines that you like so much?"

And Betty, who had been smiling, became suddenly serious and recited:

Not any spot six feet by two
Will hold a man like thee!
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
From Blue Ridge to the sea.

Needless to say, there were many questions Cornelia wanted to ask Pierre Leon. She realized that the time for dodging was past, it was up to her to get clear in her own thinking. She admitted to these three friends what before she had feared to admit even to herself: the doubts as to whether it could be true, as the government and the

newspapers took for granted, that some of the Italian anarchists had been doing that wholesale bombing.

Said Pierre, "Set this down for certain at the outset—all militant anarchists believe in bombs. Not all make them—any more than all Christians sell their goods and give to the poor. It is too uncomfortable and dangerous. But the faith calls for it, 'anarchist christenings,' is the phrase—and when some young enthusiast comes along and wants to practice, the preachers can't very well say no. And when the boys get into trouble, then, of course, the movement has to rally and defend them."

"And that, of course, includes telling the world they are innocent?" It was Joe, with a touch of socialist sarcasm.

"Naturally. It goes without saying that anybody who will fight will try to deceive the enemy. What you have to get clear is the central doctrine of anarchism, that property used for exploitation is theft. That makes capitalist society a gigantic bandit-raid, a wholesale killing; any killing you have to do to abolish it, or to cripple it, always is a small matter in comparison. Twenty years ago, when I used to argue questions like this, they were more or less academic; our generation had never known war. But now take what has happened, and you realize that to the working-class theorist, human life has ceased to have any value, compared with the bringing on of the revolution. We know that capitalism means one more world slaughter after another; it means that inevitably, you might say by definition. Every capitalist society has to compete for markets and raw materials, or else cease to be a capitalist society. It intends to take our lives by the tens of millions; and are we denied the right to save ourselves—because, forsooth, the effort means killing a few capitalists and kings and judges and police spies and what not? You can see that, to an anarchist, such an idea is childish."

"Or to a communist," added Joe Randall, the socialist.

Said the other, "Between the anarchist and the communist it is a question of technique. I once heard an American labor leader put it effectively: 'Never use violence—until you have enough of it!' That will serve for the communist formula—and I leave it for Joe to explain the polite social-democratic program of killing a tiger half an inch at a time."

So they wrangled for a while, saying sharp and bitter things with perfect good humor. Pierre declared that some day he would have the job of putting Joe in jail—and maybe Cornelia, too, because she believed in free speech for capitalists, and might insist upon practising her theory. Maybe Betty would be putting her own Grannie into jail—stranger things had happened in revolutions. To which Joe replied that it was the people of Pierre's way of talking that made a peaceful solution so difficult; they brought on reaction, and set the workers back for decades. So for a while Sacco and Vanzetti were left in the Brockton police station, forgotten.

Until Betty said, "You are getting poor Grannie so balled up with your theories and your shocking facts that she'll lose heart and be scared out of the movement."

"For God's sake," exclaimed Pierre, "don't let me do that! In the first place, I don't know a thing about your Bart and Nick, they may be two harmless dreamers. And anyhow, innocent or guilty, no working-class rebel ever did a tenth part of the harm to society that society has done to him. No one of them ever carries a tenth part of the guilt that is borne by the judges and officials who prosecute him. Think of the guilt of those who caused the war, in order to extend their markets or to save their investments!"

That was coming close to home for Cornelia and Betty. Said the former, thinking of her three perfectly self-satisfied sons-in-law, "Can there be guilt when there is no consciousness of guilt?"

Pierre answered, "That is the sort of question the

Puritan conscience likes to wrestle with. But let us set aside theories, and consider the practical problem of labor defense. Whether an accused worker is guilty or whether he is innocent is a matter you can almost never guess in advance. If he's guilty, he won't tell you, and it would be wretched taste for you to ask. On the other hand, maybe the police have got the wrong fellow; often enough they know it, and don't care, because they figure he's done something equally bad, and anyhow, he's the sort that is safer in jail. Then again, maybe it's a provocateur's job—something the bosses have planted, in order to have a pretext for raiding offices and smashing presses and throwing leaders into jail. Either way, you can't know until you get in up to your ears. You may find you've got a chance to expose the police and win public sympathy—or you may have something that will discredit the movement and turn the public against you for years."

"A complicated matter, being a revolutionist!" remarked Cornelia.

And Pierre replied, "You bet your shoes it is—to quote your American slang."

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA

(From *Wide Is The Gate*. The Fascist powers combine to put down the new people's government of Spain.)

It was hard to think about art, love, or psychic research in the mad-house which Paris had now become. No one who cared about political questions could talk or think about anything but the Spanish War, and the newspapers carried on a propropaganda war in their columns, accusing their opponents of the most atrocious crimes. General Franco's armies had begun moving northward along the Portuguese border, and on the fourteenth of August, 1936, he took Badajoz, effecting a juncture with

the armies of General Mola coming southward. The taking of this small city was celebrated by crowding four thousand prisoners into the bullring, locking the gates, and then blasting them with machine guns.

When the news of this horror reached Paris, the forces of the Front Populaire went wild. The Rightist press of course said it was all a Red lie; they adopted the regular Fascist tactics of denying everything and turning the accusations against the Reds, charging that they had committed such crimes and were trying to conceal them by a smoke-screen. So the war of charge and countercharge went on, in print and over the air, at public meetings and wherever one Frenchman met another. Rick's saying that class had become more than country found its complete vindication, for the Rightist press of Paris was calling upon Adolph Hitler to keep France from selling arms to the Spanish Government.

Italian troops were pouring into Seville, and Italian and German planes, tanks, and artillery were coming to Franco by way of Spanish Morocco and Portugal. The troops were all "Volunteers," of course, and that farce was going to be maintained by a solid block of reactionary gentlemen throughout the civilized world: the aristocracy, the bankers and big industrialists, the two hundred families who ruled France, the heads of the armies and navies, and the hierarchy of the Church. The duly elected people's government of Spain furnished a pattern of procedure to the discontented masses everywhere; their suppression was necessary to the survival of the established order, and Mussolini and Hitler were the boys who were going to do the job. Persons who understood the modern world could see in this Spanish struggle the line-up and preliminary skirmishes of a world-wide civil war.

Hitherto in international relationships it had been the firmly established law that all governments had the right to buy arms for their own defense and that neutrality for-

bad the supplying of arms to rebels. But now the safety of the ruling classes depended upon reversing this custom overnight, and it was done.

A SOCIAL REBEL

(From *American Outpost*. Sinclair explains his revolt.)

Floyd Dell, contemplating his biography of myself, asked me to explain the appearance of a social rebel in a conventional Southern family. I thought the problem over, and reported my psychology as that of a "poor relation." It had been my fate from earliest childhood to live in the presence of wealth which belonged to others.

Let me say at once that I have no idea of blaming my relatives. They were always kind to me; their homes were open to me, and when I came, I was a member of the family. Nor do I mean that I was troubled by jealousy. I mean merely that all my life I was faced by the contrast between riches and poverty, and thereby impelled to think and ask questions. "Mamma, why are some children poor and others rich? How can that be fair?" I plagued my mother's mind with the problem, and never got any answer. Now I plague the ruling-class apologists of the world with it, and still get no answer.

The other factor in my revolt—odd as it may seem—was the Protestant Episcopal Church. I really took the words of Jesus seriously, and when I carried the train of Bishop Potter in a confirmation ceremony in the church of the Holy Communion, I thought I was helping to glorify the rebel carpenter, the friend of the poor and lowly, the symbol of human brotherhood. Later, I read in the papers that the bishop's wife had had fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels stolen, and had set the police to hunting for the thief. I couldn't understand how a bishop's wife could own fifty thousand dollars' worth of

jewels, and the fact stuck in my mind, and had a good deal to do with the fading away of my churchly ardor.

From the age of perhaps seventeen to twenty-two, I faced our civilization of class privilege absolutely in my own mind; that is to say, whatever I found wrong with civilization, I thought that I alone knew it, and the burden of changing it rested upon my spirit. Such was the miracle which capitalist education had been able to perform upon my young mind, during the eleven or twelve years that it had charge of me. It could not keep me from realizing that the rule of society by organized greed was an evil thing; but it managed to keep me from knowing that there was anybody else in the world who thought as I did; it managed to make me regard the current movements, Bryanism and Populism, which sought to remedy this evil, as vulgar, noisy, and beneath my cultured contempt.

I knew, of course, that there had been a Socialist movement in Europe; I had heard vaguely about Bismarck persecuting these malcontents. Also, I knew there had been dreamers and cranks who had gone off and lived in colonies, and "busted up" when they faced the practical problems of life. While emotionally in revolt against Mammon-worship, I was intellectually a perfect little snob and tory. I despised modern books without having read them, and I expected social evils to be remedied by cultured and well-mannered gentlemen who had been to college and acquired noble ideals. That is as near as I can come to describing the jumble of notions I had acquired by combining John Ruskin with Godkin of the New York "Evening Post," and Shelley with Dana of the New York "Sun."

It happened that I knew about anarchists, because of the execution of the Haymarket martyrs when I was ten years old. In the "chamber of horrors" of the Eden Museum, a place of wax-works, I saw a group representing these desperados sitting round a table making bombs.

I swallowed these bombs whole, and shuddered at the thought of deprived persons who inhabited the back rooms of saloons, jeered at God, practiced free love, and conspired to blow up the Government. In short, I believed in 1889 what ninety-five percent of America believes in 1932.

MARTYRDOM

"Messages and records of the heroes of the past and present who have sacrificed themselves for the sake of the future."

THE EXECUTION

(From *Boston*.)

They came to the warden's home and drew up at the curb. More parleys, after which the police official assisted Cornelia out of the car. The chauffeur was told to stay in his seat—no unnecessary chances taken. Deborah and Clara and Henry would sit where they were. The armed men stepped back, and the door opened, and prison guards met the visitors, and silently led them through the house and into the yard, past the cell-blocks, oblong brick buildings with rows of narrow barred windows. The lights were out, and the prison was supposed to be asleep, but the searchlights made the scene as bright as day, and nobody slept. There were white faces at the windows, and now and then a chorus of cries: "Let them out! Let them out!" Wild beasts, barking, howling, roaring in their cages!

To Cornelia it was as if she had taken Dante's place, in a journey through the various stages of hell: all this elaborate display of killing power, a thousand intricate and ingenious inventions, all the arts and sciences which civilization had contrived, applied to the wholesale and instantaneous wiping out of human life. The fact that this military force was for Cornelia's protection, that it gave back respectfully before the magic of her name, only filled her with the greater abhorrence, only proved her thesis, that its purpose was not justice, but the comfort and safety of the rich.

The death-house: a square brick building, immedi-

ately under the prison wall, a highly unstrategic position, which in part accounted for the need of a miniature army. Upon the wall with its wooden walk stood a line of machine-gunners, and men were lined up several deep upon the side-walk of Rutherford Avenue below the wall. Across the street were firemen with four high-pressure hoses.

There was a group of guards at the door of the death-house, and the warden came out, and took over the task of escorting the privileged old lady. A dreadful ordeal: Cornelia had to pass through the execution-chamber, and the canvas cover was off the chair; the heavy leather straps at the hands and feet dangled and called for their victims. One glance, and then the warden half lifted Cornelia and walked her swiftly on. He had had to do that same thing for many women, relatives of the condemned. It was not a jolly job this plump and round-faced old Scotchman had found himself.

The death cells, three in a row, opening upon a corridor; each cell a narrow little room with steel-barred door; in each a cot, a table, a little bureau. A neat, white-tiled floor, and on the outside, running the length of the corridor, a painted line, six feet from the cells, beyond which no visitor might step. Cornelia knew the lay-out, the lawyers having described it to her. In the first cell was Madeiros, in the second Sacco, in the third, the farthest from the death-chamber, Vanzetti. It was the order in which they were to "go."

Cornelia tottered to the last cell. A light inside; the occupant was sitting on his cot, with the table drawn up before him, writing one of his farewell letters. He heard a faint cry, "Bart!" and started and shoved the table away. "Nonna!" A second more and he was at the door, his arm through the bars; Cornelia ran to him — it was automatic, no way to help it — and anyhow, the warden was holding her, and not trying to hold her back. She clasped the outstretched hand and wrung it; that

hand which so many times she had held in friendship, which had performed for her so many services of love; a hand toil-worn and bruised, now emaciated, but still warm with life. Three hours more and it would be cold, a piece of death and corruption. She let it go, and sank into the chair which had been placed for her, behind the painted line.

"Bart, I had to see you to say good-bye!"

"I am so glad, Nonna! It is the one more thing I wanted."

"We have done everything we could, Bart, but it is no use."

"I know. Mr. Thompson was here, he has just been going. We had a long talk."

"I have an hour to stay with you, Bart; the Governor granted me that favor."

"I will leave you, Mrs. Thornwell," said the warden. "I will have to ask you not to cross the line again. You understand, we have rules, and they must be enforced."

"I know," said Cornelia; "I will respect your wishes." She had heard the prison stories—they had permitted one condemned man to receive a roast chicken from a relative, and it had contained a loaded revolver. "Thank you, Mr. Hendry." She was as sorry for him as for his captives.

A guard sat at the entrance to the corridor, fifteen feet from Cornelia's chair. He could hear everything that was said, but neither she nor Bart heeded him. This was like being alone with God; this was different from human life, where people met, and would meet again by and by. "We have failed, Bart," she whispered, and he said, in a voice without a quiver: "Do not worry for me, Nonna. I am ready. Nick also is ready. We will die as anarchists should."

The light in Sacco's cell had been out; he turned it on, and lay on his cot with his face to the bars, so that he

could hear the conversation. "Hello, Nick," said Cornelia. He answered, with his quick sympathy and consideration for others: "You are too unhappy for us, Nonna. Take it more easy! Plenty fellow have die." She imagined the twinkle in his eyes — even though now she could see only one eye through the narrow slits. She could see Vanzetti's whole face, because he was standing at the door, and at that height there was a bend in the bars, making an opening through which he could look.

"Nonna," he said, "it is more easy to die than to look out through bars like a beast for seven years."

"Bart, I am going to fight for your good name the rest of my time."

"Fight for the workers, Nonna; fight so they be free, that other people do not live idle on their hard toil."

"I will surely do that," she answered; "but most of all I want to be able to tell people about this case. Tell me the truth, Bart, now that it is the end."

Said Vanzetti: "I will speak like I would if it was God. I am an innocent man, Nonna; I was never at the South Braintree crime, I was never at the Bridgewater crime. I tell you that in solemn words, for you to say to all the world, all the time, for ever. And Nick, he is innocent; he was never at South Braintree like they said. This is the truth, as I hope for joostice, I did never take a umane life. I did never anything that would take umane life, and I work with all my soul for those days when it will not be possible ever for one umane being to kill any other, when all such wickedness and machines for killing lives will be destroyed from the earth. It is because I know that the class system and exploiting of labor is what makes such machines to be that I am anarchist. I am against all government, because I know it is tool of exploiting classes; it is not to make joostice in this world, but to make slaves, and to punish the libertarians — as they prove this night upon the bodies of Nick and me."

There was a pause. When Cornelia spoke again her

voice was grave, and her words came slowly, carefully. "Bart, I mean to write what you tell me, so the world will know it. May I say that with reflection and these many years of study, you have changed your views about violence in the class struggle?"

Vanzetti's answer also came slowly. "You may say I do not wish vee-olence, Nonna. All my life I suffer torture when I think of vee-olence committed upon one body or one soul. But I read the history of all, and this I see, never have the slaves been free because the master was generous; always it is because the slave made some struggle, he made fight for his right. Is it not so?"

"It has been so in the past. But may we not hope for some better way? Think, Bart, before you answer that."

"I think always, Nonna, it is one thought that I have all my life. I look at the great cruel capitalism — do I think that will give way without fighting? Look this night — Mr. Thompson has told me what he see outside. They make so many thousands, millions — machine-guns, bullets, gas bombs, artilleries — every day new inventions — you think they do not use them? You wish me to say to the worker, 'You need no fear, you need no preparing for slaughter?' Shall I say to the young worker, 'You do not need arming your souls for martyrdom, like Sacco and Vanzetti; Sacco and Vanzetti will be the last martyrs' — can I say that? No, Nonna, I have to say, it will be thousand of martyrs, perhaps millions, it will be most bloody slaughter, before the master class is thrown down, before the workers own the tools and the riches without any master."

"So that is what I must tell, Bart?"

"That is what all must tell, else I would be traitor, and not good guide for workers; else they would say, 'Vanzetti has lost his nerve, they have broke him.' Never will they say that, for me or for Nick."

"Never!" cried Nick, with his mouth to the bars. "They say we died anarchista."

"There may be some who wish to avenge your death, Bart, and that would be a dreadful thing, nothing would set back the cause so much. What shall I say about that?"

"Say that I want no such thing, Nonna, we are not such a man to be revenged; we are humble for our cause. What we want is justice for the worker, freedom for all men on this earth, and we want every libertarian work for that, and not for us, nor for vengeance, which is a wicked thing."

"May I say that you forgive your enemies, Bart?"

There was a long silence. "Is it a thing that should be forgiven, Nonna — what men has been doing to us?"

"Men are ignorant, Bart —"

"These men are not ignorant, Nonna! Do you think that Judge Thayer is ignorant of what he did? When he call us foul name such as I not like to say before lady, is he ignorant?"

"I think so, Bart; he is one of the most pitiable of human creatures. Think if I were to put it to you, would you have your body free, and be shut up in the narrow dungeon of that man's mind? Would you consent to be mean, to be a cheat, and eaten up with hatred? When you realize what a blessing has been yours in life, to have the vision, to know the future as you do — can you not pity the poor wretch who lives in darkness of the soul, and behaves like some cruel animal, not a man?"

There was a long silence. Cornelia looked at the face, with its frame of steel bars; it was emaciated, deeply lined by suffering; the dark-brown walrus moustache drooped, and was partly hidden by the bars. "Remember, Bart, what Comrade Jesus said. He forgave the men who nailed him to the cross."

"Sure, Nonna, that I can do! Poor fellows in this prison, who are workers too, they have maybe wife and children, how can they stop the evil thing? Many man in this prison knows what I believe, many do not like to take life for the big capitalists."

"But the big capitalistas, the men who give the orders, Bart? The judge, the governor, the college president?"

Again a long pause. "I will think about it, Nonna. I would not tell you anything but truth, and it is not easy thing for me to say what you want to hear."

They talked about the fearsome yet fascinating question of where Bart was to be in two or three hours. "I don't know, Nonna," he said. "It is strange idea. If I wake up somewhere, I be very much surprised. What you think?"

"I cannot guess," she said.

"I think we go back where we come from. It is like a bubble that go back to be water again. This face, this voice, this what you call Vanzetti, I do not think it will be like that anywhere."

There came a voice from between the next row of bars: "That is all bunk!" (Sacco had not been in America for nineteen years in vain.) "When you are dead, you are dead, you no wake up. For us it come quick, I like quicker. It is what I beg them long time ago."

Cornelia turned to the speaker. "Is there anything I can do for you, Nick?"

"Take care of wife and kids."

"You may be sure of that; they will not suffer want."

"I don't worry for that," said Nick, the free-spoken. "If all I want was easy time for them, I would made it myself. Teach the kids what we die for, make them some sense. That is it."

A pause, and then from the far cell a timid voice: "Good-bye, lady."

"Good-bye, Madieros. Can I do anything to help you?"

"I am not like these fellows," he said. "I done what they got me for, I deserved it. But they don't, they are good men; some day it will be known." The voice was slow and drawling, marred by only a slight accent. Cor-

nelia did not see the speaker, but she had met him before: a thin, undernourished young fellow with a weak but amiable face and small dark moustache. He was only twenty-one, and the doctors said he was a half-wit; the job for which he was to die was the killing of a bank-cashier in a robbery. He admitted it, and some other crimes.

Had he really been at South Braintree, or had he just climbed on to the Sacco-Vanzetti band-wagon at the last moment, with a faint hope of respite? Cornelia had never been able to make up her mind about that. She had watched a curious little drama going on — Madeiros looked up to Sacco and Vanzetti, as to social superiors; they were great men, celebrities, and he was proud to be associated with them. Sacco accepted his homage, but Vanzetti was extremely reserved. The young Portuguese never stopped insisting that both were innocent, and that he was the only guilty man.

Vanzetti spoke about Luigia, and what a joy it had been to see her — but hard for her; such crowds, such excitement, and a terrible end. He had tried to explain to his sister what it was to die as a martyr, not the same as a criminal. She ought to have been able to understand, because she believed in Jesus; but Jesus to her was something far away and terrifying, to be dealt with by the priests. A wicked thing, that ecclesiastical system, which enslaved the minds of the poor, and made the name of God something which libertarians could not speak.

The prison authorities had been pleading with Sacco and Vanzetti to let a priest or some kind of clergyman administer to them. It seemed to the authorities dreadful to kill men and have their souls go to hell! It was the first time the thing had happened in eighteen years, so they said. But the three men stood firm — Madeiros taking a chance with the others. They would never surrender the integrity of their minds. "Giammai!" cried Nick; and added: "That says, 'Not on your life,' Nonna." He was

gay, being soon to get the freedom which he had craved for so many years. Impossible to crush that spirit of steel springs; and for the body, even though weakened by confinement and fasting, they would need an extra voltage.

Cornelia wore a wrist-watch, and every now and then her glance would be drawn towards it. The minute-hand seemed to be stealing time from her; it would take jumps when she was not watching. Vanzetti sat on his cot, and peering with one eye through the bars, saw a tear stealing down the old woman's cheek. "Nonna," he exclaimed quickly, "I want you do something for me."

"What is it, Bart?"

"Something very great, a last thing — something hard."

"Tell me."

"I want you to not be sad."

"Oh, Bart!"

"It is easy to die. It is little thing — only for friends, for so many women, grieving, weeping. It is — what you say, futile. Is most futile thing in the whole world to have grief. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Bart — but ——"

"Listen. I speak for all three. We are soldiers. It is our business to die. What for do you weep? It is our job."

"I will try, Bart."

Vanzetti's voice had taken on a note of sternness that Cornelia had heard a few times, when in his imagination he was going to battle with the capitalist class. "You remember, Nonna, we publish book, our gruppo, *Faccia à Faccia col Nemico*. All right. It is what we are now. It is our dream, it is our life. What for do we ask you to weep? Coraggio! Coraggio!" He went back to his childhood language when he was deeply moved; and his voice stiffened Cornelia's bent spine.

"Amica mia, you have been good soul to us. You have done more than help, you have understood. Now understand once again — is it too much?"

"I will do my best."

"We choose this death. Long ago we know it, we see him come. You be anarchista militant, you die. You die by hangman of capitalist class. All right, we choose. Every man have got to die, it is no great news, it happen each day. Poor working men, rich capitalist, all. But to live for ever, that is not so easy; to speak to all the world — how many time do it happen to poor working men? To a couple of wops? Did ever you hear such thing?"

"No, Bart, you are right."

"Our life, it has been success; it is victory, like never we have dream. Men stop, they say, 'What is this anarchist? What is this men believe, that they die so glad? What is this joostice? Have I got it? Have I got freedom, or am I slave like they tell me?' He ask, and he begin to think — million men begin to think — it is something your great Go-vérnor give us, something he cannot take! Our crown, our victory! Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes, Bart!"

"Viva l'anarchia!" came the soft voice of Nick.

"Our bodies they kill, they make our souls immortal. Young workers take up our cry — you see, Nonna, only wait, it grow all over the world, the revolt of the worker, the message that men be free, that they work for joostice, not for parasite. And we have helped, we have done a part. Only one thing more to do, is to die brave; to walk to the chair, smile, speak the truth to the end. So, amica mia, help us; no sad thought, only coraggio! Tell our friends it is joy, not grief; it is success, not failure."

There is a contagion that spreads in human souls, and shakes the thrones of emperors and kings. Cornelia's hands were clenched and her teeth set. "All right, Bart, I will

do what you say. I will be with you to the end, and afterwards."

The warden stood in the doorway; and Cornelia rose to her feet, not waiting for him to help her. "All right, Mr. Hendry, I am ready. I have had a worthwhile hour. May I shake hands with my boys once more?"

"Yes, Mrs. Thornwell." He came to help her, but she did not wait for him. She took Vanzetti's hand in a firm, strong grip. "Good-bye, for the last time, Bart. You have taught me more than any of the great persons I have met in my life. I shall remember every word you said to me."

"Good-bye, Nonna. I thank you. Thank you for the good help."

"Good-bye, Nick. You have been a brave fellow. You have done your job."

"Good-bye, Nonna. Good-bye to wife and kids. Teach them for me — what I believe."

Then Madeiros. He put out his hand, and Cornelia made no difference between a hero and a criminal. "Good-bye, my son. I hope the next world treats you better than this one."

"Good-bye, lady." He was a timid bank robber, who found this an incomprehensible world. Anarchists sought to overthrow the rich, and then the rich came to shake their hands!

Cornelia went to the door. The guard had risen, ready to help her if need be; but she was doing her stunt. "Thank you, Mr. Hendry, these three soldiers have given me back my strength." She turned, and called: "Good-bye, dear friends! Good luck to you — and to your cause!" To a chorus of good-bye shouts in English and Italian she walked through the death-chamber, past the chair with the gaping arms and the dangling leather straps; her little head held high, her steps firm and proud. Through the prison yard she went, steady, amid the beams of the drunken searchlights, staggering this

way and that ; past the cell-blocks, with white faces looking out, eight hundred and eighty-one human beasts, roaring now and then, "Let them out !" Into the warden's home, and through the front door ; through the group of policemen, and into the waiting car with the anxious women.

At ten o'clock the chief electrician and his assistant had tested the death-chair and pronounced everything in order. Then came the executioner, to make his inspection. Elliot was this gentleman's name ; he preferred a retired life, on account of anarchist bombs, but the clamour of newspapers had brought him into the limelight ; they published his picture, and a list of the human beings he had killed. The "false execution" of twelve days ago had compelled him to make a journey for nothing ; very annoying, and he was hoping that now there would be no hitch, he would get his seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Father Murphy came to the death cells, to make his last offer of eternal life. Absolutely without charge, and merely by a few passes of the hands and the speaking of a few words, he was willing to deliver these three men from the otherwise certain fate of perpetual roasting upon a brimstone and sulphur fire. Nearly three hundred years ago the philosopher Pascal had presented an unanswerable argument on the subject : the procedure would do you great good if it were valid, and no harm if it were not valid. But Vanzetti answered that it would do harm to those whom he left on earth, to be more tightly riveted in the chains of superstition. So, a few minutes before midnight, Father Murphy went to the officers' club of the prison and remarked to the newspaper men, "There seems to be nothing for me to do, so I am going home."

That clubroom was like the "pit" in the stock exchange, with more than a hundred reporters scrambling for every scrap of news. Many telephones were installed, and eighteen telegraphers sat at eighteen machines, to

feed the curiosity of a ravenous world. The service included direct cable connections with all the other five continents. The representative of the Associated Press had been honoured by an invitation to witness the execution, and was pledged to furnish the details to his colleagues.

There were, according to law, a number of official witnesses, whose duty it was to certify to the Governor that his orders had been carried out. They were in readiness, and the warden now led them to the death-house. Chairs were lined against the wall of the execution chamber, facing the electric chair, and the worthies took their seats. The big warden, with plump round face and little black moustache and narrow slits for eyes; a well-known Boston surgeon; the physician of the prison; the surgeon general of the national guard, who looked like a college professor; the medical examiner of Suffolk County, who looked like a romantic poet with tousled hair; the sheriff of Norfolk County, a bald-headed, stern-faced old Puritan, who had had Sacco in charge for seven years, and Vanzetti off and on, at great expense to his office — he was one of those who had expressed their sentiment by piling up the desk of Judge Thayer with flowers, on the day that learned jurist delivered his charge to the Dedham jury, and explained the nobility of loyalty.

There was a telephone against the wall of the execution chamber, and the representative of the Associated Press took his stand by it; the wire ran to the warden's office, and from there a telegraph operator would relay every word to the crowd of reporters. In this way they would learn when each man entered the death-chamber, when the current was turned on, and when the death was officially announced. Later the "A.P. man" would go over to the officers' club and give the details.

The executioner stood behind a screen in one corner, to the left of the death-chair; he could look over the screen, and see when it was time for him to earn his

money. Two guards stood by the door leading to the cell corridor, and when the warden signalled that all was ready, they stepped back to the first cell, and unlocked the door. Madeiros lay asleep — not setting much value upon his last moments. The guards awakened him, stood him on his feet, and led him, half dazed, into the execution chamber, closing the door behind them, out of kindness for the occupants of the other two cells.

The victim had on short grey trousers, with a slit cut up each leg, and a blue shirt with short sleeves, made specially for the occasion. He was seated in the chair, and as quickly as possible the deputy warden and a guard buckled the straps which would hold his hands and feet immovable. The electrodes, from which the current was to enter the body, were fastened, one to each leg, and a third, the head-piece, covering the entire top of the head; they contained wet sponges, to afford perfect transmission.

They tied a bandage over the victim's eyes, and then stepped back; all was ready. It was the warden's part to signal with his hand to the executioner, who would then move a switch. Since this did the actual killing, the theory was that the executioner alone was responsible, and for carrying this heavy responsibility the Commonwealth paid him the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for each of three motions of the hand — plus travelling expense from his retreat in New York.

He made the first motion, and there was a whirl of the current, and the body of Madeiros gave a sudden leap, which would have jerked it from the chair if it had not been that the straps were heavy. Human flesh became of the rigidity of steel, and stayed that way for several minutes, with a current of nineteen hundred volts passing through it. A ghastly odour of burning hair spread through the death-chamber.

The current was turned off, the body sank back limp into the chair, and the warden signed to the medical

examiners, who stepped forward with their stethoscopes. At nine minutes and thirty-five seconds past midnight they pronounced the Wrentham bank robber dead, and the body was lifted from the chair and carried to one of three newly painted slabs hidden behind a screen in the death-chamber. Nothing could exceed the sense of propriety of the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts, or the decency with which it prepared for the elimination of its enemies.

The door leading to the cells was opened again, and the two guards went into the second cell. Nicola Sacco was not asleep, but waiting, to do his last duty as a revolutionist. He walked out between the guards; he entered the execution chamber, and looked about him at the row of solemn witnesses, the deputies, the chair, and the screen with the face peering over it. His own face was white and haggard, his lips set, his whole expression that of defiance. He walked directly to the chair and sat down; then, as the guards began to adjust the straps, he lifted himself slightly, raised his voice, and said, in what came as a shout in that still, brick-walled chamber of death: "Viva l'anarchia!"

("You see!" said all Massachusetts, when they read about it with their morning coffee and codfish balls. "We told you so! We knew it all along!")

The guards paid no attention to any words. They went on with swift fingers, as if they feared that someone might come to stop them at the last moment. When they were through, and stepped back, Sacco opened his lips again, and the warden withheld the signal. "Farewell, my wife and children and all my friends!" Then, as the warden was in the act of lifting his hand: "Good evening, gentlemen. Farewell, Mother."

The cue was given, and the executioner moved the switch, and the body leaped so that it was like a blow against the straps. Twenty-one hundred volts was the

executioner's estimate of what it would take to rid Massachusetts of this wiry peasant; the amperage was from seven to nine, and it was nineteen minutes and two seconds after midnight when the medical examiners pronounced the duty done. The body of Nicola Sacco was lifted from the chair, and carried behind the screen and laid upon the second slab.

Then for the third and last time the door into the cell corridor was opened, and the guards entered. Bartolomeo Vanzetti had sat upon his cot alone, knowing what was happening in the adjoining chamber, but it had not shaken his nerve; he had had seven years in which to work out his system of self-discipline. "This is our career and our triumph." He rose from his cot, and walked with firm steps, the guards holding him, one by each arm. When they entered the execution chamber, the guards released him, and he looked at them — men whom he had known for a long time, and whom he had taught to respect him, no longer to call him a wop. They were poor fellows, who maybe had wives and children to keep, and could not help what they were doing; so he turned to them first, as became a proletarian martyr. "Good-bye," he said to each, and held out his hand to each in turn, and shook their hands firmly.

Then he turned to Deputy Warden Hogsett, and took both his hands and wrung them. "Good-bye; I thank you for your courtesy to me." And then to the warden, a big towering figure. Vanzetti was quiet and at ease, as if he were welcoming visitors to his home. "Warden, I want to thank you for all that you have done for me." He held out his hand, and the warden took it.

("Jesus!" he said, to one of the reporters afterwards. "He shook my hand, and then I had to raise it to give the signal!")

Vanzetti walked to the chair and sat down. Then he spoke — words which he had made the subject of much thought. "I wish to tell you that I am innocent and never

committed any crime, but sometimes some sin. I thank you for everything you have done for me; I am innocent of all crime, not only of this one, but of all. I am an innocent man."

The guards, well trained, went on with their work, paying no attention to eloquence. The electrodes were adjusted, the straps made fast. As a guard started to apply the bandage to Vanzetti's eyes, he spoke again; it was the question which Cornelia had asked him, and to which he had promised an answer. He gave it with all the world for an audience. "I wish to forgive some people for what they are now doing to me."

The guards stepped back, and the warden gave the signal; the executioner moved the switch, and the body of Bartolomeo Vanzetti leaped as the others had done. Nineteen hundred and fifty volts were estimated to be sufficient for this less robust person, a dreamer and a man of words rather than of action. Many, many words he had both spoken and written, but now no more. The current was turned off, and the medical men made their examination, and at twenty-six minutes and fifty-five seconds past midnight they pronounced that the last spark of anarchism had been extinguished from the august Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The warden had a solemn formula to recite, but his voice almost failed him, and not all the witnesses heard the words: "Under the law I now pronounce you dead, the sentence of the court having been legally carried out."

The third body was laid on the slab, and the doors of the execution chamber were opened — it had grown very hot, with the many volts of electricity and the tense emotions of martyrs. Also, the odor of burned hair made one ill; the night breeze was very welcome. The guards and witnesses went outside, and wiped the sweat from their foreheads, and from the backs of their wilted collars. "Christ!" said the deputy warden. "Did you hear what he said? He forgave me!"

RED ADAMS

(From *Singing Jailbirds*. Adams has been arrested during an attempt of the police to smash a Marine Transport Workers' strike in a California City.)

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY: . . . Well, you know what you stand to get, Red: criminal syndicalism.

RED: Twenty-eight years — yep.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY: You won't live through that.

RED: Nope.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY (*studying him curiously*): I don't see what you figure to gain.

RED: You don't see, and I couldn't make you see. (*With a laugh*) However, it's more comfortable here than in the tank, so if you're looking for a lecture, you can have it. I've been what you call a leader of the wobblies for three years. I've travelled from Vancouver to San Diego; I've visited every lumber camp and every harbor on the Pacific Coast. I've talked to the men on the job — there must be ten thousand that know me, and they know I'm not in the business for my pocket. Tonight the word goes out — they've got Red Adams in jail. Pretty soon it'll be: They're trying him in their dirty courts. It'll be: Their bulls and their lousy stools are lying about him. The 'cutor of the Shipowners' Association is accusing him of burning barns. Then it'll be: They've sent up Red Adams for twenty-eight years! They've got him coughing out his lungs in the jute mill! They've got him in the hole — he's hunger-striking, because he wouldn't stand for the beating of some fellow-worker. Then some day it'll be: Red Adams is dead! Red Adams died for us! Do you think they're all skunks and cowards, Mr. 'Cutor? Why, man, when you get through there'll a thousand on the job in my place!

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

“Passages, both of exhortation and of denunciation, dealing with the relation of the church towards modern problems, and the effort to bring back a property-strangled institution to the revolutionary gospel of its founder.”

CHRIST VISITS WESTERN CITY

(From *They Call Me Carpenter.*)

President Brown of the Western City Labor Council arose to perform his next duty as Chairman. Said he: “The next speaker is a stranger to most of you, and he is also a stranger to me. I do not know what his doctrine is, and I assume no responsibility for it. But he is a man who has proven his friendship for labor, not by words, but by very unusual deeds. He is a man of remarkable personality, and we have asked him to make what suggestions he can as to our problems. I have pleasure in introducing Mr. Carpenter.”

Whereupon the prophet fresh from God arose from his chair, and came slowly to the front of the platform. There was no applause, but a silence, made part of curiosity and part of amazement. His figure, standing thus apart, was majestic; and I noted a curious thing—a shining as of light about his head. It was so clear and so beautiful that I whispered to Old Joe: “Do you see that halo?”

“Go on, Billy!” said the ex-center-rush. “You’re getting nutty!”

“But it’s plain as day, man!”

I felt someone touch my arm, and saw the little lady of the anti-vivisection tracts peering past me. “Do you see his aura?” she whispered excitedly.

“Is that what it is?”

"Yes. It's purple. That denotes spirituality."

I thought to myself: "Good Lord, am I getting to be that sort?"

Carpenter began to speak, quietly, in his grave, measured voice. "My brothers!" He waited for some time, as if that were enough; as if all the problems of life would be solved, if only men would understand those two words. "My brothers: I am, as your Chairman says, a stranger to this world of yours. I do not understand your vast machines and your complex arts. But I know the souls of men and women; when I meet greed, and pride, and cruelty, the enslavements of the flesh, they cannot lie to me. And I have walked about the streets of your city, and I know myself in the presence of a people wandering in a wilderness. My children! — broken-hearted, desolate and betrayed — poorest when you are rich, loneliest when you throng together, proudest when you are most ignorant — my people, I call you into the way of salvation!"

He stretched out his arms to them, and on his face and in his whole look was such anguish, that I think there was no man in that whole great throng so rooted in self-esteem that he was not shaken with sudden awe. The prophet raised his hands in invocation: "Let us pray!" He bowed his head, and many in the audience did the same. Others stared at him in bewilderment, having long ago forgotten how to pray. Here and there someone snickered.

"O God, Our Father, we, Thy lost children, return to Thee, the Giver of Life. We bring our follies and our greeds, and cast them at Thy feet. We do not like the life we have lived. We wish to be those things which for long ages we have dreamed in vain. Wilt Thou show the way?"

His hands sank to his sides, and he raised his head. "Such is the prayer. What is the answer? It has been made known: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and

ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.' These are ancient words, by many forgotten. What do they mean? They mean that we are children of our Father, and not slaves of earthly masters. Would a man make a slave of his own child? And shall man be more righteous than his Creator?

"My brothers: you are hungry, and in need, and your children cry for bread. Do I bid you feed them upon words? Not so; but the life of men is made by the will of men, and that which exists in steel and stone existed first in thought. If your thought is mean and base, your world is a place of torment; if your thought is true and generous, your world is free.

"There was once a man who owned much land, and upon it he built great factories, and many thousand men toiled for him, and he grew fat upon the product of their labor, and his heart was high. And it came to pass that his workers rebelled; and he hired others, and they shot down the workers, so that the rest returned to their labor. And the master said: 'The world is mine, and none can oppose me.' But one day there arose among the workers a man who laughed. And his laughter spread, until all the thousands were laughing. They said: 'We are laughing at the thought that we should work and you take the fruit of our labor.' He ordered his troops to shoot them, but his troops were also laughing, and he could not withstand the laughter of so many men; he laughed also, and said, 'Let us end this foolish thing.'

"Is there a man among you who can say, 'I am worthy of freedom'? That man shall save the world. And I say to you: Make ready your hearts for brotherhood; for the hour draws near, and it is a shameful thing when man is not worthy of his destiny. A man may serve with his body, and yet be free, but he that is a slave in his soul admires the symbols of mastery, and lusts after its fruits.

"What are the fruits of mastery? They are pride and pomp, they are luxury and wantonness and the shows of power. And who is there among you that can say to himself, 'These things have no roots in my heart'? That man is great, and the deliverance of the world is the act of his will."

The speaker paused, and turned; his gaze swept the platform, and those seated on it. Said he: "You are the representatives of organized labor. I do not know your organization, therefore I ask: For what are you united? Is it to follow in the footsteps of your masters, and bind others as they have bound you?"

He waited for an answer, and the Chairman, upon whom his gaze was fixed, cried, "No!" Others also cried, "No!" and the audience took it up with fervour. Carpenter turned to them. "Then I say to you: Break down in your hearts and in the hearts of your fellows the worship of those base things which mastership has brought into the world. If a man pile up food while others starve is not this evil? If a woman deck herself with clothing to her own discomfort, is not this folly? And if it be folly, how shall it be admired by you, to whom it brings starvation and despair?"

"Before me sit young women of the working class. Say to yourselves: I tear from my fingers the jewels which are the blood and tears of my fellow-men; I wash the paint from my face, and from my head and my bosom, I take the silly feathers and ribbons. I dare to be what I am. I dare to speak truth in a world of lies. I dare to deal honestly with men and women.

"Before me sit young men of the working class. I say to you: Love honest women. Do not love harlots, nor imitations of harlots. Do not admire the idle women of the ruling class, nor those who ape them, and thereby glorify them. Do not admire languid limbs and pouting

lips and the signs of haughtiness and vanity, your own enslavements.

"A tree is known by the fruit it gives; and the masters are known by the lives they give to their servants. They are known by misery and unemployment, by plague and famine, by wars, and the slaughter of the people. Let judgment be pronounced upon them!

"You have heard it said: 'Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.' But I say to you: 'Each for all, and the hindmost is your charge.' I say to you: 'If a man will not work, let him be the one that hungers; if he will not serve, let him be your criminal.' For if one man be idle, another man has been robbed; and if any man make display of wealth, that man has the flesh of his brothers in his stomach. Verily, he that lives at ease while others starve has blood-guilt upon him; and he that despises his fellows has committed the sin for which there is no pardon. He that lives for his own glory is a wolf, and vengeance will hunt him down; but he that loves justice and mercy, and labors for these things, dwells in the bosom of my Father.

"Do not think that I am come to bring you ease and comfort; I am come to bring strife and discontent to this world. For the time of martyrdom draws near, and from your Father alone can you draw the strength to endure your trials. You are hungry, but you will be starved; you are prisoned in mills and mines, but you will be walled up in dungeons; you are beaten with whips, but you will be beaten with clubs, your flesh will be torn by bullets, your skin will be burned with fire and your lungs poisoned with deadly gases — such is the dominion of this world. But I say to you, resist in your hearts, and none can conquer you, for in the hearts of men lies the past and the future, and there is no power but love.

"You say the world is evil, and men are base; why should I die for them? Oh ye of little faith, how many have died for you, and would you cheat mankind? If

there is to be goodness in the world, someone must begin; who will begin with me?

"My brothers: I am come to lead you into the way of justice. I bid you follow; not in passion and blind excitement, but as men firm in heart and bent upon service. For the way of self-love is easy, while the way of justice is hard. But some will follow, and their numbers will grow; for the lives of men have grown ill beyond enduring, and there must be a new birth of the spirit. Think upon my message; I shall speak to you again, and the compulsion of my law will rest upon you. The powers of this world come to an end, but the power of goodwill is everlasting, and the body can sooner escape from its own shadow than mankind can escape from brotherhood."

He ceased, and a strange thing happened. Half the crowd rose to its feet; and they cried, "Go on!" Twice he tried to retire to his seat, but they cried, "Go on, go on!" Said he: "My brothers, this is not my meeting, there are other speakers." But they cried, "We want to hear you!" He answered: "You have your policies to decide, and your leaders must have their say. But I will speak to you again tomorrow. I am told that your city permits street speaking on Western City Street on Sundays. In the morning I am going to church, to see how they worship my Father in this city of many mobs; but at noon I will hold a meeting on the corner of Fifth and Western City Streets, and if you wish, you may hear me. Now I ask you to excuse me, for I am weary." He stood for a moment, and I saw that although he had never raised his voice nor made a violent gesture, his eyes were dark and hollow with fatigue, and drops of sweat stood upon his forehead.

He turned and left the platform, and Old Joe and I hurried around to join him. We found him with Korwsky, the little Russian tailor whose son he had healed. Korwsky claimed him to spend the night at his home; the friend with the delivery wagon was on hand, and they were

ready to start. I asked Carpenter to what church he was going in the morning, and he startled me by the reply, "St. Bartholomew's." I promised that I would surely be on hand, and then Old Joe and I set out to walk home.

"Well?" said I. "What do you think of him?"

The ex-center-rush walked for a bit before he answered. "You know, Billy boy," said he, "we do lead rotten useless lives."

"Good Lord!" I thought; it was the first sign of a soul I had ever noted in Old Joe! "Why," I argued, "you sell paper, and that's useful, isn't it?"

"I don't know whether it is or not. Look at what's printed on it—mostly advertisements and bunk." And again we walked for a bit. "By the way," said the ex-center-rush, "before he got through, I saw that aura, or whatever you call it. I guess I'm getting nutty, too!"

DOMINIE OF THE WOBBLIES

(From *Singing Jailbirds*. The scene is a "Tank" in a California jail. "The 'Dominie' in the play is the Reverend George Chalmers Richmond, formerly rector of Old St. John's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia; Dr. Richmond was arrested under the conditions described, and behaved in the jail as described.")

(The newcomers are the JAILER and the CHIEF OF POLICE escorting the DOMINIE under arrest. They come down the corridor and stop outside the barred door of the front tank. The CHIEF is a broad-shouldered, stern-featured man in civilian clothing. The DOMINIE is an Episcopal clergyman, fifty years of age, in full regimentals, stoutish, florid in face, prosperous in appearance, the very picture of an English bishop, except for the gaiters; a man of the world, urbane and sophisticated, he takes this adventure with zest which not all his indignation can mar.)

MATT: Hell! It's a sky pilot!

JERRY: Holy mackerel! They've pinch a Bible-shark!

DOMINIE (*a magnificent pulpit voice which rolls through the corridor*): Fellow-workers, I greet you in the name of the Crucified.

RED: (*shouting from back of tank*): It's the Dominie!

PETE: What the devil's a Dominie?

RED: (*shoving*): He was coming to preach to us! He's on our side!

JOE GUNTHER: Gangway! Coming through here! (*They make room so that RED can get up to the door of the tank*)

RED (*elbowing his way to the door*): Hello, Dominie!

DOMINIE: Welcome, my lad!

RED: By God! They pinched you?

DOMINIE: By Satan, you should say!

RED: Welcome to our midst! Boys, this is the Dominie. Squeeze up and make room for him.

JOE GUNTHER: I'll hold him on my lap, if I must!

PETE: Where the devil we gonna squeeze to?

RED: He was coming to make us a speech tonight!

DOMINIE (*to the CHIEF OF POLICE*): Chief, I call your attention to this outrageous condition of crowding.

THE CHIEF: You'll love to be close to them.

DOMINIE: I protest against this devilish inhumanity! I denounce this indignity to a wearer of the cloth! (*The CHIEF makes no reply, but stands while the JAILER opens the door and shoves the DOMINIE by main force into the tank*) Once more I warn you—every man who participates in this outrage is incurring a suit for damages and prosecution for false arrest.

THE CHIEF: All right, Dominie, go to it! (*They lock him in and depart*)

RED (*grabs DOMINIE by hand*): Well, well! So they knocked you off!

DOMINIE: They have done me that honour!

RED: What did you do?

DOMINIE: I walked down your main street, having in mind the criminal intention to commit the criminal act of preaching to the strikers when I got to where they were. But the telepathic department of your city detective service discovered the aforesaid criminal intention, and laid hands upon me.

RED: Three cheers for the Dominie!

ALL: Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

DOMINIE: Being a citizen of the United States, as well as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, I rejoice in having accumulated a most gorgeous series of damage suits against the public authorities of your city.

JOE GUNTHER: Go for them, Dominie!

DOMINIE: With all my heart and soul I shall do that!

RED: Preach to us, Dominie!

JOE GUNTHER: Sure thing! We'll never need it more!

DOMINIE: I could ask no better pulpit.

RED (*shouts through bars to the men in the other tank*): Fellow-workers! Fellow-workers! The Dominie, who got in jail for us, is going to preach us a sermon.

VOICES (*from the other tank*): The hell you say! Go to it, old timer! 'Ray fer the Bible-shark! Up with the sky-pilot!

DOMINIE (*stands facing the door of tank and orates in best pulpit style, with gestures through the bars*): Fellow-workers! There has befallen me this night the proudest honor that can come to a minister of the Son of Man on earth. Standing a prisoner before the bar of World Capitalism, I have been dowered with my celestial title—my crown of thorns—my halo of glory. Him, mocking, they called the King of the Jews; me, mocking, they call the Dominie of the Wobblies, the Parson to the I. W. W. Fellow-workers in the cause of social justice, I put the question to you: Will you ratify that appointment? May I wear that badge of honor before the Throne of Grace?

ALL (*tumultuously*): Hurray! You bet! Go to it, old scout! You're our parson! 'Ray fer the Dominie!

DOMINIE: Fellow-workers, the bond is sealed, the everlasting glory is mine. I hear the thrilling words of my Lord and Master: "For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me!"

ALL: Hooray! Three cheers for the Dominie!

THE CROWD (*outside, through the windows*): Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

DOMINIE: They hear me outside on the street! I can preach my night's sermon after all! (*Raising his voice to a mighty bellow*) Friends and fellow-workers! Fellow-strikers against the rule of greed! You hear me out there?

CROWD (*outside*): We hear! Hooray!

DOMINIE: I proclaim unto you Christ and Him crucified! Not the stained glass window saint of the fashionable churches, but the working-class revolutionist, the rebel carpenter, the First Wobbly of the World!

CROWD (*pandemonium both inside the tanks and outside on the street*): Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

DOMINIE: Glory hallelujah, and deliverance unto all the oppressed! In the name of Jesus Christ the Redeemer I prophesy and ordain the downfall of World Capitalism, and the Second Coming of the Saviour in the Social Revolution!

CROWD: Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

DOMINIE: I preach to you Fellow-worker Jesus! Forget Him not in this your time of trial, for He is here tonight among you. All that you have borne, He bore; all that you hate, He hated—He scourged it with whips from His holy temple! All that you love, He loved—He was the brother of the humble and the lowly! Like you, fellow-wobblies, He faced the cruel power of the money-masters! Like you, He was scourged by the hired soldiery of a predatory class! Like you, He was thrown into prison! Like the best of your glorious martyrs, He died

in anguish, that mankind might be free from the enslavement of Mammon!

ALL: Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! (*While the crowd yells, the DOMINIE fishes out with some difficulty from under his long clerical coat a snowy linen handkerchief and mops the perspiration from his brow*)

VOICE (*from the rear tank*): You'll lose your job if you talk like that!

DOMINIE: I've lost it already.

RED: Come join the wobblies!

JOE GUNTHER: We'll pay you a living wage.

DOMINIE (*with a touch of melancholy*): Ah, boys, I have no delusions on that score. I have lived in the world, and learned its temptations. I like my muffins toasted just right. I like my beefsteak properly turned. I like clean linen and polished silver. But more than all these things I like the salvation of my soul!

THE CROWD: Hooray! Hooray!

DOMINIE (*raises his voice again, to reach the crowd outside; he speaks with the gestures of a trained pulpit orator, and in tones of especial solemnity*): Once more a new religion is born into the world—a new church is founded—a new covenant is sealed with the blood of holy martyrs! Stand firm, Industrial Workers of the World! Stand firm for the rights of the toilers, and against the might of the exploiters! Know that every tear you shed is sacred, that every drop of blood from your veins is caught in a heavenly chalice, and serves to fructify the future of the human race!

THE CROWD: Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! (*As the tumult mounts, the CHIEF OF POLICE enters hurriedly at end of corridor, followed by the police officer and the jailer*)

DOMINIE (*paying no attention to the CHIEF*): Fellow-workers in the Vineyard of the Lord, the time of the promised harvest draws nigh! The cries of the afflicted

have mounted up to the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth—

CHIEF: Well, well, Dominie—you're getting in your spiel after all!

DOMINIE (*still paying no attention to him*): The salvation of the workers is promised! The people's hour draws nigh—

THE PRISONERS: Hooray! Hooray!

CHIEF (*to JAILER*): Open her up! (*To DOMINIE*) We'll have to move you away from the windows, Dominie—

DOMINIE (*louder than ever*): Stand firm for the workers! Bow not to the servants of Satan!

THE PRISONERS (*shaking their fists at the police*): We'll stand! We'll stand! (*JAILER opens door, while policeman stands with club, as before*)

CHIEF: Come on out! (*They pull DOMINIE from the tank, then close door with a clang; the officer leads him down the corridor, while he continues to orate at the top of his voice*) In the name of God the Father, I denounce this torture of His children! In the name of God the Son, I denounce this unchristian brutality! In the name of God the Holy Ghost —

THE PRISONERS: Shame! Shame! Hooray for the Dominie! Down with the cops! Spit on them! Hooray! Hooray! (*The DOMINIE is escorted off by the officer; the prisoners sing.*)

PRINCE HAGEN

(From *Prince Hagen*. The prince, "ruler of the Nibelungs, a race of gold-hoarding gnomes, comes up to visit the land of the earth-men, and study Christian civilization. He finds a number of ideas worth taking back to his underground home.")

Prince Hagen paused for a moment and puffed in silence; then suddenly he remarked: "Do you know that

it is a very wonderful idea—that immortality? Did you ever think about it?”

“Yes,” I said, “a little.”

“I tell you, the man who got that up was a world-genius. When I saw how it worked, it was something almost too much for me to believe; and still I find myself wondering if it can last. For you know if you can once get a man believing in immortality, there is no more left for you to desire; you can take everything in the world he owns—you can skin him alive if it pleases you—and he will bear it all with perfect good humor. I tell you what, I lie awake at night and dream about the chances of getting the Nibelungs to believe in immortality; I don’t think I can manage it, but it is a stake worth playing for. I say the phrases over to myself—you know them all—‘It is better to give than to receive’—‘Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth’—‘Take no heed, saying what shall ye eat!’ As a matter of fact, I fancy the Nibelungs will prove pretty tough at reforming, but it is worth any amount of labor. Suppose I could ever get to the self-renouncing point! Just fancy the self-renunciation of a man with a seventy-mile tunnel full of gold!”

Prince Hagen’s eyes danced; his face was a study. I watched him wonderingly. “Why do you go to all that bother?” I demanded, suddenly. “If you want the gold, why don’t you simply kill the Nibelungs and take it?”

“I have thought of that,” he replied; “I might easily manage it all with a single revolver. But why should I kill the geese that lay me golden eggs? I want not only the gold they have, but the gold that they will dig through the centuries that are to come; for I know that the resources of Nibelheim, if they could only be properly developed, would be simply infinite. So I have made up my mind to civilize the people and develop their souls.”

“Explain to me just how you expect to get their gold,” I said.

“Just as the capitalist is getting it in New York,” was

the response. "At present the Nibelungs hide their wealth; I mean to broaden their minds, and establish a system of credit. I mean to teach them ideals of usefulness and service, to establish the arts and sciences, to introduce machinery and all the modern improvements that tend to increase the centralization of power; I shall be master—just as I am here—because I am the strongest, and because I am not a dupe."

"I see," I said; "but all this will take a long time."

"Yes," he said, "I know; it is the whole course of history to be lived over again. But there will be no mistakes and no groping in this case, for I know the way, and I am king. It will be a sort of benevolent despotism—the ideal form of government, as I believe."

"And you are sure there is no chance of your plans failing?"

"Failing!" he laughed. "You should have seen how they have worked so far."

"You have begun applying them?"

"I have been down to Nibelheim twice since the death of dear grandpa," said the prince. "The first time, as you imagine, there was tremendous excitement, for all Nibelheim knew what a bad person I had been, and stood in terror of my return. I got them all together and told them the truth—that I had become wise and virtuous, that I meant to respect every man's property, and that I meant to consecrate my whole endeavour to the developing of the resources of my native land. And then you should have witnessed the scene! They went half wild with rejoicing; they fell down on their knees and thanked me with tears in their eyes: I played the *pater patriae* in a fashion to take away your breath. And afterwards I went on to explain to them that I had discovered very many wonderful things up on the earth; that I was going to make a law forbidding any of them to go there, because it was so dangerous, but that I myself was going to brave all the perils for their sakes. I told them about a wonderful

animal that was called a steam-drill, and that ate fire, and dug out gold with swiftness beyond anything they could imagine. I said that I was going to empty all my royal treasure caves, and take my fortune and some of theirs to the earth to buy a few thousand of these wonderful creatures; and I promised them that I would give them to the Nibelungs to use, and they might have twice as much gold as they would have dug with their hands, provided they would give me the balance. Of course they agreed to it with shouts of delight, and the contracts were signed then and there. They helped me get out all my gold, and I took them down the steam-drills, and showed them how to manage them; so before very long I expect to have quite a snug little income."

THE GRAFT OF GRACE

(From *The Profits of Religion*. Sinclair has been discussing "The Church of the Quacks," the Seventh-Day Adventists, Mormons, Holy Rollers, Pastor Russellism, Koreshanity, Mazdaznan, Theosophy, Christian Science, and other unorthodox manifestations of the religious instinct, particularly their financial aspect.)

All this is grotesque; but it is what happens to religions in a world of commercial competition. It happens not merely to Christian Science and New Thought religions, Mazdaznan and Zionist, Holy Roller and Mormon religions, but to Catholic and Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Methodist and Baptist religions. For you see, when you are with the wolves you must howl with them; when you are competing with fakers you must fake. The ordinary Christian will read the claims of the New Thought fakers with contempt; but have I not shown the Catholic Church publishing long lists of money-miracles? Have I not shown the Church of Good Society, our exclusive and aristocratic Protestant Episcopalian communion, pretending to call

rain and to banish pestilence, to protect crops and win wars and heal those who are "sick in estate"—that is, who are in business trouble?

The reader will say that I am a cynic, despising my fellows; but that is not so. I am an economic scientist, analysing the forces which operate in human societies. I blame the prophets and priests and healers for their fall from idealism; but I blame still more the competitive wage-system, which presents them with the alternative to swindle or to starve.

For, you see, the prophet has to have food. He has frequently got along with almost none, and with only a rag for clothing; in Palestine and India, where the climate is warm, a sincere faith has been possible for short periods. But the modern prophet who expects to influence the minds of men has to have books and newspapers; he will find a telephone and a typewriter and postage-stamps hardly to be dispensed with, also in Europe and America some sort of a roof over his meeting place. So the prophet is caught, like all the rest of us, in the net of the speculator and the landlord. He has to get money, and in order to get it he has to impress those who already have it—people whose minds and souls have been deformed by the system of parasitism and exploitation.

So the prophet becomes a charlatan; or, if he refuses, he becomes a martyr, and founds a church which becomes a church of charlatans. I care not how sincere, how passionately proletarian a religious prophet may be, that is the fate which sooner or later befalls him in a competitive society—to be the founder of an organization of fools, conducted by knaves, for the benefit of wolves. That fate befell Buddha and Jesus, it befell Ignatius Loyola and Francis of Assisi, John Fox and John Calvin and John Wesley.

A friend of mine who has made a study of "Spiritualism" describes to me the conditions in that field. The mediums are people, mostly women, with a peculiar gift;

whether we believe in the survival of personality, or whether we call it telepathy, does not alter the fact that they have a rare and special sensitiveness, a new faculty which science must investigate. They come, poor people mostly—for the well-to-do will seldom give their time to exacting and wearisome experiments. They come, wearing frayed and thin clothing, shivering with cold, obviously undernourished; and their survival depends upon their producing "phenomena"—which phenomena are capricious, and will not come at call. So, what more natural than that mediums should resort to faking? That the whole field should be reeking with fraud, and science should be held back from understanding an extraordinary power of the subconscious mind?

Ever since we came to Pasadena, various ladies have been telling us about the wondrous powers of a mulatto woman, a manicurist at the city's most fashionable hotel. The other day, out of curiosity, my wife and I went; the moment the "medium" opened her mouth my wife recognized her as the person who has been trying for several months to get me on the telephone to tell me how the spirit of Jack London is seeking to communicate with me! The *séance* was a public one, a gathering composed, half of wealthy and cultured society women, and half of confederates, people with the dialect and manners of a vaudeville troupe. A megaphone was set in the middle of the floor, the room was made dark, a couple of hymns were sung, and then the spirit of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke through the megaphone with a Bowery accent, and gave communications from relatives and friends of the various confederates. "Jesus is with us," said Dr. Holmes. "The spirit of Jesus bids you to study spiritualism." And then came the voice of a child: "Mamma! Mamma!" "It is little Georgie!" cried Dr. Holmes; and one of the society ladies started, and answered, and presently burst into tears. A marvellous piece of evidence—especially when you recall that the story of this mother's bereave-

ment had been published in all the papers a couple of months before!

And this kind of swindling is going on every night in every city of America. It goes on wholesale for months every summer at Lily Dale, in New York State, where the spiritualists hold their combination of Chautauqua and Coney Island. And the same thing is going on in the field of mental healing, and of all other "occult" forces and powers, whether real or imaginary. It is going on with new spiritual fervours, new moral idealisms, new poetry, new music, new painting, new sculpture. The faker, the charlatan is everywhere—using the mental and moral and artistic forces of life as a means of delivering himself from economic servitude. Everywhere I turn I see it—credulity being exploited, and men of practical judgment, watching the game and seeing through it, made hard in their attitude of materialism. How many men I know who sit by in sullen protest while their wives drift from one new quackery to another, wasting their income seeking health and happiness in futile emotionalism! How many kind and sensitive spirits I know—both men and women—who pour their treasures of faith and admiration into the laps of hierophants who began by fooling all mankind and ended by fooling themselves!

In each one of the cults of what I have called the "Church of the Quacks," there are thousands, perhaps millions of entirely sincere, self-sacrificing people. They will read this book—if anyone can persuade them to read it—with pain and anger; thinking that I am mocking at their faith, and have no appreciation of their devotion. All that I can say is that I am trying to show them how they are being trapped, how their fine and generous qualities are being used as exploiters of one sort or another; and how this must continue, world without end, until there is order in the material affairs of the race, until justice has been established as the law of man's dealing with his fellows.

MARYA AND HER SON

(From *Our Lady*. The book of which Sinclair says: "There is a saying that every author has one book which he especially loves, and "Our Lady" is mine.)

Marya stood in the doorway of her home, watching her oldest son walk down the stony path which led through the little valley. He went without looking behind him, as one who had put his hand to the plow and might not turn back. His shoulders were slightly bowed, as if with the burden of his thoughts. She knew so well his way of walking, with his eyes fixed on nothing. She followed him with her yearning; her soul cried, "Come back! Come back!" — but she knew that he would not hear.

It was a morning in early springtime, and the floor of the vale was covered with soft and tender green. This verdure was to her as the flesh of her first-born. The flowers, bright blue and pink and golden, were the little love-thoughts which had started in his soul, and which hers had plucked and cherished. The glory of the fruit-tree blossoms were the robes in which her fancy had dressed him. The songs of the bluebirds were his first murmurings, the music from the larks in the sky were singing welcome to the newborn babe. These stirrings of sense and soul are the secret treasure of young motherhood, and whatever may be her later cares and sorrows, she keeps the memories buried somewhere in her inmost heart.

Now this first-born was grown to manhood, and was going his way into the world. Her eyes followed him, to the point where he would pass out of sight. She knew that part of the journey, but the rest was unknown to her and full of perils vaguely guessed. While her hungry eyes devoured his every movement, her frightened soul

fed itself upon despair. When he passed the threshing floor of Simon ben Zoma, their nearest neighbor, her inner voice was crying: "It is forever!" When he passed the wine press which the vineyardist Jaddua had hewn out of the rock, she was whispering: "I shall never see him again!"

Lovely was that land of Galilee in springtime. Flowing waters, bright abundant verdure, soft contours—nature had done her best. The little vale opened out into a shelf, and there lay the village of Nazareth, each of its streets a terrace made by men's labor, beautiful with fig and olive trees, date palms and vineyards. Fifteen blue hills half-circled the plateau. To the north lay tall Mount Hermon, still tipped with snow; to the west purple Mount Carmel, with the great sea beyond it; to the east wooded Mount Tabor, rounded so that the poets of Palestine compared it to a bosom. Why could not a man be happy in such a place? With a home, and a treasure of love in it, why must he go wandering into a madhouse of cruelty?

He had a duty which she did not understand; he heard some inner voice, unknown to her. He had spoken sternly, even harshly, to his mother. The sound of his sandals on the path had died away, and his figure grew smaller to her eyes. He came to the place where an orchard cut him from her sight, and he passed it without turning to wave to her, doubtless without even thinking of her.

Marya turned into her house. It was a one-room cabin, made of grayish-brown clay. It had one door, no windows, and a flat roof. Its furniture consisted of a table and two benches, two blue-painted chests for clothing and other objects, and a box on which were set several pieces of pottery. This amount of furniture was due to the fact that her husband, Josef, had been a carpenter, and her first-born, Jeshu, had learned the trade, and still now and then followed it.

Various utensils and tools stood against the wall of this humble home: a water jar, a wine jar, a broom made of twigs bound to a stick, a spade having an iron-tipped point, a reaping hook. There was no graven image or ornament of any sort, and no attempt at decoration; the beds were straw, and Marya's was covered by a sheep pelt, a part of her dowry, aged, but still treasured. In one corner was a wooden peg to which she tethered a she-goat at night, and in another corner a peg for the sheep; both of these creatures now had their young, and their presence meant that the floor was alive with fleas. If the Lord had made any place without fleas, it was surely not in Palestine.

There was no way of heating such a home; on winter nights in this hill country you wrapped yourself in a robe. By way of lighting there was a small flat dish filled with oil, and having a groove in which a wick was laid. The cooking was done outside; the stone fireplace was in a yard or court, perhaps twelve feet square, in front of the cabin.

Outside the house, Nature expounded her lesson that beauty and utility can be combined. At one side an ancient fig tree spread its branches thirty feet in every direction; each twig was now a branched candlestick pointing to the sky, having at each tip a bright flame of green. From one side of the house stretched a grape arbor, its leaves half-grown, its sprays of tiny blossoms filling the air with sweetness such as no king could purchase for his concubines. At the other side the carpenter's shed was built against the house, and in the rear stood olive trees, ancient, with gnarled trunks, and branches which never lost their multitude of little silver leaves.

Such was the home in which Marya had labored for thirty years. In that time, lying on the sheep pelt, she had borne nine children and raised six of them. She was now a widow in her late forties, which was old age in that day; her hands were knotted with toil, her sinews

stood out like cords, her face was lean and deeply graven. But she had been fair when first she had come to this home, and now to the discerning eye her features revealed kindness, wisdom, and love.

She did not know how to read or write. She had never had a day in school; but from her husband and her sons she had learned texts, some of them being words of precious import. She had observed nature and human life, and applied ancient sayings to modern experiences. Moreover, it had befallen that her first-born had developed great powers of mind, and she had watched these unfolding; she had questioned him, and kept his strange sayings in her heart. He had gone much to the "house of learning," the room in the synagogue where the holy books were stored; so in his talk had been the ecstasy of the psalms, the majestic anger of the prophet Isaiah, the strange visions of the Book of Daniel. He would leave his work and wander over the hills, pondering these lofty matters; the mother, tending the beasts and preparing the food, traveled with him in her thoughts, and would question him when he returned.

So she was not just a peasant woman; nor was her village the mere collection of mud hovels it appeared to the traveler. When Marya went to the well, as she did twice a day, carrying her cruse on her head, she had opportunity to hear talk, not merely about Nazareth, but about strange events in many parts of the world. This land of Galilee had been fought over by armies, and among its crowded dwellers were Syrians from the north, Egyptians from the south, Babylonians and Chaldeans from the east, Greeks and Romans from all the seas.

Less than an hour's walk distant lay the town which the Romans called Sepphoris, lately restored and having a royal palace and a garrison. Through this town passed the Via Maris, "the road of the sea," which led from Accho on the coast to the valley of the Jordan, and thence to Damascus, the great city of Syria. By this stone-paved

route went Roman soldiers, and caravans of camels and asses, and heavy carts drawn by oxen, hauling the marble pillars and carved pediments for the new city of Tiberias, which the ruler, Herod Antipas, was building for the glory of the emperor who kept him on the throne.

Yes, the people of Jerusalem might sneer at those of Galilee, calling them “‘amme-ha’ aretz,” that is to say, “people of the soil;” they might mock their way of speech, lacking the much vaunted “lishna qalila,” the light and tripping accent of the smart set of the city, who had nothing to do but dress themselves in fine raiment and chatter to one another. But the “people of the soil” had the Law and the Prophets, and if they did not cultivate worldly arts, it was because the faith of their fathers was good enough for them. They lived sober and godly lives, cultivating their fields, observing the Gentiles without paying them the compliment of imitation.

THE VOICE OF THE AGES

"Records from the past history of mankind."

THE LEGACY OF ISRAEL

(From *The Profits of Religion*.)

In the most deeply significant of the legends concerning Jesus, we are told how the devil took him up into a high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time; and the devil said unto him: "All this power will I give unto thee, and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will, I give it. If thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be thine." Jesus, as we know, answered and said: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" And he really meant it; he would have nothing to do with worldly glory, with "temporal power;" he chose the career of a revolutionary agitator, and died the death of a disturber of the peace. And for two or three centuries his church followed in his footsteps, cherishing his proletarian gospel. The early Christians had "all things in common, except women;" they lived as social outcasts, hiding in deserted catacombs, and being thrown to lions and boiled in oil.

But the devil is a subtle worm; he does not give up at one defeat, for he knows human nature, and the strength of the forces which battle for him. He failed to get Jesus, but he came again to get Jesus' church. He came when, through the power of the new revolutionary idea, the Church had won a position of tremendous power in the decaying Roman Empire; and the subtle worm assumed the guise of no less a person than the Emperor himself, suggesting that he should become a convert to a new faith, so that the Church and he might work together for the greater glory of God. The bishops and fathers of the Church, ambitious for their organization, fell for this

scheme, and Satan went off laughing to himself. He had got everything he had asked from Jesus three hundred years before; he had got the world's greatest religion. How complete and swift was his success you may judge from the fact that fifty years later we find the Emperor Valentinian compelled to pass an edict limiting the donations of emotional females to the Church in Rome!

From that time on Christianity has been what I have shown in this book, the chief of the enemies of social progress. From the days of Constantine to the days of Bismarck and Mark Hanna, Christ and Cæsar have been one, and the Church has been the shield and armour of predatory economic might. With only one qualification to be noted: that the Church has never been able to suppress entirely the memory of her proletarian Founder. She has done her best, of course; we have seen how her scholars twist his words out of their sense, and the Catholic Church even goes so far as to keep to the use of a dead language, so that her victims may not hear the words of Jesus in a form they can understand.

'Tis well that such seditious songs are sung
Only by priests, and in the Latin tongue!

But in spite of this, the history of the Church has been one incessant struggle with upstarts and rebels who have filled themselves with the spirit of the Magnificat and the Sermon on the Mount, and of that bitterly class-conscious proletarian, James, the brother of Jesus.

And here is the thing to be noted, that the factor which has given life to Christianity, which enables it to keep its hold on the hearts of men today, is precisely this new wine of faith and fervour which has been poured into it by generation after generation of poor men who live like Jesus as outcasts, and die like Jesus as criminals, and are revered like Jesus as founders and saints. The greatest of the early Church fathers were bitterly fought by the Church authorities of their own time. St. Chrysostom, Bishop of

Constantinople, was turned out of office, exiled and practically martyred; St. Basil was persecuted by the Emperor Valens; St. Ambrose excommunicated by the tyrannical Emperor Theodosius; St. Cyprian gave all his wealth to the poor, and was exiled and finally martyred. In the same way, most of the heretics whom the Holy Inquisition tortured and burned were proletarian rebels; the saints whom the Church reveres, the founders of the orders which gave it life for century after century, were men who sought to return to the example of the carpenter's son.

This proletarian strain in Christianity goes back to a time long before Jesus; it seems to have been inherent in the religious character of the Jews—that stubborn independence, that stiff-necked insistence on the right of a man to interview God for himself and to find out what God wants him to do; also the inclination to find that God wants him to oppose earthly rulers and their plundering of the poor. What is it that gives to the Bible the vitality it has today? Its literary style? To say that is to display the ignorance of the cultured; for elevation of style is a by-product of passionate conviction; it is what the Jewish writers had to say, and not the way they said it, that has given them their hold upon mankind. Was it their insistence upon conscience, their fear of God as the beginning of wisdom? But the same element appears in the Babylonian psalms, which are as eloquent and as sincere as those of the Hebrews, yet are read only by scholars. Was it their sense of the awful presence of divinity, of the soul immortal in its keeping? The Egyptians had that far more than the Hebrews and yet we do not cherish their religious books. Or was it the love of man for all things living, the lesson of charity upon which the Catholics lay such stress? The gentle Buddha had that, and had it long before Christ; also his priests had metaphysical subtlety, greater than that of John the Apostle or Thomas Aquinas.

No, there is one thing and one only which distinguishes the Hebrew sacred writings from all others, and that is their insistent note of proletarian revolt, their furious denunciations of exploiters, and of luxury and wantonness, the vices of the rich. Of that note the Assyrian and Chaldean and Babylonian writing contain not a trace, and the Egyptian hardly enough to mention. The Hindus had a trace of it; but the true, natural-born rebels of all time were the Hebrews. They were rebels against oppression in ancient Judea, as they are today in Petrograd and New York; the spirit of equality and brotherhood which spoke through Ezekiel and Amos and Isaiah, through John the Baptist and Jesus and James, spoke in the last century through Marx and Lassalle and Jaurés, and speaks today through Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Kautsky and Israel Zangwill and Morris Hillquit and Abraham Cahan and Emma Goldman and the Joseph Fels endowment.

The legal rate of interest throughout the Babylonian Empire was 20%, the laws of Manu permitted 24%, while the laws of the Egyptians only stepped in to prevent more than 100%. But listen to this Hebrew law:

“If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him, yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee: Take thou no interest of him, or increase; but fear thy God that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him any money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase.”

And so on, forbidding that Hebrews be sold as bond servants, and commanding that at the end of fifty years all debtors shall have their debts forgiven and their lands returned to them. And note that this is not the raving of agitators, the demand of a minority party; it is the law of the Hebrew land.

There has been of late a great deal of new discovery concerning the early Jews.

But then prosperity came, and culture, which meant contact with the capitalist ideas of the heathen empires. The Jews fell from the stern justice of their fathers; and so came the prophets, wild-eyed men of the people, clad in camel's hair and living upon locusts and wild honey, breaking in upon priests and kings and capitalists with their furious denunciations. And always they incited to class war and social disturbance.

And nowadays we have the Socialist and Anarchist agitators, following the same tradition, possessed by the same dream as the ancient Hebrew prophets.

FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN . . .

(From *Roman Holiday*.)

The Forum itself was crowded with statues and monuments, and trees, several of them old and famous; there was the Ficus Ruminalis, the fig-tree under which it was believed that Romulus and Remus had been exposed and mothered by the she-wolf, six hundred and sixteen years back; also there was a lotus-tree, even older than the city of Rome. There was the famous bronze statue of Marsyas, the gathering-place of the unemployed lawyers, eager for clients. There was the Canalis, a place which it would not be refined to describe in detail; it was the haunt of drunkards, who were called derisively canalicolae. There was the sundial, a favorite loafing place — you know the kind of old boys who sun themselves on benches in public squares. There was the Tabula Valeria, a kind of panorama of the battle we had won against the armies of

King Hieron of Syracuse some twenty-two years back: the kind of spectacle which you show to your country cousin when he comes on a visit.

Finally, there was the Rostra, or public tribune, the cause of our present troubles; because every agitator takes it as an invitation to make speeches to the mob. Rome is supposed to be a republic, governed by its citizens; and so, "Civis Romanus sum!" bellows every loafer and bum, every bankrupt farmer and unemployed artisan, and thinks that means that his person is inviolate, and he can stand up in the public square and denounce the authorities of his city. There under the very shadow of the Columna Rostrata, erected to celebrate the victory of our fleet over the Carthaginians, they will roar treason and sedition, covering themselves with the mantle of what they call "free speech" and "civil liberties!"

It is the plebs against the patricians; and this was the field day of the plebs, the great Apollinarian holiday. The striking artisans, the weavers and shipbuilders and pottery makers, had come swarming to the Forum. Their agents circulate among the idle and discontented, to say nothing of the criminal classes with which our city swarms. You have only to let such riffraff listen to a few incendiary speeches, and they will be ready to grab up clubs and stones, scythes and spades and other implements, and set out to slay the rich and plunder their homes.

They were just starting their so-called meeting when our party came in sight. The Forum was packed with people, and the agitators unfurled banners, which they fastened to poles and held aloft for all to read. "Potestas populi!" read one which faced us; and "Tyrannis obsta!"—"Resist the tyrants," meaning, of course, us of the better class. Another was: "Pax, panis et terra!" or "Peace, land and bread," as I remember the modern Bolsheviks phrased it. Imagine such sentiments. exposed

before the eyes of the landless and idle, in defiance of public authority! "Labor omnia fecit"—"labor produces all wealth."—and so we, the masters, who furnish the capital and brains, are to be dispossessed by a rabble of laborers and ditch-diggers! That is what their program really means, no matter how hard they may pretend they are merely resisting a cut in wages.

It is all I can do to keep from leaping from my seat and seizing one of the poles from those banner-bearers, and belaboring them over the heads with it. I have to remind myself that I probably have a dislocated shoulder; also that I am in a dangerous position, because no doubt the leaders of this riot know I was responsible for last night's raid. One of the banners reads: "Punish the murderers of Agri!" They will make all the capital they can out of the accident; their "hero and saint" has become a martyr, and orators up on the Rostra are bawling about his cruel fate.

It would not be so bad if this crowd consisted of Roman citizens; we could manage to cajole our own people, appealing to their patriotic pride. But since the ending of the World War, our desperate struggle with Carthage, our city has become the cynosure of all eyes, and swarms of foreigners come—peregrini, we call them—expecting to get a share of our wealth and prosperity: the scum of the earth, from every tribe known, bankrupt farmers, army deserters, runaway slaves and the sons of slaves. When they cannot find work, they expect to live upon public charity; they become the victims of every sort of agitator and demagogue, and the cause of an appalling crime wave, before which our authorities seem to be helpless. I think we have made the greatest blunder of our history in permitting these hordes to overrun us; but now they are here, and at all cost we have to hold them in subjection.

The danger is made a thousand times more acute by the propaganda of Eunus. I don't know how much you

know about this fanatical rebel: he was a slave, and I am told he is a healer and worker of miracles, though of course that may be so, it is hard to judge the wild tales which come to us out of Sicily. This great island was part of the Greek Empire, but Eunus has seized it, with a horde of revolting slaves, discontented workers, and soldiers, left without employment by the ending of the Carthaginian war, he has set up a sort of communistic society, and hurled his challenge at what he calls the "capitalist class." That means Rome, for we are the headquarters of the new banking and big business developments; so we oppose Eunus, but only in a feeble, half-hearted way, carrying on propaganda against him, and subsidizing various states to attack him. Sicily is an enormous island, and on account of its mountainous character, very difficult of access; therefore these proletarian rebels continue to labor and pile up the means of warfare against us.

It is the gravest menace in our history, according to my way of thinking, and I proclaim that sooner or later we shall have to go in and make a complete job of Eunus. These revolutionaries are cunning, and their agents go into every rich and prosperous country, and incite revolts of the landless, and tell the artisans they are "exploited" by their masters. They take advantage of disputes with our workers, and try to magnify them into civil war. Their well-paid spies swarm in our capital, and we seem unable to root them out.

I know all about this, because our friend Clarentus Calvus, who controls a good part of the amphora industry, has a secret service which brings him the news. But I wouldn't need to do more than look at these banners which I see unfurled suddenly in the Forum. "Power to the people!" "Resist the tyrants!" "Peace, land, and bread!" "Labor produces all wealth!"—these are not Roman ideas, they would never have sprung into the heads of our god-fearing and law-abiding citizens. No, this is the Sicilian poison! It is the serpents of Eunus who have

crawled into our city and whispered these incendiary phrases!

I want to warn our people; I have an impulse to stand up and shout: "Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears!" But I remember that I have a bad shoulder, and I feel suddenly dizzy, and am not quite sure where I am, or whether that is the proper formula to shout in the Forum. I sink back into my cushions.

However, law and order are not to go undefended in Rome. There come sweeping up the street a company of our vigiles, the uniformed guards who serve the double purpose of policemen and firemen. They carry clubs, and at their head comes our fat and panting *præfectus vigilium*. All of a sudden I am back in Rivertown, and somehow it seems to me delightfully comical to discover Johnny O'Connell, easy-going old chief of police, dressed in a white robe with pink stripes, like a grand opera, "supe," and shouting the riot act to a mob in classical Latin!

The vigiles fall to with their sticks, and the mob starts screaming, and backing into the square. I stand up, and observe the forces closing in upon the east and west sides also, and I realize the strategy of the move; they are going to pen the mob against the north side of the Forum, where the precipice blocks their exit, and the agitators can be sorted out and lodged in the state prison. A fine trap into which the rascals have blundered! This old Carcer Tullianus is built over a pit which used to be the quarry, and part of it is below the level of the ground, and its walls are of lava rock, as hard as any Italian peninsula!

Evidently the authorities mean business, for behind the vigiles comes a detachment of footmen of the Legion, with their bronze cuirasses and helmets, and the short, double-edged swords which taught the enemies of Rome to respect us. I see the captain of this company, one of my

former "rookies," and he hails Rufus Hanno and his companion, Picus, and bids them follow him. I know what he wants of them—to point out the agents of Eunus in that crowd.

I am so excited that I want to shout to our boys to go to it. My father is doing that, and so is my grandfather, and Professor Polibe—that is a slip of the tongue, of course, I mean Polybius, the historian, who is strong for law and order, and insists that we Romans must subdue our mob if the republic is to endure. I see the strike leaders upon the Rostra, trying to go on with their oratory, and I see the vigiles drag them down and overpower them. I am beside myself with delight—until suddenly comes a shock. Another speaker leaps upon the platform, and I realize that it is a woman, a fair-haired girl from somewhere in the North, young, with finely chiselled, aristocratic features—it is Marcia Penna!

She moves her lips, and I know she is speaking, though I cannot hear a sound amid the uproar. She goes on, with defiant gestures; and suddenly I see one of the policemen leap upon the platform, and hurl her head-first into the throng. Then all at once things begin to grow black before me, and I realize that my shoulder is burning like fire, and that the Forum Romanum magnum is going round and round. They tell me I fell over sideways, upon the shoulder of one of my slaves.

RENAISSANCE REALITIES

(From *Mammonart*.)

Among its numerous artists of beauty Renaissance Italy produced one man who did not find life a garden of pleasure; one man who, when he sinned, did not do it with easy grace and cheerful heart; a man who faced the mysteries of life, and took seriously the terrors which

the medieval mind has conjured for itself. This man was a rebel against the wanton and cruel spirit of his age ; a rebel also against nature, those cruelties which time and death inflict upon our race. He was a lonely man, pursued by the jealousies and greeds of his rivals, tortured by his own sensuality and by fears of eternal torment. He lived a life of futile and agonized revolt, and produced some magnificent and terrible art.

In this book it is our task to study the artist in relation to the masters of money ; and we shall find no more tragic illustrations of the waste that is wrought in the life of genius by the powers of greed, than are revealed to us in the story of Michelangelo Buonarroti. He is ranked as one of the greatest sculptors of all time ; he was also one of the greatest of painters, and a great poet. Like most of those who have visioned the sublime and the colossal, he was a man of frail physique, fear-hunted all his life. As a child he was beaten by his father, who sought to break him of the desire to become an artist. At the age of nine he was taken to hear the thunderings of Savonarola, another frail prophet who had arisen to denounce the vices of the church in Florence. When Michelangelo was twenty-three, Savonarola was publicly hanged, after having been excommunicated by the Borgia pope. The young painter at that time was beguiling himself with Greek beauty ; but the terrible fate of the prophet cannot have failed to impress him, and helps to account for the religious fervours of his later years. Two worlds struggled in his soul, the world of pagan beauty and luxurious pleasure, and the world of heavenly raptures and fanatical asceticism.

This artist's abilities were quickly recognized. The same pope, Julius II, who was showering Raphael with golden ducats, adopted Michelangelo as his chief glorifier, and the two of them spent a year or two preparing colossal plans for the pope's tomb, something greater than any tomb ever seen on earth before, a perfect mountain of

marble, with more than forty statues of colossal size. Here we see Michelangelo's fate; one of the great masters of life, with a mighty message concerning the destiny of man, he is obliged to get the money by which he lives, and the marble which he carves, from a vain and greedy politician in churchly raiment. He is permitted to make statues of David and of Moses, of Day and Night and Morning and Evening, and other great symbolic ideas; but he must carve them for the tomb of some pope or potentate, and must spend the greater part of his life in quarrelling—not merely with this pope or potentate, but with officials and subordinates, all hating, intriguing, threatening to stab or to poison.

In the sentimental rubbish which historians and art critics write about the Middle Ages, we are told that mighty cathedrals and temples were produced by the co-operative devotion and reverence of whole communities of worshippers. When you come to investigate the facts, you find that they were produced amid a chaos of wrangling and cheating and lying, exactly as a modern public building, or a battleship, or a fleet of aeroplanes is produced. The chief architect of Pope Julius II was a dissipated and murderous rascal, who was putting rotten walls into the Vatican buildings—walls which have had to be repaired incessantly ever since. He carried on intrigues against Michelangelo, and succeeded in persuading the pope that it was bad luck for anyone to build his own tomb while he was alive. So the pope dropped the project, and Michelangelo was left in debt, having to pay out of his own pocket the costs of transporting the mountain of marble. The sculptor stormed the Vatican and insisted upon being paid, and the pope had him put out by a groom.

Next he was required to make a bronze statue of his most holy pope. He protested that he did not know anything about casting bronze, but he worked at it for more than a year, making a wretched failure of it, and ruining

his health. Then he was ordered to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. He protested that he did not know how to paint ceilings, it was hard and exhausting work; but again the pope insisted, and Michelangelo spent four years at this, painting his colossal and terrifying symbols upside down. Because he took so long at it, the pope was enraged, insisting upon seeing the work and criticizing it, flying into a fury and beating Michelangelo with his staff, then sending a messenger with five hundred ducats to salve his feelings.

Julius II died and Leo X came in. Michelangelo had made a new contract with the heirs of the dead pope to complete the tomb, and had started work on thirty-two colossal statues. But the new pope wanted Michelangelo's fame for himself, and so for ten years the poor sculptor was pulled and hauled between two rival groups. It was the fashion of other sculptors and painters, when thus loaded down with work, to hire a number of assistants and put the job through in a hurry. But Michelangelo suffered from conscientiousness; he thought that nobody else could do his work as he wanted it done, and he sweated and agonized and groaned under the burden of these contracts. More marble was needed, and he was dragged about between the rival owners of marble quarries. The unsuccessful owners intrigued with the boatman to make it impossible for the marble to be moved; just like a certain teamsters' strike which I had occasion to investigate in Chicago some twenty years ago — the riots and mobbings and showers of brick-bats and broken heads and bullet-riddled bodies were caused by a great mail-order house having paid for a strike against a rival mail-order house!

There came another pope, this time a Medici. He wanted a tomb to his ancestors, who were splendid and wealthy merchants in Florence. Also there was to be a colossus in the Medici gardens, a difficult matter, because of the lack of room; Michelangelo discussed the problem

in a letter to a friend, which has come down to us. Read this picture of a man of genius trying to please a wealthy and fastidious patron:

"I have thought about the Colossus; I have indeed thought a great deal about it. It seems to me that it would not be well placed outside the Medici gardens because it would take up too much room in the street. A better place, I think, would be where the barber's shop is. There it would not be so much in the way. As for the expenses of expropriation, I think to reduce them we could make the figure seated, and as it could be hollowed, the shop could be placed inside so the rent would not be lost. It seems to me a good idea to put in the hand of the Colossus a horn of abundance, and this could be hollow and would serve as a chimney. The head could also be made use of, I should think; for the poultryman, my very good friend who lives on the square, said to me secretly that it would make a wonderful dovecote. I have another and still better idea — but in that case the statue must be made very much larger, which would be impossible, for towers are made with stone—and that is that the head should serve as a bell-tower to St. Lorenzo, which now has none. By placing the bells so that the sound would come out of the mouth it would seem as if the giant cried for mercy, especially on holidays when they use the big bells."

Michelangelo was in Florence when the republican revolution against the Medici took place. The artist sympathized with the revolutionists, against his patrons; he proposed to make for the revolutionists a gigantic statue of David and Goliath, but they decided he had better use his energies in fortifying the walls! When the city was taken, and the slaughter of the rebels began, Michelangelo hid for a month or two. Then he was commanded to come forth and resume his task of glorifying his conquerors! He did so, and was put to work on the tomb of

the Medici. Needless to say, the figures on the tomb are not figures of serene contentment and spiritual peace! Romain Rolland describes them as an "outburst of despair" whereby the sculptor "drowned his shame at raising this monument of slavery."

Another pope came, and wanted Michelangelo for his chief glorifier. The artist pleaded his old contracts, but the pope was furious, and commanded him to tear them up. He was put to work on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and the result was the marvellous painting, "The Last Judgment," in which all the terrors and torments of the Middle Ages are summed up. It was one of the world's greatest paintings; but the pious of the time were shocked, and the pope put some of his other painters to putting panties on the nude saints. From time to time other shocked ecclesiastics had this or that article of clothing painted into the picture; and because they used any color they happened to have lying about, we can now form little idea of Michelangelo's vision of the Day of Doom.

All this time the artist was being hounded by the heirs of the first pope; but the present pope insisted that he should be architect of St. Peter's; so here we see the old man, over seventy, still fighting the grafters and hounded by conspirators. It appears that in Renaissance Rome, when a grafter was caught, and threatened to expose his fellow-grafters, he was shot, and the world was told that he had committed suicide; exactly as it happens in Washington, D. C., in these our days of oil-thieves and bootleggers! Michelangelo was still afraid, as he had been all his life; but he was still more afraid of God, and determined to finish St. Peter's as a means of saving his soul at the Last Judgment.

So he stuck and fought the grafters. There came yet another pope—the artist had to win each one in turn, thwarting a whole new set of intriguing enemies. We find him at the age of eighty-eight, exposing thieves who are building the walls of St. Peter's out of rotten materials—

and around him the thieves are stabbing each other. At last, at the age of ninety, he lies on his death-bed, his terrific labors at an end; and between his dying gasps he confides to a friend his one regret, that he has to die just when he has succeeded in learning the alphabet of his art!

THE FUHRER EXPLAINS

(From *Dragon's Teeth*. Wherein Hitler, leader of the new German state, sets Lanny Budd to rights on the meaning of the term "Aryan.")

Patiently and kindly the Fuhrer explained that his ideas of race were not German in the narrow sense. Lanny, too, was an "Aryan," and so were the cultured classes in America; theirs was a truly "Aryan" civilization, and so was the British. "I want nothing in the world so much as understanding and peace between my country and Britain, and I think there has been no tragedy in modern times so great as the war they fought. Why can we not understand one another and get together in friendship for our common task? The world is big enough, and it is full of mongrel tribes whom we dare not permit to gain power, because they are incapable of making any intelligent use of it."

Hitler talked for a while about these mongrels. He felt quite safe in telling a young Franco-American what he thought about the Japanese, a sort of hairless yellow monkey. Then he came to the Russians, who were by nature lazy, incompetent, and bloodthirsty, and had fallen into the hands of gutter-rats and degenerates. He talked about the French, and was careful of what he said; he wanted no enmity between France and Germany; they could make a treaty of peace that would last for a thousand years, if only the French would give up their imbecile idea

of encircling Germany and keeping her ringed with foes. "It is the Polish alliance and the Little Entente which keep enmity between our peoples; for we do not intend to let these peoples go on ruling Germans, and we have an iron determination to right the wrongs which were committed at Versailles. You must know something about that, Mr. Budd, for you have been to Stubendorf, and doubtless have seen with your own eyes what it means for Germans to be governed by Poles."

Lanny answered: "I was one of the many Americans at the Peace Conference who pleaded against that mistake."

So the Fuhrer warmed to his visitor. "The shallow-minded call my attitude imperialism; but that is an abuse of language. It is not imperialism to recognize the plain evidence of history that certain peoples have the capacity to build a culture while others are lacking in it entirely. It is not imperialism to say that a vigorous and great-souled people like the Germans shall not be surrounded and penned in by jealous and greedy rivals. It is not imperialism to say that these little children shall not suffer all their lives the deprivations which they have suffered so far."

The speaker was running his hand over the closely cropped blond head of the little boy. "This *Bubchen* was born in the year of the great shame, that wicked Versailles *Diktat*. You can see that he is thin and undersized because of the starvation blockade. But I have told him that his children will be as sturdy as his father was, because I intend to deliver the Fatherland from the possibility of blockades—and I shall not worry if my enemies call me an imperialist. I have written that every man becomes an imperialist when he begets a child, for he obligates himself to see to it that that child has the means of life provided."

Lanny, a Socialist not untainted with internationalism, could have thought of many things to answer; but he had

no desire to spoil this most amiable of interviews. So long as a tiger was willing to purr, Lanny was pleased to study tigers. He might have been influenced by the many gracious words which had been spoken to him, if it had not been for having read *Mein Kampf*. How could the author of that book imagine that he could claim, for example, to have no enmity against France? Or had he changed his mind in five years? Apparently not, for he had formed a publishing-house which was selling his bible to all the loyal followers of the National Socialist German Workingmen's Party, and at the price of twelve marks per copy somebody was making a fortune.

MAMMON

"Wealth, and the crimes that are committed in its name."

THE NATION'S FOOD SUPPLY

(From *The Jungle*.)

"Bubbly Creek" is an arm of the Chicago River, and forms the southern boundary of the yards; all the drainage of the square mile of packing houses empties into it, so that it is really a great open sewer a hundred or two feet wide. One long arm of it is blind, and the filth stays there forever and a day. The grease and chemicals that are poured into it undergo all sorts of strange transformations, which are the cause of its name; it is constantly in motion, as if huge fish were feeding in it, or great leviathans disporting themselves in its depths. Bubbles of carbonic acid gas will rise to the surface and burst, and make rings two or three feet wide. Here and there the grease and filth have caked solid, and the creek looks like a bed of lava; chickens walk about on it, feeding, and many times an unwary stranger has started to stroll across, and vanished temporarily. The packers used to leave the creek that way, till every now and then the surface would catch on fire and burn furiously, and the fire department would have to come and put it out. Once, however, an ingenious stranger came and started to gather this filth in scrows, to make lard out of; then the packers took the cue, and got out an injunction to stop him, and afterwards gathered it themselves. The banks of "Bubbly Creek" are plastered thick with hairs, and this also the packers gather and clean.

And there were things even stranger than this, according to the gossip of the men. The packers had secret mains, through which they stole billions of gallons of the

city's water. The newspapers had been full of this scandal—once there had even been an investigation, and an actual uncovering of the pipes; but nobody had been punished, and the thing went right on. And then there was the condemned meat industry, with its endless horrors. The people of Chicago saw the Government inspectors in Packingtown, and they all took that to mean that they were protected from diseased meat; they did not understand that these hundred and sixty-three inspectors had been appointed at the request of the packers, and that they were paid by the United States Government to certify that all the diseased meat was kept in the state. They had no authority beyond that; for the inspection of meat to be sold in the city and state the whole force in Packingtown consisted of three henchmen of the local political machine!¹ And shortly afterwards one of these, a physician, made the discovery that the carcasses of steers which had been condemned as tubercular by the Government inspectors, and which, therefore, contained ptomaines, which are deadly poisons, were left upon an open platform and carted away to be sold in the city; and so he insisted that these carcasses be treated with an injection of

¹ "Rules and Regulations for the Inspection of Live Stock and their Products." United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industries, Order No. 125:

SECTION 1. Proprietors of slaughterhouses, canning, salting, packing, or rendering establishments engaged in the slaughtering of cattle, sheep, or swine, or the packing of any of their products, *the carcasses or products of which are to become subjects of interstate or foreign commerce*, shall make application to the Secretary of Agriculture for inspection of said animals and their products. . . .

SECTION 15. Such rejected or condemned animals shall at once be removed by the owners from the pens containing animals which have been inspected and found to be free from disease and fit for human food, and *shall be disposed of in accordance with the laws, ordinances, and regulations of the state and municipality in which said rejected or condemned animals are located*. . . .

SECTION 25. A microscopic examination for trichinæ shall be made of all swine products exported to countries requiring such examination. *No microscopic examination will be made of hogs slaughtered for interstate trade, but this examination shall be confined to those intended for the export trade.*

kerosene—and was ordered to resign the same week! So indignant were the packers that they went further, and compelled the mayor to abolish the whole bureau of inspection; so that since then there has not been even a pretence of any interference with the graft. There was said to be two thousand dollars a week hush-money from the tubercular steers alone; and as much again from the hogs which had died of cholera on the trains, and which you might see any day being loaded into box-cars and hauled away to a place called Globe, in Indiana, where they made a fancy grade of lard.

Jurgis heard of these things little by little, in the gossip of those who were obliged to perpetrate them. It seemed as if every time you met a person from a new department, you heard of new swindles and new crimes. There was, for instance, a Lithuanian who was a cattle-butcher for the plant where Marija had worked, which killed meat for canning only; and to hear this man describe the animals which came to his place would have been worth while for a Dante or a Zola. It seemed that they must have agencies all over the country, to hunt out cold and crippled and diseased cattle to be canned. There were cattle which had been fed on “whisky-malt,” the refuse of the breweries, and had become what the men called “steerly”—which means covered with boils. It was a nasty job killing these, for when you plunged your knife into them they would burst and splash foul-smelling stuff into your face; and when a man’s sleeves were smeared with blood, and his hands steeped in it, how was he ever to wipe his face, or to clear his eyes so that he could see? It was stuff such as this that made the “embalmed beef” that had killed several times as many United States soldiers as all the bullets of the Spaniards; only the army beef, besides, was not fresh canned, it was old stuff that had been lying for years in the cellars.

Then one Sunday evening, Jurgis sat puffing his pipe by the kitchen stove, and talking with an old fellow whom

Jonas had introduced, and who worked in the canning-rooms at Durham's; and so Jurgis learned a few things about the great and only Durham canned goods, which had become a national institution. They were regular alchemists at Durham's; they advertised a mushroom-catsup, and the men who made it did not know what a mushroom looked like. They advertised "potted chicken"—and it was like the boarding-house soup of the comic papers, through which a chicken had walked with rubbers on. Perhaps they had a secret process for making chickens chemically—who knows? said Jurgis's friends; the things that went into the mixture were tripe, and the fat of pork, and beef suet, and hearts of beef, and finally the waste ends of veal, when they had any. They put these up in several grades, and sold them at several prices; but the contents of the cans all came out of the same hopper. And then there was "potted game" and "potted grouse," "potted ham" and "devilled ham"—de-vyled, as the men called it. "De-vyled" ham was made out of the waste ends of smoked beef that were too small to be sliced by the machines; and also tripe, dyed with chemicals so that it would not show white; and trimmings of hams and corned beef; and potatoes, skins and all; and finally the hard cartilaginous gullets of beef, after the tongues had been cut out. All this ingenious mixture was ground up and flavoured with spices to make it taste like something. Anybody who could invent a new imitation had been sure of a fortune from old Durham, said Jurgis's informant; but it was hard to think of anything new in a place where so many sharp wits had been at work for so long; where men welcomed tuberculosis in the cattle they were feeding, because it made them fatten more quickly; and where they bought up all the old rancid butter left over in the grocery-stores of a continent, and "oxidized" it by a forced air process, to take away the odor, recharged it with skim-milk, and sold it in bricks in the cities! Up to a year or two ago it had been the custom to kill horses in the yards

—ostensibly for fertilizer; but after long agitation the newspapers had been able to make the public realize that the horses were being canned. Now it was against the law to kill horses in Packingtown, and the law was really complied with—for the present, at any rate. Any day, however, one might see sharp-horned and shaggy-haired creatures running with the sheep—and yet what a job you would have to get the public to believe that a good part of what it buys for lamb and mutton is really goat's flesh!

There was another interesting set of statistics that a person might have gathered in Packingtown—those of the various afflictions of the workers. When Jurgis had first inspected the packing-plants with Szedvilas, he had marvelled while he listened to the tale of all the things that were made out of the carcasses of animals, and of all the lesser industries that were maintained there; now he found that each one of these lesser industries was a separate little inferno, in its way as horrible as the killing-beds, the source and fountain of them all. The workers in each of them had their own peculiar diseases. And the wandering visitor might be sceptical about all the swindles, but he could not be sceptical about these, for the worker bore the evidence of them about on his own person—generally he had only to hold out his hand.

There were the men in the pickle-rooms, for instance, where old Antanas had got his death; scarce a one of these that had not some spot of horror on his person. Let a man so much as scrape his finger pushing a truck in the pickle-rooms, and he might have a sore that would put him out of the world; all the joints in his fingers might be eaten by the acid, one by one. Of the butchers and floorsmen, and beef-boners and trimmers, and all those who used knives, you could scarcely find a person who had the use of his thumb; time and time again the base of it had been slashed, till it was a mere lump of flesh against which the man pressed the knife to hold it.

The hands of these men would be criss-crossed with cuts, until you could no longer pretend to count them or to trace them. They would have no nails—they had worn them off pulling hides; their knuckles were swollen so that their fingers spread out like a fan. There were men who worked in the cooking-rooms, in the midst of steam and sickening odors, by artificial light; in these rooms the germs of tuberculosis might live for two years, but the supply was renewed every hour. There were the beef-luggers, who carried two-hundred-pound quarters into the refrigerator-cars—a fearful kind of work, that began at four o'clock in the morning, and that wore out the most powerful men in a few years. There were those who worked in the chilling-rooms, and whose special disease was rheumatism; the time-limit that a man could work in the chilling-rooms was said to be five years. There were the wool-pluckers, whose hands went to pieces even sooner than the hands of the pickle-men; for the pelts of the sheep had to be painted with acid to loosen the wool, and then the pluckers had to pull out this wool with their bare hands, till the acid had eaten their fingers off. There were those who made the tins for the canned-meat; and their hands, too, were a maze of cuts, and each cut represented a chance for blood-poisoning. Some worked at the stamping-machines, and it was very seldom that one could work long there at the pace that was set, and not give out and forget himself, and have a part of his hand chopped off. There were the "hoisters," as they were called, whose task it was to press the lever which lifted the dead cattle off the floor. They ran along upon a rafter, peering down through the damp and steam; and as old Durham's architects had not built the killing-room for the convenience of the hoisters, at every few feet they would have to stoop under a beam, say four feet above the one they ran on; which got them into the habit of stooping, so that in a few years they would be walking like chimpanzees. Worst of any, however, were the fertilizer-men, and

those who served in the cooking-rooms. These people could not be shown to the visitor, for the odor of a fertilizer-man would scare any ordinary visitor at a hundred yards; and as for the other men, who worked in tank-rooms full of steam, and in some of which there were open vats near the level of the floor, their peculiar trouble was that they fell into the vats; and when they were fished out, there was never enough of them left to be worth exhibiting—sometimes they would be overlooked for days, till all but the bones of them had gone out to the world as Durham's Pure Leaf Lard!

PITILESS STORM

(From *A World To Win*. To Lanny Budd, the Socialist, here was but one more case of the decay of civilization.)

The poet Heber had written: "Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile . . ." Lanny looked about him at this landscape, so familiar, so bound up with the memories of all his days. The blue-green water of the Golfe Juan, varying in the shallows and with every change of the weather; the bright blue sky, with billowing white clouds; the red Esterels in the distance, with the sun going down behind them; the gray rocky points with straggly cedars and pine trees growing precariously; the flower-covered fields of the Cap—yes, one might be glad to spend several lifetimes amid this scenery.

But the people! Lanny tried to be charitable, but every time he saw them they seemed worse to him. People who had got money by hook or by crook, and had come here to enjoy their pleasures, at no matter what cost to others and to the human society; the wasters of all Europe, ravenous for their animal satisfactions, for gobbling costly foods and guzzling rare wines, for copulating on silken couches, for covering their flesh with delicate fab-

rics and decorating themselves with the furs of animals, the feathers of birds and gems from the bowels of the earth. If they had been mere animals one would not have been so distressed by them, any more than by the sight of birds picking up bugs or hogs rooting for truffles in the forests; what made them revolting was that it was all the appurtenances of civilization, the symbols of culture they were debasing to their animal purposes. They called themselves elegant, smart, the salt of the earth; they had a score of fancy French phrases for themselves, they were *chic*, *tres snob*, the *creme de la creme*; they were the *haut monde*, the *grand monde*, the *monde d'elite*.

They had the means to gratify every fancy; they had the stuff, the mazuma, the long green, the spondulix, in every one of the dozen languages you might hear on this Cotê d'Azur they had intimate names for the deity they worshiped, the thing by which they lived, the foundation upon which their culture was built. If you had inherited it from your father and a long line of ancestors, so much the better; but anyhow, you had got it, and you hadn't been caught, so now you could have whatever you wanted, the world was your oyster. You were surrounded by people who were trying to get it away from you, but you knew how to take care of yourself and make them earn what they got. They danced attendance, they bowed before you, they flattered you and licked your boots; they spread out their wares and sang the praises thereof—whether it was food or raiment, music or poetry or painting. Men or women, young or old, black or white, if they did not have the money they were your inferiors and did what you told them, and learned to smile and like it, according to the American slang.

To Lanny Budd, the socialist, it had been apparent from youth that this was one more case of the decay of civilization. He had read Volney's *Ruins of Empire*, and knew that this had been going on since the dawn of his-

tory, that in truth history had been nothing but that: vast human societies arising and flaunting their glory, certain of their permanence and the favor of their gods, then slowly falling to pieces, like a great tree in a forest, which is attacked by rot, by fungus and parasites and borers, until at last it can no longer sustain its own weight. Was it a doom of nature or of God? Or were there causes of this evil which could be studied and remedies which could be applied?

To Lanny it seemed clear that the trouble lay in the social system, in exploitation and speculation which bred great fortunes, and in inheritance which made parasitism and perpetuated it. Every Empire of the past had been based upon the private ownership of land and other privileges; men enjoyed wealth which they had not earned and power which they were no longer competent to wield; luxury on the one hand and penury on the other bred class strife which tore the society to pieces and exposed it to its foes.

Here it was, history repeating itself; and the extraordinary thing, how few people understood or cared about it. These refugees from a score of lands, including the sweet land of liberty overseas, talked politics and war incessantly, but when you listened you discovered that what they were thinking about was their own comfort, the preservation of the system which made their own lives so easy. What was going to happen to the "market?"—by which they meant the stocks and bonds from which their incomes were derived. If the Nazis won—and nine people out of ten were sure they had already won—what sort of government would they set up in France and how soon would it be before things got back to normal?—by which was meant labor getting back to work and dividends flowing in. Thank God, there would be no more unions and strikes, no more *front populaire* and Red newspapers! And would Hitler wait for a breathing space, or would

he go after Russia at once? Such was the conversation of smart society on the French Riviera through this summer of the year 1940.

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER

(From *Wide Is The Gate*. Lanny watches with horror while the Paris press sells out to the side with the most money.)

Lanny had seen Paris in a tumult many a time, but he thought he had never seen political passions running so high, never such confusion in people's thinking. To him it was a clear-cut issue between Right and Left, but he found that his Pink and Red friends couldn't see it that way. They hated Fascism, but also they hated war, and here their two enemies were lined up on opposite sides. Few Leftists were able to share Lanny's enthusiasm for the British Home Fleet, and they even questioned the motives of Anthony Eden. Of such hesitations the pro-Italian press took full advantage. "Do you want to die for the Negus?" was their slogan; and the French worker asked himself: Did he? Also, if France let Britain drag her into war to save the water of Lake Tsana for the British Sudan, what would Hitler be doing in the meantime? They imagined the Fuhrer grinning and rubbing his hands with delight over the prospect of moving into the Rhineland while French armies were busy in the Maritime Alps.

The bulk of the press of Paris and indeed of all France was on the side of Premier Laval and the other pro-Italian politicians. There was one reason, all-important but rarely mentioned: outright purchase. Here was the tragedy of France, the corruption of those organs upon which the public depended for new ideas. If you came with enough cash in your hands you could hire the insertion not merely of news stories but of editorial opinion

in nearly all the papers of Paris, and now the Italian embassy was said to have sixty million francs for the splitting of the Franco-British alliance in this crisis. Utterly sickening to read the slanders and lies in these papers, descending even to the vilest obscenities. The price of it enabled editors and proprietors to buy jewels and furs for their mistresses to display at the opera and in the cabarets.

Lanny discovered that whatever people believed they believed with fury; so it became necessary for him to take himself off and decide once more about his own role. Which way was he going to serve his cause, as a political propagandist or as a secret agent and source of funds?

DIPLOMACY AND HIGH FINANCE

(From *Between Two Worlds*. Statesmen gather to discuss the "crisis" which has reached world-wide proportions.)

The "crisis" had spread over the whole world, and statemen were at their wit's end. Those of the victorious nations had told their peoples that times would soon be all right, because the Germans were going to pay for everything; so now, when times were all wrong, the obvious explanation was that the Germans were refusing to pay. A cheap and easy way out; politically easy, emotionally easy, because everybody was used to blaming the Germans for troubles.

In Paris there was another conference between the heads of the various governments for whom life had now become a perpetual quarrel over reparations. Ever since Spa their experts had been meeting the German experts and discussing what Germany could pay; they had arrived at an agreement, but the Allied governments were not satisfied with the amounts and insisted upon more. The Germans said they couldn't pay the increases; the

Allies insisted they could but didn't want to.

The perpetual conference was transferred to London, where Rick had the inside "dope" and passed it on to his friend. Rick sent newspapers and magazine articles which Lanny read with care. He lived with these problems for the six most exciting months of his life; he had worried over them and argued about them. Now there was a melancholy satisfaction in finding that he had been right, and that the world was going to the devil exactly as he had foretold.

There just wasn't enough intelligence on the poor tormented planet; not enough statesmanship, not enough ordinary decency. The people weren't able to control the forces which modern industrialism had created; they didn't even have the means of getting the facts. There were a few honest papers, but they reached only a small public; the big press was in the hands of the big interests, and told people whatever suited the purposes of the masters of steel and munitions and oil.

WAR

“Pictures of a terrible evil, and denunciations of it.”

A PROPHECY OF WAR

(From *The Industrial Republic*. In view of developments in 1914, this passage, written in 1907, is of especial interest.)

It is with Germany that we Americans are scheduled to battle for the sake of the Monroe Doctrine. And what is the situation in Germany? There is first of all, the degenerate who sits upon its throne, and proclaims himself by grace of God the lord and master of the German people. There is in the second place, the hide-bound mediæval nobility of the Empire, the direct descendants of those robber-knights of whom we read a while ago, some of them living in the very same castles from which their ancestors made their raids. There is in the third place, the aristocracy of the army, whose insolent and dissolute officers beat, kick and maim the helpless country boys and artisans who are herded like sheep under their command. There is in the fourth place, the bigoted seventeenth-century Protestant Church, with its stuffy country parsons and doctors of dusty divinity. There is in the fifth place, the mediæval Roman Catholic Church, with its confessional and other agencies of Darkness. There is in the sixth place, a subsidized “reptile press,” whose opinions are written and whose news is garbled by knavish bureau officials. And every one of these powers, forgetting all past differences, and uniting with brotherly affection, are struggling with every prejudice they can appeal to, and every threat which they can wield, to hold the German people to the identical same “System” that rules in America, the industrial aristocracy of cunning and greed; is working them upon starvation wages at home, and driving them to serve in armies and navies, to con-

quer markets abroad; to threaten Dewey at Manila, and to seize Chinese ports and conduct "punitive expeditions" against Chinamen; to sell bad whisky and firearms to Hereros and then slaughter them when they rebel; to blockade ports in Venezuela and to sink "pirates" in the West Indies; and to sound and measure channels as a preliminary to the taking of a naval base and the inauguration of a war with the United States!

But then, you say, *we* can't help that. What can we *do*? Is the only thing you can think of to do, to build battleships and get ready for the strife? How differently our fathers did it, in the old days when the Monroe Doctrine was really what it pretends to be—a pledge of freedom to men! How the impulses that started in this land thrilled through the civilized world and made the "despots of Europe" tremble! What messages of brotherhood flashed upon invisible wires from continent to continent, bearing hope and comfort to all the oppressed of mankind! How we welcomed Lafayette, as if he had been an emperor! How the whole nation turned out in honor of Kossuth, making his long journey one triumphal procession! And are we doing anything like that now?

The people of Germany, you must understand, are closed in a death grip with all these powers of infamy. In spite of obloquy and contempt, in spite of lies and blandishments and menaces, in spite of persecution and exile and imprisonment, for a generation they have been toiling—devoted, heroic men and women have given their labor and their lives to the task of teaching, writing, speaking, exhorting, to open the eyes of the masses to the truth. And step by step they have marched on, gathering force every hour, strengthened by each new persecution, training themselves in literary and political combat, building up a system of scientific thought which has never been refuted and never can be, inspired by a moral purpose as noble as any the world has ever seen — preparing in all ways for the glorious hour when the people of the

Fatherland are to come to their own! The man at their head was once a poor working boy, a wheelwright, and he has raised himself to the leadership of the mightiest effort after freedom that the world now sees; and day by day in the Reichstag he leads the opposition to militarism and savagery, and his speeches are such as a century ago, and even a half a century ago, would have set this land aflame from end to end with revolutionary fervor. And this is no isolated movement of a nation, it is a world movement — it is a movement to which the lovers of liberty all over the earth are welcomed as comrades and brothers. It is a movement at one with every high tradition of American life; and you — what is your attitude to it? What do you know about it — what do you care about it? Do you hold public meetings and send messages of sympathy? Do the halls of Congress ring with fervid speeches, as they did in the days of Webster and Henry Clay? Do your papers teem with glowing editorials, with news about the movement, and sketches of its leader? What have you to say about it, what have you to do for it — but to repeat day in and day out one miserable, pitiful lie, with which you try to blind and deceive the masses of your own country, that this tremendous Socialist movement is not really a Socialist movement at all, but only a movement of political reform!

I do not think that we shall sleep for ever; I do not think that the memories of Jefferson and Lincoln will call to us in vain for ever; but assuredly there never was in all American history a sign of torpor so deep, of degeneration so frightful, as this fact that in such a crisis, when the down-trodden millions of the German Empire are struggling to free themselves from the tyranny of military and personal government, there should come to them not one breath of sympathy from the people of the American Republic!

Forty years ago, at the time of our Civil War, when the fate of this nation hung trembling in the balance,

when the Emperor of France and the aristocracy of England saw a chance to cripple republican government and to set back civilization half a century—what was it then that prevented them? What was it but the fact that in England there existed an organized opposition, alert and watchful, trained by a generation of parliamentary conflict, and with leaders who in such a crisis could not be put down? What was it but the fact that the workers of the factory towns of Great Britain had been disciplined and taught, and could not be deceived—that they chose rather to starve than to help the cause of Slavery?

And if you care to see what would have happened had not that opposition been ready, go back three or four-score years, when the people of France struck their blow for liberty, and see the leaders of British aristocracy crushing out protest and imprisoning objectors, and hurling the nation into a criminal and causeless war! Hear the King and the nobility, statesmen and authors, newspapers and pulpits screaming in frenzy and goading the people on, till they had desolated Europe with fifteen years of hideous slaughter, from the moral and spiritual effects of which the world has not yet recovered!

And now you stand and contemplate another such crime against civilization. The two most enlightened peoples of the world are to come together and strip for a fight. The powers that rule in each of them made up their minds years ago, and among the officers, both in the army and in the navy of each, the coming conflict is taken for granted.

Two or three years ago a German officer promised that an army corps would march from one end of this continent to the other; and an admiral in our own navy has publicly foretold the struggle. The German capitalists are in desperation for new markets, and the German people are on the edge of a revolt, with an irresponsible military despot in absolute control of them, who knows that his only chance to put off the revolution is to pick a

quarrel and beat the war-drum, and summon the masses to the defense of the honor of the Fatherland. When that supreme hour comes, and when the war-lust begins to burn, upon the Social-Democratic Party of Germany will fall the task of saving civilization; and what shall *we* have done to help them—what encouragement shall *we* have sent them? We have sent ships of grain to the cotton-operatives of Lancashire when they were starving; but what have we done for the people of Germany? What reason have we given them, with our tariffs and imperialisms, to think of us otherwise than as a nation of shopkeepers, a nation sunk in greed and commercialism, and dead to every noble impulse of men?

W A R

by

MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR

The sharpened steel whips round, the black guns blaze.
Waste are the harvests, mute the songs of birds.
Out there in ice and mud the lowly herds
Of peasant-folk in pitiful amaze
Take their dire portion of the grief and want
Of this red cataclysm that has come
Upon the world. Colossal is the sum
Of bodies in the field the buzzards haunt.

So, all forgot is Reason's high estate!
Where Man once climbed and visioned Love and God
He grovels now in primal Night. Aye, men
Of mind are but as mindless brutes again:
The clod, through evolution, to the clod
Has travelled back—to feed, to breed, to hate!

WORLD WAR I

(From *World's End*. Tanks, poison gas, submarines, and Big Berthas
—while Lanny Budd looks on.)

The last winter of the war was the darkest and most dreadful. For three years and a half all the ingenuities of man and the resources of science had been devoted to the ends of destruction. Both sides now had many kinds of poison gases: some which penetrated the clothing and tormented the skin, some which destroyed the lungs, some which blinded men, or made them vomit unceasingly. These gases were put into shells, and whole battlefronts were drenched with them. The Germans had flame throwers, which killed the men who used them as well as those in front. The British and French had tanks, "big Willies" and "little Willies," which advanced in front of the troops, spitting fire and death.

The poet's vision had come to reality, and there rained a ghastly dew from nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue. Squadrons of swift fighting craft darted here and there; they swooped from the clouds and machine-gunned the marching troops; they raided behind the lines and dropped bombs upon railroads and ammunition dumps. The Zepps were fought with explosive bullets, and so great was the peril that the crews of two vessels destroyed them at home in order to avoid going out in them.

Everything had become bigger and more deadly than ever before. The Germans constructed enormous siege guns, known as "Big Berthas," and set them up in a forest behind Laon, and were firing shells into Paris from a distance of seventy-five miles. At first people had refused to believe such a thing possible; but now they were being fired every twenty minutes, and on Good Friday one of

their shells struck a church and killed and wounded nearly two hundred persons, many of them women and children.

For the U-boats there were depth bombs, and nets across all the principal harbors and channels. The Americans were furnishing seventy thousand mines, which were being laid in a chain across the northern entrance to the North Sea, from the Orkney Islands to the coast of Norway, a distance of nearly three hundred miles. That made one for every twenty feet. Also the British had devised the "Q-boats"—old tramp steamers with concealed armor sent out to wander in the danger zones. A submarine would rise and open fire with shells—for they tried to save their torpedoes for bigger craft. Some of the men of the "Q-boat," the "panic-crew," would take to the boats; the "sub" would come closer to complete her job—and suddenly portions of the steamer sides would drop down, disclosing six-inch guns which would open deadly fire.

America was getting ready, upon a scale and with a speed never before known in history. You could feel the spirit of the country hardening in the face of world-wide danger. People talked about the war to the exclusion of everything else; even at St. Thomas's, even at the "bull sessions," the fellows discussed what was going on, and what part they hoped to have in it. The draft age was twenty-one, but you could volunteer younger, and now and then some upper classman would pack up his belongings and move to an officers' training camp.

Lanny was now eighteen, and his father worried over the possibility that his emotional temperament might take fire. Whenever the youth came home over Sunday, Robbie would sound him out to see if the bacteria of propaganda had found lodgment in his mind; if so, he would be subjected to a swift prophylaxis. "Did you ever hear of Lord Palmerston?" the father would inquire.

"He was Prime Minister of England during our Civil War, and he said, 'England has no enduring friendships. She only has enduring interests.' "

A RINGSIDE SEAT

(From *Presidential Agent*. Lanny watches the death struggle of the diplomats with the future of the world at stake.)

As when two mighty wrestlers struggle upon a mat, locked in an unbreakable grip, heaving and straining, exerting the last ounce of their forces; gasping and panting, they sway this way and that, and their muscles stand out in great lumps, and the cords are as if breaking through the skin, the veins swell and the eyeballs seem about to spring from their heads; still they increase their efforts, and it appears that one is slowly yielding, but he summons new forces and holds his own; the spectators of this contest catch their breaths, and sway this way and that with the contestants, sharing through the power of the imagination the agony of the effort and manifesting even the physical symptoms of strain: so now it was in the diplomatic arena of Europe, where the once beaten champion Antaeus-like had touched the earth and renewed his forces, and now was coming back for another bout in spite of all the betting odds against him, he being determined, singlehearted and singleminded, while his opponent, grown soft through ease, was confused in his thoughts and hesitant to use the powers which he possessed.

Lanny Budd was watching this international contest from a ringside seat. Telegraph keys clicked, telephone wires hummed, dispatch riders came on motorcycles, important visitors were brought in cars—and the sum total of these communications spread in semi-secret whispers all over the Berghof. Nobody had ever been more skill-

ful at making friends than the son of Budd-Erling, and being an American, he was regarded as a neutral, even a sort of arbiter, a court of appeals, a person not bound by precedents and conventions. "You see what they do to us?" the court physician would say, when some Sudeten German got hurt in a tavern argument and Dr. Goebbels spread it over the front pages of all the newspapers of the Fatherland. "*Sehen Sie, Herr Budd!*" exclaimed the Fuhrer himself. "I take your advice and try to be moderate, and they drive my people to desperation." The man who believed his own atrocity stories!

A SECRET AGENT REPORTS

(From *Dragon Harvest*. Lanny Budd reports to the President the state of affairs in Europe.)

F. D. R. was in bed, as always on these occasions; it was a big old-fashioned mahogany bed with a carved back. He had on blue-and-white-striped pongee pajamas, with a comfortable blue cape about his large and strong shoulders. He had a collection of legal-appearing documents on his lap, and he put these aside, took off his spectacles, and leaned over to greet his visitor with a handshake and cheerful "Hello." Not until Baker had bowed himself out and closed the door did he speak the visitor's name. "Well, Lanny! Every time you come you bring me a bigger load of troubles!"

"That's why I come," replied the other, with a grin. He had had four sessions here and one at Hyde Park, and understood this genial great man's fondness for "kidding."

"Great guns! You sure collected a mess this time! Has the great anaconda finished his swallowing act?"

That was an invitation for Lanny to tell his story, and he went to it. He had already put the essentials into his reports; now he went over the same ground, putting in

the local color, bringing to life the various personalities involved in the diplomatic battle of Europe. There was a minor battle going on inside Germany for the possession of the Fuhrer's mind; it was between—you couldn't say the conservatives, for there were no such leaders of the NSDAP, but there were some less reckless than others. Goring and Hess were among these, and Lanny had sought them as his friends; the other crowd, of whom Ribbentrop and Goebels were the most conspicuous, he couldn't stand, even as a matter of duty.

The "Governor" wanted to know how deep that cleavage went; would it ever become a real split? Lanny answered: "Not a chance of it. Once Hitler announces his decision, they all fall into line, like so many humble rookies. The reason for that is, not so much that they trust Hitler—many of them privately think he's a bit cracked—but they know he's managed to get the German people behind him. That is the basis of his power—that, and his luck; he's managed to get away with one thing after another, and of course every concession by the rest of the world increases that prestige, makes him bolder and his people more adoring."

Said F. D. R.: "I have the feeling that we are drifting into a frightful calamity."

"There can be no question about it, Governor." The great man had been Governor of New York State, and it had been a simple homely job compared to the one he now had, that was enough to break the back of a dromedary, so he declared.

Lanny went on: "The world needs someone to take command and put a block across the pathway of these dictators."

"I see you looking at me," replied the man in the striped pajamas. His words were playful but his look became grave. "I can only tell you that I am completely helpless. The American people are not awake to the situation and will not listen to any warning. They fear Eur-

ope, they despise it a little, because of the hateful things that are done there. They do not see the slightest reason why they should stick their fingers into the mess. Isolation is the watchword of the hour, and every smallest move I make to help our friends abroad brings a storm about my head. You saw what happened the other day when I let the French purchase a few of our military planes."

"Yes," replied Lanny, "I had a talk with Bullitt after he got back to Paris."

"Well, you can say that I should have the courage to face such storms; and I do; but I am not a dictator and have no idea of becoming one, in spite of all that my enemies say. I cannot afford to break completely with Congress, for if I do I merely render myself impotent for the scant two years of office that I have left, and if I cannot influence the choice of my successor I shall have the pain of seeing all my New Deal measures repealed and my labors brought to naught."

"I don't think you need worry about the two years, Governor. I can assure you that Hitler will force a crisis before that—unless, of course, the British are prepared to back down completely and let him treat Poland as he has treated Czechoslovakia."

"They give me very strong assurance that they will not do that; and we have all been cheered by the firm stand which Chamberlain has taken."

WAR'S HORRORS

(From *Jimmie Higgins*. Jimmie meets the raging beast of modern warfare.)

He got to the top of the ridge, puffing and panting and dripping perspiration; and there suddenly he jumped from his machine and ran with it behind a tree-trunk

and stood anxiously peering out. There were men ahead ; and what sort of men? Jimmie tried to remember the pictures of Germans he had seen, and did they look like this? The air was full of smoke, which made it hard to decide ; but gradually Jimmie made out one group, dragging a machine-gun on wheels ; they placed it behind a ridge of ground, and began to shoot in the direction of Germany. So Jimmie advanced, but with hesitation, not wanting to interfere with the aiming of the gun, which was making a noise like a riveting machine, only faster and louder. It had a big round cylinder for a barrel, and the men were feeding it long strips of cartridges out of a box, and were so intent on the process that they paid no attention whatever to Jimmie. He stood and stared, spell-bound. For these creatures seemed not men, but hairy monsters out of caves—ragged, plastered with mud, grimed and smoke-blackened, with their teeth shining like the teeth of angry dogs. Jimmie forgot all about the enemy, he saw only this roaring, flame-vomiting machine, and the men who were a part of it.

Suddenly one of the men leaped up, a little hairier and a little blacker than the rest, and shouted, "Ah derry-air ! Ah derry-air !" And the gun stopped roaring and vomiting flame, and the men laid hold and began to tug and strain to draw it back. The leader continued exhorting them ; until suddenly an amazing thing happened—right in the midst of his shouting, the whole of his mouth and lower jaw disappeared. You did not see what became of it—it just vanished into nothingness, and there in the place of it was a red cavern, running blood. The man stood with his startled eyes shining white in his black and hairy face, and gurgling noises coming out—as if he thought he was still shouting, or could if he tried harder.

The others paid not the least attention to this episode ; they continued tugging at the gun. And would you believe it, the man with no mouth and jaw fell to helping

again! The wheels struck a rise in the ground, and he waved his hands in impotent excitement, and then rushed at Jimmie, exposing to the horrified little machinist the full ghastliness of that red cavern running blood.

Jimmie tried his magic formula: "Botteree Normb Cott." But the man waved his hands frantically and grabbed Jimmie by the arm—the very incarnation of that Monster of Militarism which the little machinist had been dodging for four years! He pushed Jimmie towards the gun, and the other men shouted: "Asseestay!" So of course there was nothing for Jimmie to do but lay hold and tug with the rest.

Presently they got the wheels to moving, and rolled the thing up the ridge. A wagon came bumping through the woods, and the men at the gun gave a gasp which was meant to be a cheer, and one of them laid hold of Jimmie again, crying: "Portay! Portay!" He dragged out a heavy box and loaded it into Jimmie's arms, and carried another himself, and so in a few moments the machine-gun was drumming, and Jimmie went on carrying boxes. The men who were driving the wagon leaped upon the horses and drove away; and still Jimmie carried boxes, blindly, desperately. Was it because he was afraid of the little French demon who was shouting at him? No, not exactly, because when he went back with a box he saw the little demon suddenly double up like a jack-knife and fall forward. He did not make a sound, he did not even kick; he lay with his face in the dirt and leaves—and Jimmie ran back for another box.

He did it because he understood that the Germans were coming. He had not seen them; but when the gun fell silent he heard whining sounds in the air, as if from a litter of elephantine puppies. Sometimes the twigs of the trees fell on him, the dirt in front of him flew up into his face; and always, of course, everywhere about him was the roar of bursting shells which he had come to

accept as a natural part of life. And suddenly another man went down, and another — there were only two left, and one of them signalled to Jimmie what to do, and Jimmie did not say a word, he just went to work and learned to run a machine-gun by the method favored by modern educators—by doing.

Presently the man who was aiming the gun clapped his hand to his forehead and fell backwards. Jimmie was at his side, and the gun was shooting—so what more natural than for Jimmie to move into position and look along the sights? It was a fact that he had never aimed any sort of gun in his life before; but he was apt with machinery—and disposed to meddle into things, as we know.

Jimmie looked along the sights; and suddenly it seemed as if the line of distant woods leaped into life, the bushes vomiting grey figures which ran forward, and fell down, and then leaped up and ran and fell down again. "Eel vienn!" hissed the man at Jimmie's side. So Jimmie moved the gun here and there, pointing it wherever he saw the grey figures.

Did he kill any Germans? He was never entirely sure in his own mind; always the idea pursued him that maybe he had been making a fool of himself, shooting bullets into the ground or up into the air—and the poilus at his side thinking he must know all about it, because he was one of those wonderful Americans who had come across the seas to save la belle France! The Germans kept falling, but that proved nothing, for that was the method of their advance anyway, and Jimmie had no time to count and see how many fell and how many got up again. All he knew was that they kept coming—more and more of them, and nearer and nearer, and the Frenchmen muttered curses, and the gun hammered and roared, until the barrel grew so hot that it burned. And then suddenly it stopped dead!

"Sockray!" cried the two Frenchmen, and began frantically working to take the gun to pieces; but before

they had worked a minute one of them clapped his hand to his side and fell back with a cry, and a second later Jimmie felt a frightful blow on his left arm, and when he tried to lift it and see what was wrong, half of it hung loose, and blood ran out of his sleeve!

COUNTRY

"The higher patriotism; the duty of man to his country as seen from the point of view of those who would make the country the parent and friend of all who dwell in it."

AMERICA—THE PAST

(From *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*. *The American* afterwards became the trilogy of which only the first volume, *Manassas*, was published.)

My mind pounced upon a new work—a work that I have dreamed of often. Would it be my next work? I thought—would I be able—would I dare? It is a grand thing.

I went on, and got thinking of it; I almost forgot that I was not still in the woods. What a sweeping thing I see it!

The American! It would have to be a three-volume novel, I fear—it would be as huge as *Les Misérables*!

It is the Civil War! I am haunted by that fearful struggle. Is there anything more fearful in history, any more tremendous effort of the human spirit? And so far it has not made one great poem, one great drama, one great novel!

It was the furnace-fire in which this land was forged—this land which holds in its womb the future of the world—this land that is to give laws to the nations and teach mankind its destiny. I search the ages, and I find no struggle so fraught with meaning, with the woe and the terror and the agony of a desperate hope.

It must be all put into an art-work, I say! There is no theme that could thrill the men of this country more, that could lift them more, that could do more to make

their hearts throb with pride. We sent all the best that we had—armies and armies of them—and they toiled and suffered, they rooted upon a thousand fields of horror. And their souls cry out to me, that it must not be for naught, that the fearful consecration must not be for naught.

The world is filled with historical fiction ; it is the cant and the sham of the hour.—Bah !

—This is what I long to do ; to take the agony of that struggle and live it and forge it into an art-work : to put upon a canvas the soul of it ; to put it there, living and terrible, that the men of this land might know the heritage that is come down to them.

It would take years of toil, it would take money, too—I should have to go down there. But some day I shall do it !

I saw some of it today, and it made my blood go !

I saw a poet, young, sensitive, throbbing at the old, old wrong, at the black shame of our history ; I saw him drawn into that fearful whirlpool of blood and passion, driven mad with the pain and the horror of it ; and I saw him drilled and hammered to a grim savageness, saw him fighting, day by day, with his spirit, forging it into an iron sword of war. He was haggard and hollow-eyed, hard, ruthless, desperate. He saw into the future, he saw the land he loved, the land he dreamed of—the Union ! She stretched out her arms to him, she cried with the voices of unborn ages, she wrung her hands in the agony of her despair. And for her his heart beat, for her he was a madman, for her he marched in sun and in snow, for her he was torn and slashed, for her he waded through fields of slaughter. Of her he dreamed and sung—sung to the camps in the night-time, till armies were thrilled with his singing.

This was the thing of which he sang, the gaunt, grim

poet: There is a monster, huge beyond thought, terrible, all-destroying; the name of it is Rebellion, and the end of it is Death! Day by day you grapple with it, day by day you hammer it, day by day you crush it. Down with it, down with it! Finish it!

I heard that as a battle-cry: "Finish it!" I saw a man, wild and war-frenzied, riding a war-frenzied horse; he rode at the head of a squadron, bare-headed, sword in hand, demon-like—thundering down-hill upon a mass of men, stabbing, slashing, trampling, scattering! Above the roar of it all I heard his cry: "Finish it! Finish it!"

And afterwards he staggered from his horse and knelt by the men he had killed, and wept.

—I saw him again, It was when the man of the hour had come at last; when the monster had met his master; when, day by day, they hammered it, fire-spitting, death-dealing monster; when they closed with it in death-grapple in a tangled wilderness, where armies fought like demons in the dark, and the wounded were burned by the thousands. I saw companies of fainting, starving, agonized men, retreating, still battling, day by day; and I saw the wild horseman galloping on their track, slashing, trampling—and still with the battle-yell: "Finish it! Finish it!"

I saw him yet a third time. It was done, it was finished; and he lay wounded in a dark room, listening. Outside in the streets of Washington a great endless army marched by, the army of victory, of salvation; and the old war-flags waved, and the old war-songs echoed, and he heard the trampling of ten thousand feet—the rumbling of the old cannon—and the ocean-roaring of the vast throngs of men! A wild delirium of victory throbbed in his soul—burned him up, as he lay there alone, dying of his passion and his wounds. Born of the joy that throbbed in the air about him, born of the waving banners and

the clashing trumpets and the trampling hosts and the shouting millions—a figure loomed up before him—a figure with eyes of flame and a form that towered like the mountains—with arms outstretched in rapture and robes that touched the corn-fields as she sped—angel, prophetess, goddess!—Liberty!

—And at her feet he sobbed out his life.

—The American!

AMERICA—THE PRESENT

(From *The Journal of Arthur Stirling.*)

Chiefest of all I think of my country! Passionately, more than words can utter, I love this land of mine. If I tear my heart till it bleeds and pour out the tears of my spirit, it is for this consecration and this hope—it is for this land of Washington and Lincoln. There never was any land like it—there may never be any like it again; and Freedom watches from her mountains, trembling.

—It is a song that it needs, a song and a singer; to point it to its high design, to thrill it with the music of its message, to shake the heart of every man in it, and make him burn and dare! For the first time there is Liberty; for the first time there is Truth, and no shams and no lies, enthroned. The news of it has gone forth like the sound of thunder, and has shaken all the earth: that man at last may live, may do what he can and will!

—And to what is it? Is it to the heaping up of ugly cities, the packing of pork and the gathering of gold? That is the thing that I toil for—to tear this land from the grasp of mean men and of merchants! To take the souls of my countrymen into the high mountains with me, to thrill them with a soaring, strong resolve! *Living things* shall come from this land of mine, living things

before I die, for the hunger of it burns me, and will not ever let me rest. Freedom! freedom! And stern justice and honor, and knowledge and power, and a noontday blaze of light!

AMERICA—THE FUTURE

(From *Letters to Judd.*)

We are moving towards a new American revolution. That does not mean riot and tumult, as our enemies try to represent; but neither does it mean slavish submission to every repression of government. There is the best American precedent for resistance to tyranny, and those good ladies who call themselves "Daughters of the American Revolution" would be shocked speechless if I were to quote to them the authentic words of Sam Adams and Patrick Henry and George Washington and Thomas Jefferson on the right of the people to overthrow unjust governments. Said Abraham Lincoln, in his first inaugural address: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." There can be no question that those words come precisely under the specifications of the California "criminal syndicalism" law, and a man who said them today would be sent up for fourteen years, to cough out his lungs in the jute-mill of San Quentin prison.

We have to get rid of the capitalist system. It is close to breaking down, and will soon be unable to run the factories it has built, or to bring food to the people in its giant cities. We have got to stop producing goods for profit, and learn to produce them for the use of those who work. I have pointed out the way to make that change

under our Constitution. I say: if there is violence, let the capitalists start it — and then you, Judd, and the rest of the workers, can finish it!

Abraham Lincoln hated the slave power, just as I hate the capitalist power; but he moved carefully, keeping the mass of the people with him, and pushed the slave power against the wall, until presently it revolted and began the fighting; then Lincoln called for seventy thousand men to put down the rebellion, and presently he called for a million, and before he got through he had freed the slaves, and put an end to that evil forever. And maybe that is going to happen again; maybe when we get seriously to work, the capitalists are going to organize their armed bands of rowdies, as they did in Italy, and as they are now doing in France and Germany and England, and set out to thwart the people's will as expressed at the polls. If that happens, Judd, let us have the traditions of America, and the moral forces of America, on our side.

I am one who believes in those traditions; coming, as I do, of a line of naval ancestors. My great-grandfather once commanded the frigate *Constitution*, and I am standing by the old ship — while our money-masters and their hired political servants are trying to torpedo it. When I try to read the Constitution of my country in a public place, and a drunken chief of police throws me into jail, and drunken newspaper publishers shout with approval — well, Judd, I bide my time. I once spent two years reading the history of the period prior to the Civil War, and I know what the moral forces of America are. I know how long they wait, and how slow they seem to be in getting into motion; nevertheless, they are there, and I make my appeal to them, and I expect to hear it answered. I am taking care of my health, with the idea of living to sing once more the Battle Hymn of the Republic: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!"

THE OLD AMERICA

(From *The Way Out: What Lies Ahead for America.*)

But still the old America survives in the hearts of some of us, and every now and then it starts into life, to the dismay of our established authorities. There is the America of Thomas Jefferson, who wrote: "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." There is the America of Abraham Lincoln, who wrote that "whenever the people are not satisfied with their government they can exercise their constitutional right to change it or their revolutionary right to overthrow it."

I point out to you also, Perry, that even in the midst of our pioneer individualism there were Americans who dreamed of an ordered society based upon justice. We had our Brook Farm and a score of other colonies nearly a hundred years ago. We had our native Socialist movement, with leaders such as Albert Brisbane and Horace Greeley and Wendell Phillips and Frances Willard and Edward Bellamy—and so on down to Gene Debs and Jack London. All these were native Americans, who spoke our language, and the only reason they are not understood is that their words so seldom reach the people. The great press is in the hands of the exploiting classes, and so also are radio, moving pictures, political parties, all the channels of information and the machinery of action. Even so, the message is being spread and the mind of America is changing.

I maintain that there is no greater perversion in history than the identification of Americanism with capitalism. It is true that capitalism stands for liberty of a sort—the liberty to prey, to gamble, and to exploit. But these are very old kinds of liberty in the world, and America did

not have to discover them. We are seeking to establish and to protect a new kind of liberty, to serve and to be at peace and to enjoy the fruits of one's own labor. Who shall say that such things are incompatible with the American spirit?

We are seeking to do in the realm of economics exactly what our ancestors did in the realm of politics. They found themselves subjects of an hereditary ruler, and they asserted their right to become free and equal citizens of a republic. They took that right by force and maintained it. And now we of the present generation find ourselves subjects of an exploiting class, which inherits and maintains its right to live in idleness upon the fruits of our toil. We intend to overthrow autocracy in industry and to establish an industrial republic. We plead with our rulers to permit this change, and if they consent, well and good. If, on the other hand, there has to be a new Lexington, a new Bunker Hill, a new Valley Forge, a new Yorktown in our history, we shall know how to behave.

Addressing our present owners and masters of industry, I point out to them another historic precedent. From far back in our affairs wise statesmen advocated the abolition of chattel slavery. Thomas Jefferson contended for it, even though himself a slave-owner. A far-sighted Southern statesman, Henry Clay, argued for the ending of slavery by means of purchase. There were some four million slaves at that time, and they were reckoned to be worth a thousand dollars apiece, which made four billion dollars, a staggering sum for those days. The advice of the great compromiser was not heeded; both slaveholders and abolitionists hardened their hearts, and we fought a dreadful civil war, which cost us several times four billion dollars, and in addition a million lives, the flower of our manhood. We set the slaves free, but incidentally we laid waste the South, and kindled fires of prejudice and passion which still smoulder, and some day

may flame into war between whites and blacks in the South.

Now appears another group of peace-lovers, pleading for wisdom and brotherhood in the face of another grave wrong. If you, Perry, and our masters of industry reject the advice I am giving here, you will have another civil war. You will have it as certain as sunrise, if you and your dupes of the American Legion and your hirelings of the police continue to behave as you behaved in Los Angeles last night. In that civil war millions of lives may be lost and the greater part of our industrial plant may be destroyed. It may last a year, ten years, a generation. It may be a prolonged nightmare, like the religious wars which laid waste Germany; like those seven plagues which descended upon Egypt, when "Pharaoh hardened his heart and would not let the people go."

And all because you and your class have not the intelligence to see that the old system is broken down and that a new birth of freedom is due throughout the world. We offer you a new way of life, in which any normal man can find happiness and peace. No matter how rich you may be, and how well satisfied with your world, you will be better off and a better man in a co-operative commonwealth. You build up your enormous business machine, and lay by stores of wealth, and think you have made your children and your grandchildren safe. But in this world of blind competition no one can be safe, and we have an old motto, "three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves," to prove it. Business rivals may take your plant, incompetent or dishonest managers may wreck it, panics and hard times, war and revolution may bring even you to want in your old age. When I told you these things four years ago, you smiled at me; but now you do not smile, and there is not so much smiling among men of your class.

You have to make the decision quickly, because things move fast in America; that is the penalty we pay for

“progress.” We cannot stall along as England has been doing, keeping the unemployed barely alive, and seeing conditions grow worse over a period of fifteen years. In our world there will be such a breakdown, that the decision will be a matter of days. We have half our workers now idle, and the next crisis may see three-quarters of them on the streets. Our railroads will be about to stop, and someone will have to keep them going. History will force us to choose.

We do not ask you to undergo any martyrdoms, Perry, or to indulge in any heroics. We ask you to use common sense, ordinary business judgment, and realize how preposterous and unthinkable it is to keep this vast business machine of ours in idleness any longer. We propose that you surrender your privileges as a profit-maker, and accept in return your rights as a citizen of industry. We undertake to demonstrate to you that these rights will mean more to you, in security, enjoyment, and the exercise of your faculties, than any of the privileges which you have won in the competitive struggle. We ask you to join with us in putting aside hatred and bringing justice, not merely as a formula, a theme for Fourth of July harangues, but as a reality in everyday business and political affairs. Let us have access to those factories of yours, and let us work in them as long as necessary, and let everyone who works in them receive the full value of what he produces, a thing which competent economists can calculate and which the conscience of all mankind will ratify and write into laws and traditions. Is it altogether a Utopian dream, that once in history a ruling class might be willing to make the great surrender, and permit social change to come about without hatred, turmoil, and waste of human life?

A CHANGE IN ITALY

(From *Between Two Worlds*. A dictator makes his appearance on the scene and Italy is no longer a country of art, flowers and song.)

The founder of *Fascismo* had proved his thesis of the beneficence of violence. The Americans had a phrase, "climbing onto the bandwagon," and Lanny could imagine all the time-servers, the petty officials and bourgeois "intellectuals," who would hasten to pay homage to the new Roman emperor and make him drunk upon his own glory. A master actor by now, he had served first the left and then the right, and had carefully selected the best phrases of both. Every day he would produce new stunts to delight the Roman mob; he would jump over hurdles to show how lively he was, and be photographed in a cage with a toothless lion cub to show how brave he was.

But woe to those who had fought him, and taught him to hate them! There is no one who hates with such bitterness as a renegade, who has to keep the flame hot that its roaring may be louder than the voice of his conscience. The socialists, the pacifists, and even the harmless co-operators were shot in their beds or hunted in the mountains; and meanwhile the new ruler in whose honor this Roman holiday was celebrated would stand before the Chamber of Deputies and solemnly ordain: "There shall be no reprisals." That was the pattern of this new society, as Lanny came to know it; boundless cruelty combined with bland and pious lying. The *Fascisti* would develop falsehood into a new science and a new art; they would teach it to one dictator after another, until half the human race would no longer have any means of telling truth from falsehood.

Lanny knew what was happening in Italy, because he was continually meeting victims of it. That was the herit-

age which his friend Barbara Pugliese had left him ; she had told some of her friends about this generous-hearted American youth, and now they had his address. Lanny remembered what his father had said about the practice of hobos in the United States ; he had got a mark on his gatepost, and there would be no way ever to get it rubbed out !

CHILDREN

"Social injustice as it bears upon the future generation; pictures of child labor, and of the degradation of children in slums."

CHILDREN IN THE JUNGLE

(From *The Jungle*. Episodes in the career of a young immigrant.)

Meantime Teta Elzbieta had taken Stanislovas to the priest, and got a certificate to the effect that he was two years older than he was; and with it the little boy now sallied forth to make his fortune in the world. It chanced that Durham had just put in a wonderful new lard-machine, and when the special policeman in front of the time-station saw Stanislovas and his document, he smiled to himself, and told him to go—"Czia! Czia!" pointing. And so Stanislovas went down a long stone corridor and up a flight of stairs, which took him into a room lighted by electricity, with the new machines for filling lard-cans at work in it. The lard was finished on the floor above, and it came in little jets, like beautiful, wriggling, snow-white snakes of unpleasant odor. There were several kinds and sizes of jets, and after a certain precise quantity had come out, each stopped automatically, and the wonderful machine made a turn, and took the can under another jet, and so on, until it was filled neatly to the brim, and pressed tightly and smoothed off. To attend to all this and fill several hundred cans of lard per hour there were necessary two human creatures, one of whom knew how to place an empty lard-can on a certain spot every few seconds, and the other of whom knew how to take a full lard-can off a certain spot every few seconds and set it upon a tray.

And so, after little Stanislovas had stood gazing timidly about him for a few seconds, a man approached him,

and asked what he wanted, to which Stanislovas said, "Job." Then the man said, "How old?" and Stanislovas answered, "Sixtin." Once or twice every year a state inspector would come wandering through the packing-plants, asking a child here and there how old he was; and so the packers were very careful to comply with the law, which cost them as much trouble as was now involved in the boss's taking the document from the little boy, and glancing at it, and then sending it to the office to be filed away. Then he set someone else at a different job, and showed the lad how to place a lard-can every time the empty arm of the remorseless machine came to him; and so was decided the place in the universe of little Stanislovas, and his destiny till the end of his days. Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, it was fated that he should stand upon a certain square foot of floor from seven in the morning until noon, and again from half-past twelve till half-past five, making never a motion and thinking never a thought, save for the setting of lard-cans. In summer the stench of the warm lard would be nauseating, and in winter the cans would all but freeze to his naked little fingers in the unheated cellar. Half the year it would be dark as night when he went in to work and dark as night again when he came out, and so he would never know what the sun looked like on weekdays. And for this, at the end of the week, he would carry home three dollars to his family, being his pay at the rate of five cents per hour—just about his proper share of the total earnings of the million and three-quarters of children who are now engaged in earning their livings in the United States.

* * *

And if it was bad for the men, one may imagine how the women and children fared. Some would ride in the cars, if the cars were running; but when you are making only five cents an hour, as little Stanislovas, you do not like to spend that much to ride two miles. The child-

ren would come to the yards with great shawls about their ears, and so tied up that you could hardly find them—and still there would be accidents. One bitter morning in February, the little boy who worked at the lard-machine with Stanislovas came about an hour late, and screaming with pain. They unwrapped him, and a man began vigorously rubbing his ears; and as they were frozen stiff, it took only two or three rubs to break them short off. As a result of this, little Stanislovas conceived a terror of the cold that was almost a mania. Every morning, when it came time to start for the yards, he would begin to cry and protest. Nobody knew quite how to manage him, for threats did no good—it seemed to be something that he could not control, and they feared sometimes that he would go into convulsions. In the end it had to be arranged that he always went with Jurgis, and came home with him again; and often, when the snow was deep, the man would carry him the whole way on his shoulders. Sometimes Jurgis would be working until late at night, and then it was pitiful, for there was no place for the little fellow to wait, save in the doorway or in a corner of the killing-beds, and he would all but fall asleep there, and freeze to death.

* * *

“I got sick,” she replied, “and after that I had no money. And then Stanislovas died—”

“Stanislovas dead!”

“Yes,” said Marija. “I forgot. You didn’t know about it.”

“How did he die?”

“Rats killed him,” she answered.

Jurgis gave a gasp. “*Rats* killed him!”

“Yes,” said the other; she was bending over, lacing her shoes as she spoke. “He was working in an oil factory—at least, he was hired by the men to get their beer. He used to carry cans on a long pole; and he’d drink a little out of each can, and one day he drank too much,

and fell asleep in a corner, and got locked up in the place all night. When they found him the rats had killed him and eaten him nearly all up."

HUMOUR

"Comedy of the social struggle; . . . those who have had the courage to fight the battle for social progress with the weapon of laughter."

WE'RE REAL BUMS

Examples of Sinclair's humour, which do not lend themselves to quotation, will be found in his cheery *Candid Reminiscences*, his satirical forecast *The Millennium*, and his play *Hell*.

(From *The Spy*. [100%]. Peter Gudge, the spy, has been imprisoned along with some genuine conscientious objectors.)

One of Duggan's poems had to do with a poor devil named Slim, who was a "snow-eater," that is to say, a cocaine victim. This Slim wandered about the streets of New York in the winter-time without any shelter, and would get into an office building late in the afternoon, and hide in one of the lavatories to spend the night. If he lay down, he would be seen and thrown out, so his only chance was to sit up; but when he fell asleep, he would fall off the seat—therefore he carried a rope in his pocket, and would tie himself in a sitting position.

Now what was the use of a story like that? Peter didn't want to hear about such people! He wanted to express his disgust; but he knew, of course, that he must hide it. He laughed as he exclaimed, "Christ Almighty, Duggan, can't you give us something with a smile? You don't think it's the job of Socialists to find a cure for the dope habit, do you? That's sure one thing that ain't caused by the profit system."

Duggan smiled his bitterest smile. "If there's any misery in the world today that ain't kept alive by the profit system, I'd like to see it! D'you think dope sells itself? If there wasn't a profit in it, would it be sold to

anyone but doctors? Where'd you get your Socialism, anyhow?"

So Peter beat a hasty retreat. "Oh, sure, I know all that. But here you're shut up in jail because you want to change things. Ain't you got a right to give yourself a rest while you're in?"

The poet looked at him, as solemn as an owl. He shook his head. "No," he said. "Just because we're fixed up nice and comfortable in jail, have we got the right to forget the misery of those outside?"

The others laughed; but Duggan did not mean to be funny at all. He rose slowly to his feet and with his arms outstretched, in the manner of one offering himself as a sacrifice, he proclaimed:

"While there is a lower class, I am in it.

"While there is a criminal element, I am of it.

"While there is a soul in jail, I am not free."

Then he sat down and buried his face in his hands. The group of rough fellows sat in solemn silence. Presently Gus, the Swedish sailor, feeling perhaps that the rebuke to Peter had been too severe, spoke timidly: "Comrade Gudge, he ban in jail twice already."

So the poet looked up again. He held out his hand to Peter. "Sure, I know that!" he said, clasping Peter in the grip of comradeship. And then he added: "I'll tell you a story with a smile!"

Once upon a time, it appeared, Duggan had been working in a moving picture studio, where they needed tramps and outcasts and all sorts of people for crowds. They had been making a "Preparedness" picture, and wanted to show the agitators and trouble-makers, mobbing the palace of a banker. They got two hundred bums and hoboës, and took them in trucks to the palace of a real banker, and on the front lawn the director made a speech to the crowd, explaining his ideas. "Now," said he, "remember, the guy that owns this house is the guy that's got all the wealth that you fellows have produced. You

are down and out, and you know that he's robbed you, so you hate him. You gather on his lawn and you're going to mob his home; if you can get hold of him, you're going to tear him to bits for what he's done to you." So the director went on, until finally Duggan interrupted: "Say, boss, you don't have to teach us. This is a real palace, and we're real bums!"

THE POET

"Social injustice as it bears upon literature and the producers of literature ; pictures of the life of the outcast poet, and of art in conflict with mammon."

ARTHUR STIRLING

(From *The Journal of Arthur Stirling.*)

I have thought a great deal about the thing, and it seems by no means best for the world that it should treat all the men who have my gift as it has treated me. Let the world take notice that I perish because I have not cheap qualities. Because I was born to sing and to worship! Because I have no ally, because I will not compromise, because I do not understand the world, and do not serve its uses! If only I knew all the book-gossip of the hour, and all the platitudes of the reviews! If only I knew anything of all the infinite frivolity and puerility that occupies the minds of men! But I do not, and so I am an outcast, and must work as a day laborer for my bread.

—The infinite irrationality of it seems to me notable. Why, upon the men of genius of the *past* you feed your lives, you blind and foolish men! They are the bread and meat of your souls—they make you civilizations—they mold your thoughts—they put into you all that little life which you have. And your reviews have use enough for *them*! Your publishers publish enough of *them*! *But what thoughts have you about the NEW teacher, the NEW inspirer?*

The madness of the thing! I read books enough, it seems to me, telling of the sufferings of the critics, the blindness of the public, of a century ago. And those things pain you all so cruelly! But the possibility of their hap-

pening to the poets of the *present*—it never seems to enter into your heads! Why, that very man who sent me back his curt refusal by his secretary—he writes about the agonies of Shelley and Keats in a way that brings the tears into your eyes! And that is only one example among thousands.

What do these men think? Is it their idea that the public and the critics are now so true and so eager that the poets have nothing more to fear? That stupidity and blindness and indifference are quite entirely gone out of the world? That aspiration and fervour are now so much the rule that the least penny-a-liner can judge the new poet?

And they think that the soul is dead then! And that God has stopped sending into this world new messages and new faiths!

Oh you civilization! You society! You critics and lovers of books! Why, that new message and that new faith ought to be the one thing in all this world that you bend your faculties to save! It is that upon which all your life is built—it is that by which this Republic, for one thing, is to be made a factor in the history of mankind. But what do you do? What *have* you done? Here I am; and come now and tell me what it is that you *think* you have done. *For I have the message—I have the faith!* And you have starved me, and you have beaten me, until I am too ill to drag myself about!

And what can I do? Where can I turn? What hope have I, except, as Swift's phrase has it, to "die like a poisoned rat in a hole?" I could wish that you would think over that phrase a little while, cultivated ladies and gentlemen. It is not pleasant—to die like a poisoned rat in a hole.

You ask me to believe in your civilization; you ask me to believe in your love of light! Let me tell you when I would believe in your civilization and your love of light.

I say that the last and highest thing in this world is *Genius*. I say that Religion and Art and Progress and Enlightenment—that all these things are made out of *Genius*; and that *Genius* is first and last, highest, and best, and fundamental. And I say that when you recognize that fact—when you believe in *Genius*—when you prepare the way for it and make smooth the paths for it—I say that then and then alone may you tell me that you are civilized.

The thing shrieks against heaven—your cruelty, your stupidity. Since ever the first poet came into this world it has been the same story of agony, indignity, and shame. *And what do you do?*

It is poverty that I talk about, poverty alone! The poet wants nothing in this world but to be let alone to listen to the voices of his soul. He wants nothing from you in all this world but that you give him food while he does it—while he does it, miserable people—not for himself, but for *you*.

This is the shame upon you—that you expect—that you always have expected—that the poet, besides doing the fearful task his inspiration lays upon him—that he shall go out into the coarse, ruthless world and slave for his bread! That is the shame! That is the indignity, that is the brutality, the stupidity, the infamy! Shame upon you, shame upon you, world!

The poet! He comes with a heart trembling with gladness; he comes with tears of rapture in his eyes! He comes with bosom heaving and throat choking and heart breaking. He comes with tenderness and with trust, with joy in the beauty that he beholds. He comes a minstrel, with a harp in his hand—and you set your dogs upon him—you drive him torn and bleeding from your gates!

The poet! You make him go out into the market and

chaffer for his bread! You subject him to the same law to which you subject your loafers and your louts—that he who will not work cannot eat! Your drones, and your drunkards—and your poets! Every man must earn for himself, every man must pay his way! No man must ask favors, no man must be helped, no man shall be any different from other men! For shame! For shame!

And you love letters! You love poetry! You are civilized, you are liberal, you are enlightened! You are fools!

I tell you the agony of this thing is in me yet—it has heaped itself up in my soul all my days. It was my life, it was my *life* that cried out! And now that I cannot save my own self—oh, let me at least save the others! O God, let me not die till I have said one word that reaches their hearts, till I have done something to change this ghastly thing! The voices of the ages cry out to me. Not only the hundreds who have gone before—but the hundreds and the thousands who are to come! What are *we* to do? they cry—who shall save *us*? Are we to share the same fate—are we too to struggle and die in vain? And in this world that is civilized! In this world that seeks progress! In this world that wants nothing but light!

Not to the mob I speak, not to those who once mocked me; if none but they lived, I should hold my tongue and go. But you men who are leaders, you men who stand upon the top, you men who see!—can I not find some word to reach *you*? You men who really love books—who have money—who want nothing but to put it to use!—can I not find some word to reach *you*?

O God! And it is all so simple.

I tell you this land will never be civilized, this land will never lead mankind, it will never be anything but the

torture-house that I have found it, until it makes some provision for its men of *Genius*! Until this simple fundamental thing be true—that a man may know that if he have *Genius*—that the day he shows he has *Genius*—he will be honored and protected by society and not trampled and kicked like a dog. That he will not have to go out into the market-place and vend his wares! That he will not have to make sick his soul haggling for his bread! That if he turns his strength to higher things, and exposes himself to the world thereby, he will not be trodden down in the struggle for existence! That he will not have to bear indignities and insults; that he will not have to write till he be ripe, or be stunted and deformed by early privation.

Genius. And am I not to die now?—And what matters the world?

Therefore let me write it: that I was a man of Genius. And that you have trodden me down in the struggle for existence. That I saw things that no other man has ever seen, I would have written things that no other man can ever write. And that you have trodden me down in the struggle for existence—that you have trodden me down because I could not earn my bread!

This is what I tell you—this is what I cry out to you, that the man of Genius *can not* earn his bread! That the work by which he develops his power is something absolutely and utterly different from the work by which he earns his bread! And that every hour which he gives to the one, he lessens his power and his capacity for the other! Every hour that he gives to the earning of his bread, he takes from his soul, he weakens his work, he destroys beauty which never again can he know or dream!

And this again is what I tell you, this again is what I cry out to you: that the power by which a man of Genius does his work, and the power by which he earns his

bread, are things so entirely distinct that *they may not occur together at all!* The man may have both, but then again he may only have the former.—And in that case he will die like a poisoned rat in a hole.

SPRINGTIME AND HARVEST

(The Preface to *Springtime and Harvest*.)

Springtime and Harvest is published under peculiar circumstances about which the author desires that the reader should know; because the work is one with his life and the hope of it is his ideal, he cannot accomplish his purpose without telling about himself; it is with a high aim that he indulges in this egotism.

The author is twenty-two years of age; seven years ago he made up his mind that his business in the world was to be a novelist. He has always been an intense worker, living in seclusion and giving every minute of his life to study. He has a whole trunkful of bad manuscripts, and enough juvenile stories published to fill a score of large volumes, stories which served to keep him alive, while he studied to fit himself for deeper work.

For three years he had been dreaming of a novel which he might write when he was strong; last spring, because his heart was shaken with the beauty of it, he went away to wrestle with his vision. Because he knew he had to give all his soul to the labor, he cut himself off absolutely from the world—found a little cabin in the wilds of Quebec, where for five months he lived entirely alone, doing a work so fearful that now, as he looks back upon it, it makes him tremble.

Each day, as he wrought at his story, the wonder of it took hold of him more and more, until it took the form of a very demon of beauty that lashed him and would not let him rest. He burnt out his soul at his work; he

labored until he was worn and wild; he wrote sometimes sixteen hours a day, and he lived his life upon his knees before his vision, writing it as a man writes a lyric poem, learning every word of it by heart in his hour of insight. When at last he had finished, he could have wept for joy because he was free; he knew that he had made *Spring-time and Harvest* the highest thing of which his soul was capable.

He came back to the city, not only very hungry and worn from his long camping, but also very poor. To be sure he had not written his book for money; no man can pray to God for fame and wealth; but he believed that he had earned his freedom by his toil, and it was with joy and certainty that he sent his book to a publisher.

It went to four altogether and it brought him only misery and suspense. Each one of the firms sent for him and parleyed and hesitated more or less, but the final verdict is summed up in the words of the Appletons, "We appreciate the power and spirit of your work, but we do not think that its success with the general reading public will be enough to warrant us in undertaking it." Subsequently, the writer met the literary manager of the Scribners, a well-known critic, who said, "Your book has many poetic beauties; it is burning with sincerity; I was interested in it enough to read it through, which is a compliment I seldom pay. But the book belongs to none of the literary kinds that people buy nowadays; it deals with subjects that are eternal and consecrated; you cannot expect that people will be greatly excited about it. Ours is an old conservative firm, and we do not like to publish anything that we are not reasonably certain will have a large sale."

The young author grew so desperate in his helplessness that he was several times on the point of writing to men whom he had learned to honor through their books, asking them to read his work and give him, in the name of art, the privilege of living once more for reality. He

would have had no shame and no fear in doing that; he and his wife were content to live in a hut, and to wear the clothes of day-laborers, and he could have sent his letter as a challenge and known that he was asking someone to do real help in the task of making right reason and the will of God prevail.

But in the meantime his heart was still with his book, and all his soul on fire against the commercial judgments he received. He had begun to see that his battle was only half fought; he had written a work that was on fire with hatred of the money-getting ideal of life, and now he was being invited to consider the money-getting power of his protest. He was learning the stern lesson that publishers are not in business for the uplifting of souls, and that they are not to be led upon crusades by the preaching of any hermit. He concluded at last that they were quite right in thinking that they could not sell *Springtime and Harvest*, concluded that it needed a conviction to sell it, just as it had needed one to write it. He found himself longing to get down into the arena and see the fight through himself, to carve out with his own hands a place in the world for his ideal. He was not yet convinced that enthusiasm and reverence were imaginations of his own riotous youth; he believed that there were people who would love his book as he loved it, and he believed that he could find them and speak to them in a voice that they would heed.

He has therefore constituted his little family into a publishing house under the genial title of "The Sinclair Press," and has gotten out an edition of *Springtime and Harvest*, meaning to offer it first to his friends, and to his fellow-students and teachers, and afterwards to bring it to the attention of men whom he thinks will honor what he has tried to do; he hopes thus to fight his way onward, step by step, until he has reached daylight. He desires to ask no favors of and bring no profits to, any private

money-making concern, and to keep his book a thing of Art to the end.

These last phrases require a word of explanation to close this long preface. The writer is as sincere as a man can be in the ideal of the artist's life which he sets forth in *Springtime and Harvest*. He needs money, of course ; the chief object of his struggle just at present is to secure the right to do his proper work in peace. That will require very little, however ; for the rest of his life's earnings he has another purpose, and he has decided after long hesitation to state that purpose here. He hesitated, not because he was afraid to speak his youthful hopes, but because he might seem to be urging people to buy his book for another reason than what the book itself contains.

The author had a dream which nerved his soul all through the weary toil of last summer, a dream that some day he might build up a tremendous force for the spreading of light. He was not blind to the grotesqueness of his situation in founding a library with a single book, and in starving while he wrote that one ; he will pardon anyone who smiles. This library is to exist for the purpose of increasing helpful reading among the humble people of our land ; it is to contain the best books, and the best only, in every department of literature and science, and to contain just as many of those as may be necessary ; and it is to furnish pamphlets to guide in the choosing of such books, and send them, postage free, to every village and farmhouse throughout our country where there is a hungry soul and nothing to read. *Springtime and Harvest* may fail, and subsequent books may fail ; but that library is quite certain to come. The writer is a man who gives all his time to his art, and some day or other he will have money ; it is by use of it that he hopes to keep clean his artist's conscience.

MY CAUSE

(From the *Independent*, May 14th, 1903. A reply to the criticisms aroused when the true authorship of *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* had been disclosed.)

I, Upton Sinclair, would-be singer and penniless rat, having for seven years waged day and night with society a life-and-death struggle for the existence of my soul; and having now definitely and irrevocably consummated a victory—having routed my last foe and shattered my last chain and made myself master of my own life: being in body very weak and in heart very weary, but in will yet infinitely determined, have sat myself down to compose of setting myself right; being “lord of a thousand dollars,” the world no longer exists for me. What people think of me is not whispered in the forests that I love, and I have read my last review, and waited upon my last publisher, and cringed before my last rejection. The sole reason for my writing is that in that world there are surely others, born to sing and to worship, as I was born to sing and to worship, but born less capable than I in the world’s low way—less willing to fight the world with its own weapons—less cunning, less unprincipled, than I. For such there being in the place from which I have escaped no salvation, and no protest, save to be stewed and mashed in misery for a lifetime, as I for seven long years, I could not greet my Muse until I flung my banner wide and declared myself to men.

My Cause! You laugh at me, no doubt, but some day you will heed me; and meanwhile here and there may be one who will recognize this letter for what it is—the coming into the world of a new ideal. Nothing ever happens in this world that is of the remotest consequence except the coming into it of a new ideal.

I have four things to write about: First, *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*; second, *The American*; third, "The Sinclair Press," and fourth, "My Cause."

I

I presume that people who have read *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* will wish to know how and why and when I wrote it, and the talks with the publishers, and, in particular, the incident with the dishonest editor happened in every smallest detail word for word as described. A number of the other external events are my imaginings concerning the life of a young man whom I met once or twice, and of whom I heard a poet who would be named as the most eminent in this country say that he had written lines that had not been surpassed by one of his years since Keats. He was a waiter and a snow-shoveller, has sought in vain among the publishers, and is now dying by inches as a clerk.

Upon its inner side *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* is a record of my own sufferings and despairs; it is the frenzied scream which the world wrung from my crushed and maddened spirit. I have been trying for some seven years to exist in this world as a literary man with a faith; the story is painful, and will be spared to readers of the *Independent*, having been told before. Suffice to say that I found myself in a position where I had either to compromise or to die of starvation; and the long struggle culminated in *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*. I remember saying to myself alone one day: "This literary world, I'll get it by the throat and shake it, and if I can't get some money out of it any other way, I'll get it by scaring it to death."

I went away early in April, 1902, into far-off Canada. I had only a tent; I put that up in the woods one wintry day and flung myself at the task. There is a portion of the book, pages 317 to 347, which I wrote between the hours of five o'clock one afternoon and one o'clock the

next morning, sitting swaddled in blankets, and without laying down my pen; during the night the thermometer went to seventeen degrees, and a glass of water at my side froze solid.

I finished the book in six weeks, at one dash; when it was all done I hit on the thought of making the world think it was true. It was then very easy, for I had put myself into it so completely that I believed in Stirling, and no longer believed in myself. I knew that the hoax would cost me my reputation and the respect of all decent people; but that did not matter, for I had not been favored with the acquaintance of many people, and am not obliged to hear what the world thinks of me. Besides, I would cheerfully have robbed a bank, or sand-bagged a millionaire, had my task been possible in no other way. My one desire was to raise a sensation: first, to sell the book, of course, and, second, to give me a standing ground from which to begin the agitation of My Cause. The full responsibility rests with me; no one can share the blame except two or three mischievous young friends, who kept the reporters flying around for a good many months, seeking out new details about poor "Arthur." If there be any critic disposed to take the trouble to quarrel with all this, I content myself with remarking that I came into this world with a heart running over with love and trust, and that this world has not shown itself as a good friend to me; having met it in its own way, and beaten it with its own weapons, its anger is to me no great matter, and I go my way rejoicing, and singing to all the stars.

II

The second matter is *The American*. I would not mention *The American* at all, except that it is the cause of all the other things. *The American* is to be my life work, and it is the shrine before which I have sacrificed my love, my reputation, and a portion of my health and power of working. *The American* is to be a three volume novel,

an attempt to make an imaginative picture of the Civil War, to place it with its agonies and its terrors as a living reality before mankind. The Civil War is to me the greatest art-theme now unpre-empted; it is one of the most tremendous efforts of the human spirit in all history, and it has been forty years before the world and is still any man's property. I hope to give the next four or five years of my life to the task of reading it. It is my hope to do what one man can to make known to the men of our day the sacredness of this Republic, the blood and the tears and the agonies that sealed its foundation-stones. The future of the world lies in this Republic; and it faces perils today.

III

It is for this that I announce "The Sinclair Press." If there is to be new life and new righteousness in this land, it must come from the new artists; and whatever of power my prayers may bring forth, this one thing I can do, and nothing can stop me; I can put before this people a true ideal. The peril of the Republic today is a gigantic, all-consuming, all-debasing Materialism; and perhaps I shall raise up a band of youths to go forth with me to fight it, but in my case—with companions or without them—*I go*. The deepest fact of my nature, as I know it, is a fiery, savage hatred of Wealth, and of all that Wealth stands for; and others may do as they will, but I and mine shall be free from it, and from every taint of it, and the fact shall be branded upon my forehead, and upon the lintels of my door. There shall be one man standing before this people with heart as white as snow; one man who sleeps upon a canvas cot and writes upon a pine table and lives in a tent or a shanty; one man to whom jewels and fine raiment, wines, tobaccos and rich foods, horses and carriages and servants and houses and ornaments are foul ordure from which he has swept clean his soul; one man who lives altogether for the Spirit, for worship and

love and beauty, and the service of mankind. Some day, just as soon as I have the money that is needed, every line that I write will be published by this publishing-house of my dream—"The Sinclair Press;" and every man who buys a book of mine will know that he pays for it just what it has cost to create it for him—the printing and handling of it, and what the author needed for food and shelter, and for books and music.

IV

And that brings me to the last of my themes—to My Cause. Perhaps, after all, I shall never do this beautiful thing, perhaps my Civil War novel may never be sold for thirty or forty cents a volume, instead of what other novels cost, a dollar and a half a volume; the latter price will prevail if I make the discovery that in no other way can I induce men to contribute to My Cause. My Cause is the Cause of a man who has never yet been defeated, and whose whole being is one all-devouring, God-given, holy purpose. This Cause he will fight for while there is breath in his body and power in his soul; and if he cannot make the cultured and the wealthy support it, he will do it with the earnings of all his own life; and if they do not suffice, he will raise up sons and daughters of his own to go on with the task. It matters not to him if not one single man who reads this paper believes he is right; this is his Revelation, and it is for the world to recognize it.

You do not understand, for you have not the memory of the midnight hour when I knelt with a fire of anguish in my soul and hot tears on my cheeks, and registered my vow: So help me Almighty God and His Angels, if I come out of this torture-house alive, never will I rest in this world again until I have saved the man who comes after me! Until I have made it impossible for a human soul to suffer the shame that I have suffered in this life! Until I have made it impossible for joy and tenderness and rapture and awe to be lashed and spit upon and

trampled and mashed into annihilation as mine have been! Until I have made this world a place in which a young artist can live!

There is no need to talk about my own case—it is an old, old story, as old as the first inspiration. When I write the book of *My Cause* I shall seek out the witness of the poor ones who were tortured, and of the rich ones who grew in peace, and it will be no great task to quote the words of every inspired singer who ever brought a new message to men. I shall seek out the unknown ones who went down into oblivion—who knows of O'Shaughnessey, who wrote some of the noblest poems that a youth ever wrote in English, and was dried up into a cataloguer of specimens in the British Museum? And even among the great ones, whoever realizes what was made of *them* by the world's brutality? Whoever realizes how England ruined utterly the most inspired prophet of her literature in this country by early starvation and insult? I mean Carlyle; and any man who will use his mind can see that it was nothing but physical deprivation and drudgery that shattered his health and his temper, and turned him into a common scold. How many tears and how much anguish do you think it took to change the drunken seer of Sartor Restartus into the plodding chronicler of the court scandals of Frederick the Great?

And Keats, my Keats! I read some prattle, apropos of *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*—"we trust that nobody with sound reasoning powers still believes that Keats was killed by severe criticism!" Killed by severe criticism! And what was it that killed him, if it was not menial toil and spiritual starvation, insult, neglect and an inhospitable climate? And what are these but one accursed thing—*lack of money*? And how was he to get money except by making men realize that they were crushing the greatest poet that England had seen in a century? And who was it that had anything to do with that save the brutal Gifford and his crew? The soul that was "snuffed

out by an article!" And he who passed the foul sneer was spending every year in debaucheries and inanities enough to have saved a thousand true men such as Keats!

I say that you, the world, have got to realize that there exists an evil, and a foul one; and that sooner or later it must be cleaned off the face of God's fair earth. You have got to realize just what part is played in civilization by the poet, the revealer of new joy and beauty, and the fountain of new spiritual impulse. You have got to realize that no matter how much may be the trouble and the cost, so long as you allow this most precious jewel from God's treasure-house to be trampled into the mire, you are a brutal and a hideous and an uncivilized society. It is a simple fact that there is a type of genius—the Keats and Shelley type, in some respects the most precious of all—which is altogether consumed with its own fire, and which may be broken like a butterfly on a wheel by a few years of the savage sordidness of this world. There have been yet others whose message was so high and precious that it took men half a century to understand it; and you, the literary world, spend your time in weeping about the agonies that such have borne in the past, and never think that the same thing must inevitably be going on in the world this very hour. It is a fact that never in history was there less chance for such a man than today; and never in history has the literary world been more utterly mastered by the ideas of the market-place, more sunk in tameness and conventionality.

I have been through it all, and what you think about it makes no difference in the world—*I know!* I have talked to nearly every publisher and magazine editor in this country, and I speak about the struggling author as one having authority. He finds himself in just this situation—with a wall of adamant before him as high as the Himalayas, and as long as around the world. That wall is called, "*What the Public Wants!*" And ninety-nine men out of every hundred die like dogs; and the ten-

thousandth man who gets over leaves behind him half his health, and all of his joy and sweetness of soul. I am that ten-thousandth man, and I could not count the times in the last few days that I have raised my hands to the sky and cried out that I need no more think of "What the Public Wants!" That I need no more let any man tell me "What the Public Wants!" That now from this day forth I should write what *I* want!

And you who want to know what My Cause is—I sum it up for you in this one sentence: That the salvation of American literature depends upon the saving of the young author from the brutalizing slavery of "What the Public Wants!" It is my thesis that the thing which we call "the world" never has been and never can be such that the man of genius should be submitted to its control; that "control" is the shame and blot and the agony of the long, long story of literature. It always has been possible, and always will be possible, in no way but one—by the world's denying to the man of genius a living, and a chance to do his work, unless he will conform to its ways. I am not able to conceive how all the criticism that all the critics in all the universe could write in all their lifetimes could matter the snapping of a finger to a true author—for any reason but the shameful one of money. "What harm," asked Johnson, "does it do a man to call him Holofernes?" None whatever, it's fun for him; save only that by calling him Holofernes you keep the public from buying his books, and turn him out to herd with your beggars.

The business of the men who would live the imaginative life is to build up joy and power in his own soul; and where in this world can a man get bread and butter for doing that? It is commonly assumed that he can do it for two or three hours a day and spend the rest of his time reviewing commonplace books, or investigating the latest murder for a newspaper. But suppose that the hunger of his heart be such that he has only one purpose, and one power, and one interest in life? In that case he can

but die, as Keats died, and Chatterton; as Shelley or Tennyson would have died had they been penniless and without friends.

Quite recently Mr. Carnegie has endowed an institution for the furthering of scientific research; and it seemed to me a significant event. It is granted, then, that a man of *science* can be helped to his achievement; it is granted that he needs to be set free — that it is not right to ask him to teach a school or keep a corner grocery while he searches the stars and the seasons! And *he* can be recognized, then, as a servant of society, and one whom society can support! And also it is possible to find him out; and a level-headed man of business thinks it worth while to spend ten million dollars at the task! And, ah, dear God, what a satire it is upon your civilization! The man of science improves your health or your crops or your telephones, all of which you are glad to have done; the poor devil who happens to be a man of genius improves nothing but your souls, about which you care not a snap of your fingers. And so you cannot trust *him*, and you cannot find *him*, and you leave him to die as your outcast curs! And there is nobody but one obscure scribbler who takes the trouble to plead his cause!

Now, I am not writing this to convince anyone; the Right and I are a majority, and we can bide our time. I merely say that before I go out of this world, God willing, I shall have founded in it the "American University of Literature," with a proper endowment, and a Board of Trustees consisting of the literary men of the time; it will employ a corps of carefully selected and trained readers to consider every manuscript that is offered, to pass upon it precisely as a publisher's reader does. Only the purpose for which it will be read, and the standpoint from which it will be judged, will be not What the Public Wants, but what American literature wants, and what God wants, and what beauty and truth and righteousness want; whether it has power in any one of a thousand forms,

whether the man who wrote it is a man whom it will pay society to support. And if so, then he will be granted, for as long as he works and grows, the money to give him food and shelter, and set him free to be an artist.

Now that is My Cause, and I am foolish enough to think that there is no cause of such importance before the world. I think that if it were done, its effect upon American literature would in ten years be discernible to every eye. It would end at one blow the shameful tyranny of the populace over the literary man; and it would make possible the survival of an original and uncompromising talent in our society, a thing which—except in the case of a novelist—is at present by no remotest possibility conceivable. Had it been in existence during the last century, our possession of the sacred message of Wordsworth need not have been conditioned upon the bequest of an intelligent friend; the soul of John Keats need never have been “snuffed out by an article;” and Thomas Carlyle need never have shattered his health and his temper, and sunk to the court scandals of Frederick the Great. Were it in existence today a certain exquisite poet that I know need not be dying by inches as a clerk; and also, what may interest a few, the world need never have been troubled with *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*.

As I say, this is My Cause, and there is no cause like it. If there were a man who had ten millions of dollars to give to the upbuilding of this land, there is no way in which he could make it count for so much. In the end, all things that are good come from the inspired man; and to save one inspired man would be greater than to build many cities. Ten million dollars is less of a force than one Shelley or one Keats, and a thousand libraries are less of a force than one poem.

I am not unaware of the chance that this seed which I am sowing might bear its beautiful fruit at once. It is among the possibilities that some intelligent man of wealth might, if this article could be brought to his notice, be

moved to consider the plan. It is among the possibilities that some friend of theirs, some educator or man of letters or editor, might be interested enough to urge it upon them. It is among the possibilities that various papers might take it up, and lay the matter before the public, and so begin an agitation. It is among the possibilities that some of the authors and others to whom I send this article might write me their opinions for me to use in calling attention to the plan. It is among the possibilities that various true lovers of books might come to me, so that a society might be formed and funds obtained for systematic work.

All these fine things might happen; but I have had exulting enthusiasms before, and the world has whacked them in the head as you see a trapper whack his catch. And so my expectation is that this article will be laughed at, and then forgotten; but only rest assured that *I* shall not forget it. The years will go by, and I shall only be getting ready for the battle. And if after long struggle the world still holds back, why then, painfully and slowly, the task will be done with my own hands. Whatever I can make the public pay me for my books, I shall gather in greedily, and it shall belong to that young author who can best use it. And by and by, when he is mature, he can repay me threefold, and so the American University of Literature will be founded in the world's despite. I have won greater victories than this in my day, and I have no fear for the issue. This is My Cause!

I finished this "letter," and then showed it to advisers, old and young. "Do not publish it," they said, "it is suicide. No one will honor it, everyone will mock at it. It will make you enemies—and it can do you no possible good." It can do me this good, it is a speaking out of my soul, and it will be something to me in my latter years that I got myself well laughed at. To be bold in your inspiration when you are out in the woods is one thing; to be so

in the jeering market-place is quite another. Also there is a greater good that it can do me—that the very madness of it must do to My Cause; let me cry out the truth now, while it is hot within me, and then it will be recorded evidence, and I can point to it to show in the future the rage and the pain that were in my soul.

I have talked about myself in this discourse, and I have told all my private affairs; you will show yourself but a poor fool if you think I have done it because I like to talk about myself, or because I like to have you talk about me. I have done it grimly, and with clear foresight. I design this article to sear itself into the hearts of men, good and evil. What I write may not please you, but at least it stirs you, and you will not soon forget it. You may sneer at it now, but you will live to blush for the sneer, and then you will be in the mood that I wish, and will understand what I mean when I say that there is at present no means of existence provided in this world for a man who would seek the heights. I am such a man, single-hearted, consecrated, and uncompromising, and I have been for years in this most enlightened society a tramp, and an outcast, and a wretch. And now I boast of a "victory"—after endless waiting, a "victory;" and that means that I have the price of a board shanty and of three years of bread and meat, and am free for that length of time to work sixteen hours a day and finish the first volume of *The American*, if my health holds out. Of course I am going to do it; and considering the long loneliness which I have before me, you will perhaps pardon the loquacity of my article and call it square.

OUR BOURGEOIS LITERATURE

THE REASON AND THE REMEDY

(From *Collier's Weekly*, October 8th, 1904. Published later as a pamphlet.)

In the May issue of the *North American Review* appeared an article by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, setting forth her opinion that "American literature today is the most timid, the most anæmic, the most lacking in individualities, the most bourgeois, that any country has ever known." At the time this article was published the writer was in a far land, where magazines are not to be had, and so his contribution to the discussion is somewhat belated. He thinks it likely, however, that American literature is not much less bourgeois at present than it was five months ago; the causes of that quality in it are deeply rooted.

A certain college professor whom the writer encountered in his youthful days had a habit which was very annoying to his students. His department was philosophy, a subject on which young men are wont to be voluble. The topic being, for instance, "The Soul," someone would be busily proving its unity, its immateriality, its indestructibility and others of its numerous qualities—only to be suddenly brought up with a turn by the old professor's quiet inquiry: "Who do you *mean* by 'the Soul'?" This always ended the argument, for the student discovered that he did not know what he meant. Before undertaking to explain the bourgeois character of American literature, the writer will try to define exactly what, to him, is implied by the word "bourgeois." This will require a digression into the history of the universe, with which the reader is requested to be as patient as he can.

The student of two or three generations from now will, unless I am mistaken, look back upon the history of two centuries and interpret it as the last stage of a long

evolutionary process—the process whereby man was transformed from a solitary and predatory individual living in a cave to a social and peaceable member of a single world community. He will see that men, pressed by the struggle for existence, had united themselves into groups under the discipline of laws and conventions, determined by their environment and its exactions, and that the two centuries in question represented the period when these laws and conventions, having done their unifying work and secured the survival of the group, were set aside and replaced by free and voluntary social effort. He will see that this evolutionary process has two manifestations, two waves, so to speak, the first political, the second industrial; one determined by man's struggle to protect his life, and the other by his struggle to secure his food. The culmination of the first occurred successively in the English revolutions, the American and French revolutions, and the other various efforts after political freedom, concluding with the Russian revolution which must occur within the present decade, and the Irish, Indian and Philippine revolutions, which must some day come. After each of these achievements the historian will notice a period of bitterness and disillusionment, a sense of failure, it being discovered that the expected did not occur, that universal peace, Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, did not become the rule of men's conduct. After that, however, succeeds a period of enlightenment, it having been realized that the work has only been half done, that man has been made only half free. The political sovereignty has been taken out of the possession of private individuals, and made the property of the whole community, to be shared in by all upon equal terms; but the industrial sovereignty still remains the property of a few. A man can no longer be put in jail or taxed by a king, but he can be starved and exploited by a master; his body is now his own, but his labor is another's, and there is very little difference between the two. So immediately there

begins a new movement, the end of which is the industrial revolution, the making of capital, that is, of economic opportunity, the property of the entire community, to be shared upon equal terms by all. The next ten years must witness the revolution in the United States, and afterwards it will follow swiftly in Australia, Germany, France, Japan, and finally in the more backward nations, such as Spain, Russia and England. This revolution will, of course, mean the end of war of all sorts, economic as well as political, and it will mark the entering of humanity upon its real task, the spiritual life.

The men who brought about the former of these revolutions were called "republicans," and the regime which they overthrew they described as "aristocratic." It is needless to point out what were the characteristics of the aristocratic civilization; all intelligent people, and all readers of historical novels in addition, know its essential characteristics.

And those who are achieving the second revolution, they are known as "socialists;" and the regime which they are to overthrow they call "bourgeois;" and so we have the origin of our word and a means of understanding exactly what it signifies. It signifies, in a sentence, that type of civilization, of law and convention, which was made necessary by the economic struggle, and which is now maintained by the economic victors for their own comfort and the perpetuation of their power. The literature of any civilization being simply the index and mirror of that civilization; if American literature is bourgeois, it can only be because American life is bourgeois; and if American literature is the most bourgeois that any country has ever known, it can only be because American life is the most bourgeois that any country has ever known. It is this, simply, because America is the fly-wheel of the economic world-mill, because it is here that the terrific forces of it have reached their highest intensity; it is here that men are most pressed and molded by them,

that the ideals and passions of the industrial battle find their fullest and most vehement expression.

The *bourgeoisie*, or middle class, is that class which, all over the world, takes the sceptre of power as it falls from the hand of the aristocracy; which has the skill and cunning to survive in the free-for-all combat which follows upon the political revolution. Its dominion is based upon wealth, and hence the determining characteristic of the bourgeois society is its regard for wealth. To it wealth is power, it is the end and goal of things. The aristocrat knew nothing of the possibility of revolution, and so he was bold and gay. The bourgeois does know about the possibility of revolution, and so it is that Mrs. Atherton finds that American literature is "timid." She finds it "anæmic," simply because the bourgeois ideal knows nothing of the spirit, and tolerates intellectual activity only for the ends of commerce and material welfare.

She finds also that it "bows down before the fetish of the body," and she is much perplexed by the discovery. She does not seem to understand that the bourgeois represents an achievement of the body, and that all that he knows in the world is body. He is well fed himself, his wife is stout, and his children are fine and vigorous. He lives in a big house, and wears the latest thing in clothes; his civilization furnishes these to everyone—at least to everyone who amounts to anything; and beyond that he understands nothing—save only the desire to be entertained. It is for entertainment that he buys books, and as entertainment that he regards them; and hence another characteristic of the bourgeois literature is its lack of seriousness. It has a certain kind of seriousness, of course—the seriousness of the hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of the artist the bourgeois writer does not know. He will rear you as gently as any sucking dove, he will also wring tears from your eyes or thrill you with terror, according as the fashion of the hour suggests; but he knows exactly why he does these things,

and he can do them between chats at his club. If you expected him to act like his heroes he would think that you were mad.

The basis of a bourgeois society is cash payment; it recognizes only the accomplished fact. To be a Milton with a *Paradise Lost* in your pocket is to be a tramp; to be a great author in the bourgeois literary world is to have sold a hundred thousand copies, and to have sold them within memory—that is, a year or two. With the bourgeois success is success, and there is no going behind the returns; to discriminate between different kinds of success would be to introduce new and dangerous distinctions. As Mr. John L. Sullivan once phrased it, "A big man is a big man, it don't matter if he's a prize-fighter or a president." Mr. John L. Sullivan is a big man himself; so is Mr. Frank Munsey, and so was Mr. Henry Romeike, and so was Senator Hanna. So are they all, all honorable men, and when you look them up in *Who's Who*, you find that they are there.

The bourgeois ideal is a perfectly definite and concrete one; it has mostly all been attained—there are only a few small details left to be attended to, such as the cleaning of the streets and the suppression of the labor unions. There is no call for perplexity, and no use for anything hard to understand. Originality is superfluous, and eccentricity is anathema. The world is as it always has been, and human nature will always be as it is; the thing to do is to find out what the public likes. The public likes pathos and the homely virtues; and so we give it *Eben Holden* and *David Harum*. The public likes high life, and so we give it Richard Harding Davis and Marie Corelli. The public does *not* like passion; it likes sentiment, however—it even likes heroics, provided they are conventionalized—and so to amuse it we turn all history into sugar-coated romance. The public's strong point is love, and we lay much stress upon the love element—though with limitations, needless to say. The idea of love

as a serious problem among men and women is dismissed, because the social organization enables us to satisfy our passions with the daughters of the poor. Our own daughters know nothing about passion, and we ourselves know it only as an item in our bank accounts. To the bourgeois young lady—the Gibson girl, as she is otherwise known—literary love is a sentiment, ranking with a box of bonbons, and actual love is a class marriage with an artificially restricted progeny.

These, which have been considered, are the positive and more genial aspects of the bourgeois civilization; the savage and terrible remain to be considered. For it must be understood that this civilization of comfort and respectability furnishes its good things only to a class, and to an exceedingly small class. By means of its control of all economic opportunity this small class is enabled to charge a monopoly price while paying a competitive wage, and thus to skim off the entire surplus product of society for its own use. The majority of mankind it pens up in filthy hovels and tenements, to feed upon husks and rot in misery. This is unpleasant to think of, of course, but it is the way of life, and it is all that the masses are fit for; they are ugly and dirty and vicious, and just never can be anything else, and there is nothing to do but keep them in their place. This was once easy, but now it is growing harder—and thus, little by little, the *bourgeoisie* is losing its temper. Just now it is like a fat poodle by a stove—you think it is asleep and venture to touch it, when, quick as a flash, it has put its fangs in you to the bone.

The bourgeois civilization is, in one word, an organized system of repression. In the physical world it has the police and the militia, the bludgeon, the bullet and the jail; in the world of ideas it has the political platform, the school, the college, the press, the church—and literature. The bourgeois controls these things pre-

cisely as he controls the labor of society, by his control of the purse-strings. Unless proper candidates are named by political parties, there are no campaign funds; unless proper teachers and college presidents are chosen there are no endowments. Thus it happens that our students are taught a political economy carefully divorced, not merely from humanity, but also from science, history, and sense; any other kind of political economy the student sometimes despises—more commonly he does not even know that it exists. And it is just the same with the churches and with theology. We have at present established in this land a religion which exists in the name of the world's greatest revolutionist, the founder of the Socialist movement; this man denounced the bourgeois and the bourgeois ideal more vehemently than ever it has since been denounced—declaring in plain words that no bourgeois could get into heaven; and yet his church is today, in all its forms, and in every civilized land, the main pillar of bourgeois society!

And so we come to literature—and to the author. The bourgeois recognizes the novelist and the poet as a means of amusement somewhat above the prostitute and about on a level with the music-hall artist; he recognizes the essayist, the historian, and the publicist as agents of bourgeois repression equally as necessary as the clergyman and the editor. To all of them he grants the good things of the bourgeois life, a bourgeois home with servants who know their place, and a bourgeois club with smiling and obsequious waiters. They may even, on state occasions, become acquainted with the bourgeois magnates, and touch the gracious fingers of the magnates' pudgy wives. There is only one condition, so obvious that it hardly needs to be mentioned—they must be bourgeois, they must see life from the bourgeois point of view. Beyond that there is not the least restriction; the novelist, for instance, may roam the whole of space and time—there is nothing in life that he may not treat, provided only

that he be bourgeois in his treatment. He may show us the olden time, with noble dames and gallant gentlemen dallying with graceful sentiment. He may entertain us with pictures of the modern world, may dazzle us with visions of high society in all its splendours, may even awe us with the wonders of modern civilization, of steam and electricity, the flying-machine and the automobile. He may thrill us with battle, murder, and Sherlock Holmes. He may bring tears to our eyes at the thought of the old folks at home, or at his pictures of the honesty, humility, and sobriety of the common man; he may even go to the slums and show us the ways of Mrs. Wiggs, her patient frugality and beautiful contentment in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her. In any of these fields the author, if he is worth his salt, may be "entertaining"—and so the royalties will come in. If there is anyone whom this does not suit—who is so perverse that the bourgeois do not please him, or so obstinate that he will not learn to please the bourgeois—we send after him our literary policemen, the bourgeois reviewer, and bludgeon him into silence; or better yet, we simply leave him alone, and he moves into a garret. The bourgeois garrets resemble the bourgeois excursion-steamers—they are never so crowded that there is not room for as many more as want to come on board; and any young author who imagines that he can bear to starve longer than the world can bear to let him starve, is welcome to try it. Letting things starve is the specialty of the bourgeois society—the vast majority of the creatures in it are starving all the time.

These are the conditions under which our literature is produced, and which account for all the qualities in it which Mrs. Atherton has perceived, but cannot explain. A better witness than Mrs. Atherton could not be had, for she herself is one of the most bourgeois of our writers. We have no writer more readily impressed with bigness than Mrs. Atherton, more ready to accept it as

greatness. It was the opinion of Shelley that "poets are the acknowledged legislators of mankind;" by Mrs. Atherton's opinion the "Rulers of Kings" are not poets nor are they prophets and saints, with their visions and aspirations; they are simply the extra heavy *bourgeoisie*. Mrs. Atherton measures the greatness of a man by the standard of the Indian Chief—by the number of squaws he has; she knows nothing of the facts of life which make it true that one woman can be more to a man than ten women can possibly be—which simply means that she is not acquainted with the phenomenon of spirituality.

Of course we are not all bourgeois, else we were lost. Many critics have risen up to reply to Mrs. Atherton, and they have named many writers from Whitman on. The main point, however, all these defenders have missed, just as Mrs. Atherton missed the main point in her attack. All her argument would have at once become clear had she understood that what she was attacking was the literature of Capitalism; and all the arguments of her critics would have become clear had they only perceived that they were defending the literature of Socialism. Whitman himself, for instance, would, if he were alive today, be stumping the country for the Socialist ticket; all his followers are doing it without exception, and the same thing is true of the followers of Emerson and Whittier, of Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, and every other freedom-loving man we ever had.

It all comes from the mighty revolution that is gathering its forces, far down in the underworld of the poor. It has been going on for forty or fifty years in Europe, from which Mrs. Atherton writes, and so it is that Europe has a party of righteousness, and a literature that is neither bourgeois nor timid nor anæmic—but Socialist. Bjornsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Zola, Gorki—all these men are Socialists or in sympathy with Socialism and becoming more so every day; they cannot help it, for they see that by no other

party can anything be done, and they see that something must be done or the sight of the world will drive them mad. Even Kropotkin, who once carried the red flag and cried out for dynamite, has joined their ranks; even the followers of Nietzsche are doing it—even Mr. Bernard Shaw! And let anyone imagine the amount of agony it must have taken to get Mr. Shaw into a political party; but here he is, and pleading for pardon. "We are told," he writes, "that when Jehovah created the world, He saw that it was good. What would He say now?"

The same thing is going on in this country—it is going on rapidly, for what takes a generation in Europe, takes only a decade here. Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, replying to Mrs. Atherton, quotes many authors who are not bourgeois. Bret Harte and Mark Twain were, of course, absurd to mention, for they belong to another era; Bret Harte is dead and Mr. Clemens has not published anything worth reading for long, long years. She names Mr. Howells, however, and Mr. Howells is a Socialist. She names Mr. Stewart Edward White, and Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Thompson-Seton, and Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips; I do not know if these gentlemen be Socialists, but I notice that they all deal with the wilds and jungles of Nature, and perhaps do not know much about the wilds and jungles of the cities of civilized man. Some do know—Mr. Edwin Markham and Mr. Bruno Lessing, for instance—and these are Socialists. Others who took part in this debate named the late Frank Norris; I do not know if he was a conscious Socialist, but I do know that in *The Octopus* he wrote a book which furnishes to the Socialist one of his few indispensable campaign documents. They named Mr. Bliss Carmen and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and these two are Socialists. They also named Mr. Jack London, and Mr. Jack London is one of the leaders among the politically active Socialists of America.

Mrs. Atherton, casting around for the cause of the

trouble, has come on the trail of the magazine editor. "It is safe to say that it is the ambition of every new writer to 'get into the magazines.'" . . . How can one manage to beat about the bush so long and not get at the central fact—that the "new writer" who has it as his ambition to "get into the magazines" is simply out of place in a discussion of literature? Is there any magazine now published in the world for the sake of literature which has any more relation to literature than it has to cigars and soap? Speaking not figuratively nor jesting, but the simple fact—what is a magazine today but a means of enabling the exploiters of cigars and soap to make known their wares to their customers? To do this, of course, the magazine has to have readers, and to get the readers it publishes a mass of reading matter: but what possible relationship has this reading matter to literature? What possible meeting-ground is there between literature and the tastes of a cigar and soap-buying public?

These things are deplorable, of course, and men with conscience, magazine editors among them, battle against them bravely, but only to fail and either give up or else sink into obscurity. They fail and they must fail for ever; it is intended by Nature that they should fail, just as it is intended that our political reformers should fail, that our tenement-house reformers, our stage reformers, our anti-imperialists, our peace agitators, our labor-conciliators, should all go down beneath the juggernaut of the *bourgeoisie*. The point is that we have now a system of society which makes wage-slaves of the vast mass of humanity, and shuts them out for ever from all hope of sharing in civilization, progress and light; and the failure of all our efforts at reform, of all our dreams of joy and beauty, is simply the justice of Nature, the vengeance of this down-trodden class.

"Follow the chain of the slave," said Emerson, "and you will find the other end upon the wrist of the master."

So it is today, and so it will be for ever; there can be no haven of refuge and no Palace of Art for anyone—only strife and failure for all—until the fact of human brotherhood is granted, until the truth has been pounded into our sluggish minds, that there can be no soul-life for any man until it is for all, that there can be among us neither political virtue, nor social refinement, nor true religion, nor vital art, so long as men, women, and little children are chained up to toil for us in mines and factories and sweatshops, are penned in filthy slums, and fed upon offal, and doomed to rot and perish in soul-sickening misery and horror. We have now reached a state today when it is possible to say in the words of John Tanner, Member of the Idle Rich Class, that “any person under the age of thirty, who, having any knowledge of the existing social order, is not a revolutionist, is an inferior.” And if we are inferiors, what have we to do with art? How can we be expected to produce art—how to understand art? So long as we are without heart, so long as we are without conscience, so long as we are without even a mind—pray, in the name of heaven, why should anyone think it worth while to be troubled because we are without a literature?

SOCIALISM AND THE NEW DAY

"The deliverance of humanity and the triumph of labor enfranchised."

SOCIALISM

(From *Love's Pilgrimage*.)

Thyrsis utilized this summer of leisure to begin a course of reading in Socialism—a subject which had been stretching out its arms to him ever since he had made the acquaintance of Henry Darrell. He had held away from it on purpose, not wishing to complicate his mind with too many problems. But now he had finished with history, and was free to come back to the world of the present.

There were the pamphlets that Darrell had given him, and there was Paret's magazine. Strange to say, the latter's reckless jesting with the philanthropists and reformers no longer offended Thyrsis—he had been travelling fast along the road of disillusionment. Also, there was a Socialist paper in New York—*The Worker*; and more important still, there was the *Appeal to Reason*. Thyrsis came upon a chance reference to this paper, which was published in a little town in Kansas, and he was astonished to learn that it claimed a circulation of two thousand copies a week. He became a subscriber, and after that the process of his "conversion" was rapid.

The *Appeal* was an "agitation-paper." Its business was to show that side of the capitalist process which other publications tried to conceal, or at any rate to gild and dress up and make presentable. Each week came four closely printed newspaper-pages, picturing horrors in mills and mines telling of oppression and injustice, of unemployment and misery, accident, disease and death. There would be accounts of political corruption—of the buying of legislatures and courts, of the rule of "machines"

of graft in city and state and nation. There would be tales of the manners and morals of the idle rich, set against others of the sufferings of the poor. And week by week, as he read and pondered, Thyrsis began to realize the absurd inadequacy of the placid statement which he had made to his first Socialist acquaintance—that the solution of such problems was to be left to “evolution.” It became only too clear to him that here was another war—the class-war; and that it was being fought by the masters with every weapon that cunning and greed could lay hands upon or contrive. In that struggle Thyrsis saw clearly that his place was in the ranks of the disinherited and dispossessed.

This was not a difficult decision; for in the first place he was one of the disinherited and dispossessed himself; and in the next place, even before the “economic screw” had penetrated his consciousness, he had been a rebel in his sympathies and tastes. Jesus, Isaiah, Milton, Shelley—such men as these had been the friends of his soul; and he had sought in vain for their spirit in modern society—he had thought that it was dead, and that he, and a few other lonely dreamers in garrets, were the only ones who knew or cared about it. But now he came upon the amazing discovery that this spirit, driven from legislative-halls and courts of justice, from churches and schools and editorial sanctums, had flamed into life in the hearts of the working-class, and was represented in a political party which numbered some thirty millions of adherents and cast some seven million votes!

Beginning nearly a century ago, these working-men had taken the spirit of Jesus and Isaiah and Milton and Shelley, and had worked out a scientific basis for it, and a method whereby it could be made to count in the world of affairs. They had analysed all the evils of modern society—poverty and luxury, social and political corruption, prostitution, crime and war; they had not only discovered the causes of them, but had laid down with

mathematical precision the remedies, and had gone on to carry the remedies into effect. In every civilized land upon the globe they were at work as a political party of protest; they were holding conventions and adopting programs; they had an enormous literature, they were publishing newspapers and magazines, many of them having circulations of hundreds of thousands of copies.

The strangest thing of all was this. Thyrsis was an educated man—or was supposed to be. He had spent five years in schools, and nine years in colleges and universities; he had given the scholars of the world full opportunity to guide him to whatever was of importance. Also, he had been an omnivorous reader upon his own impulse; and here he was, at the end of it all—practically ignorant that this enormous movement existed!

In economic classes in college there had, of course, been some mention of Socialism; but this had been of the utopian variety, the dreams of Plato and St. Simon and Fourier. There had been some account of the innumerable communities which had sprung up in America—with careful explanation, however, that they had all proven failures. Also one heard vaguely of Marx and Lassalle, two violent men, whose ideas were still popular among the ignorant masses of Europe, but could be of no concern to the fortunate inhabitants of a free Republic.

And then, after this, to come upon some piece of writing—such as, for instance, the *Communist Manifesto*! To read this mile-stone in the progress of civilization, this marvelous exposition of the development of human societies, and of the forces which drive and control them; and to realize that two lonely students, who had cast in their lot with the exploited toilers, had been able to predict the whole course of political and industrial evolution for sixty years, and to foresee and expound with precision the ultimate outcome of the whole process—matters of which the orthodox economists were still as ignorant as babes unborn!

Or to discover the writings of such a man as Karl Kautsky, the intellectual leader of the modern movement in Germany; such books as *The Social Revolution*, and *The Road to Power*—in which one seemed to see a giant of the mind, standing in a death-duel with those forces of night and destruction that still made of the fair earth a hell! With what accuracy he was able to measure the strength of these powers of evil, to anticipate their every move, to plan the exact parry with which to meet them! To Thyrsis he seemed like some general commanding an army in battle, with the hopes of future ages hanging upon his skill. But this was a general who fought, not with sword and fire, but with ideas; a conqueror in the cause of "right reason and the will of God." He wrote simply, as a scientist; and yet one could feel the passion behind the quiet words—the hourly shock of the incessant conflict, the grim persistence which pressed on in the face of obloquy and persecution, the courage which had been tested through generations of anguish and toil.

Thyrsis' mind rushed through these things like a prairie-fire; and all the time that he read, his wonder grew upon him. How *could* he have been kept ignorant of them? He was quick to pounce upon the essential fact, that this was no accident; it was something that must have been planned and brought about deliberately. He had thought that he was being educated, when in reality he was being held back and fenced off from truth. It was a world-wide conspiracy—it was that very class-war which the established order was waging upon these men and their ideas!

It was not difficult for anyone to understand the ideas, if he really wished to. They began with the fact of "surplus value." One man employed another man for the sake of the wealth he could be made to produce, over what he was paid as wages. That seemed obvious enough; and yet, what consequences came from following it up! Throughout human history men had been setting other

men to work; whether they were called slaves, or serfs, or laborers, or servants, the motive-power which has set them to work had been the desire for "surplus value." And as the process went on, those who appropriated the profits combined for mutual protection; and so out of the study of "surplus value" came the discovery of the "class-struggle." Human history was the tale of the arising of some dominating class, and of the struggle of some subject class for a larger share of what it produced. Human governments were devices by which the master-class preserved its power; and whatever may have been the original purposes of arts and religions, in the end they had always been seized by the master-class, and used as aids in the same struggle.

One came to the culmination of the process in modern capitalist society. Here was a class entrenched in power, owning the sources of wealth, the huge machines whereby it was produced, and the railroads whereby it was distributed, and above all, the financial resources upon which the other processes depended. One saw this class holding itself in power by means of the policeman's club and the militiaman's rifle, by machine-gun and battle-ship; one saw that, whether by bribery or by outright force, it had seized all the powers of government, of legislatures and executives and courts. One saw that in the same way it had seized upon the sources of ideas; it controlled the newspapers and the churches and the colleges, that it might shape the thoughts of men and keep them content. It set up in places of authority men whose views were agreeable to it—who believed in the beneficence of its rule and the permanence of its system; who would pour out ridicule and contempt upon those who suggested that any other system might be conceivable. And so the class war was waged, not merely in the world of industry and politics, but also in the intellectual world.

And step by step, as the processes of capitalism culminated, this war increased in bitterness and intensity.

For, of course, as capital heaped up and its control became concentrated, the ratio of exploitation increased. The great mass of labor was unorganized and helpless; whereas the masters had combined and fixed their prices; and so day by day the cost of living increased, and misery and discontent increased with it. As capital expanded, and new machines of production were added, there were more and more goods to sell, and more and more difficulty in finding markets; and so came overproduction and unemployment, panics and crises; so came wars for foreign markets—with new opportunities of plunder for the exploiters and new hardships and new taxes for the producers. And so was fulfilled the prophecy of Marx and Engels; under the pressure of bitter necessity the proletariat was organizing and disciplining itself, training its own leaders and thinkers, forming itself into a world-wide political party, whose destiny it was to conquer the powers of government in every land, and use them to turn out the exploiters, and to put an end to the rule of privilege.

This change was what the Socialists meant by the "revolution"—the transfer of the ownership of the means of production; and it was about that issue that the class-war was waged. Nothing else but that counted; without that all reform was futility, and all benevolence was mockery, and all knowledge was ignorance. So long as the means of producing necessities were owned by a few, and used for the advantage of a few, just so long must there be want in the midst of plenty, and darkness over all the earth. Whatever evil one went out into the world to combat, he came to realize that he could do nothing against it, because it was bound up with the capitalist system, was in fact itself that system. If little children were shut up in sweatshops, if women were sold into brothels, it was not for any fault of theirs, it was not the work of any devil—it was simply because of the "surplus value" they represented. If weaker nations were conquered and "civilized," that, too, was for "surplus value." And these

epidemics of "graft" that broke out upon the body politic—they were not accidental or sporadic things, and they were not to be remedied by putting any number of men in jail; they were to be understood as the system whereby an industrial oligarchy had rendered impotent a political democracy, and had fenced it out from the fields of privilege.

And so also was it with the dullness and sterility that prevailed in the intellectual world. The master-class did not want ideas—it only wanted to be let alone; and so it put in the seats of authority men who were blind to the blazing beacon-fires of the future. It would be no exaggeration to say that the intellectual and cultural system of the civilized world was conducted, whether deliberately or instinctively, for the purpose of keeping the truth about exploitation from becoming clear to the people.

The master-class owned newspapers and ran them. It had built and endowed the churches, and taught the clergy to feed out of its hand. In the same way it had founded the colleges, and named the trustees, who in turn named the presidents and professors. The ordinary mortal took it for granted that because venerable bishops and dignified editors and learned college professors were all in agreement as to a certain truth, there must be some inherent probability in that truth; and never once perceived how the cards were stacked and the dice loaded—how those clergymen and editors and professors had all been selected because they believed that truth to be true, and believed the contrary falsehood to be false!

And how smoothly and automatically the system worked! How these dignitaries stood together, and held up each other's hands, maintaining the august tradition, the atmosphere of authority and power! The bishops praising the editors, and the editors praising the professors, and the professors praising the bishops! And when the circle was completed what *lèse majesté* it seemed for an ordinary mortal to oppose their conclusions!

The bishops, one perceived, were "orthodox"—that is to say, they were concerned with barren formulas; and they were 'spiritual'—they were concerned with imaginary future states of bliss. The editors were "safe" and "conservative"—that is to say, their souls were dead and their eyes were sealed and their god was property. And when it came to the selecting of the college professors, of the men who were to guide and instruct the forthcoming generations—what precautions would be taken then! What consultations and investigations, what testimonials and interviews and examinations! For after all, in these new days, it could be no easy matter to find men whose minds were sterilized, who could face without blenching all the horrors of the capitalist regime! Who could see courts and congresses bought and sold; who could see children ground up in mills and factories, and women driven by the lash of want to sell their bodies; who could see the surplus of the world's wealth squandered in riot and debauchery, and the nations armed and drilled and sent out to slaughter each other in the quest for more. Who could know that all these things existed, and yet remain in their cloistered halls and pursue the placid ways of scholarship; who could teach history which regarded them as inevitable; who could care for literature that had been made for the amusement of slave-drivers, and art which existed for the sake of art, and not for the sake of humanity; who could know everything that was useless, and teach everything that was uninteresting, and could be dead at once to the warnings of the past, and to all that was vital and important in the present.

Not since he had discovered the master-key of Evolution had Thyrsis come upon any set of ideas that meant so much to him. It was not that these were new to him—they were the stuff out of which his whole life had been made; but here they were ordered and systematized—he had a handle by which to take hold of them. The name

of this handle was "the economic interpretation of history." And its import was that ideas did not come by hazard, or out of the air, but were products of social conditions; and that when one knew by what method the wealth of any community was produced, and by what class its "surplus value" was appropriated—then and then only could one understand the arts and customs, the sciences and religions, which that community would evolve.

In the light of this great principle Thyrsis had to revise all his previous knowledge; he had to cast out tons of rubbish from the chambers of his mind, and start his thinking life all over again. Just as, in early days, he had exchanged miracles and folk-tales for facts of natural science; so now he saw political institutions and social codes, literary and artistic canons, and ethical and philosophical systems, no longer as things valid and excellent, having relationship to truth—but simply as entrenchments and fortifications in the class war, as devices which some men had used to deceive and plunder some other men. What a light it threw upon philosophy, for instance, to perceive it, not as a search for truth, but as a search for justification upon the part of ruling classes, and for a basis of attack upon the part of subject classes!

So, for instance, on the one side one found Rousseau, and on the other Herbert Spencer. Thyrsis had read Spencer, and had cordially disliked him for his dogmatism and his callousness; but now he read Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution*, and came to a realization of how the whole science of biology had been distorted to suit the convenience of the British ruling classes. *Laissez-faire* and the Manchester school had taught him that "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost" was the universal law of life; and he had accepted it, because there seemed nothing else that he could do. But now, in a sudden flash, he came to see that the law of life was exactly the opposite; everywhere throughout

nature that which survived was not ruthless egotism, but co-operative intelligence. The solitary and predatory animals were now almost entirely extinct; and even before the advent of man with his social brain, it had been the herbivorous and gregarious animals which had become most numerous. When it came to man, was it not perfectly obvious that the races which had made civilization were those which had developed the nobler virtues, such as honor and loyalty and patriotism? And now it was proposed to trample them into the mire of "business;" to abandon the race to a glorified debauch of greed! And this travesty of science was taught in ten thousand schools and colleges throughout America—and all because certain British gentlemen had wished to work their cotton-operatives fourteen hours a day, and certain others had wished to keep land which their ancestors had seized in the days of William the Conqueror! Shortly after this Thyrsis came upon Edmond Kelly's great work, *Government, or Human Evolution*; and so he realized that Herbert Spencer's social philosophy had at least been cleared out of the pathway of humanity. And this was a great relief to him—it was one more back-breaking task that he did not have to contemplate!

JURGIS HEARS A SOCIALIST SPEECH

(From *The Jungle*.)

It was like coming suddenly upon some wild sight of Nature—a mountain forest lashed by a tempest, a ship tossed about upon a stormy sea. Jurgis had an unpleasant sensation, a sense of confusion, of disorder, of wild and meaningless uproar. The man was tall and gaunt, as haggard as his auditor himself; a thin black beard covered half of his face and one could see only two black

hollows where the eyes were. He was speaking rapidly, in great excitement; he used many gestures—as he spoke he moved here and there upon the stage, reaching with his long arms as if to seize each person in his audience. His voice was deep, like an organ; it was some time, however, before Jurgis thought of the voice—he was too much occupied with his eyes to think of what the man was saying. But suddenly it seemed as if the speaker had begun pointing straight at him, as if he had singled him out particularly for his remarks; and so Jurgis became suddenly aware of the voice, trembling, vibrant with emotion, with pain and longing, with a burden of things unutterable, not to be compassed by words. To hear it was to be suddenly arrested, to be gripped, transfixed.

“You listen to these things,” the man was saying, “and you say, ‘Yes, they are true; but they have been that way always.’ Or you say, ‘Maybe it will come, but not in my time; it will not help me.’ And so you return to your daily round of toil, you go back to be ground up for profits in the world-wide mill of economic might. To toil long hours for another’s advantage; to live in mean and squalid homes, to work in dangerous and unhealthful places; to wrestle with the spectres of hunger and privation, to take your chances of accident, disease, and death. And each day the struggle becomes fiercer, the pace more cruel; each day you have to toil a little harder, and feel the iron hand of circumstance close upon you a little tighter. Months pass, years maybe—and then you come again; and again I am here to plead with you, to know if want and misery have yet done their work with you, if injustice and oppression have yet opened your eyes! I shall still be waiting. There is nothing else that I can do. There is no wilderness where I can hide from these things, there is no haven where I can escape them; though I travel to the ends of the earth, I find the same accursed system. I find that all the fair and noble impulses of humanity, the dreams of poets and the agonies

of martyrs, are shackled and bound in the service of organized and predatory Greed! And therefore I cannot rest, I cannot be silent; therefore I cast aside comfort and happiness, health and good repute, and go out into the world and cry out the pain of my spirit! Therefore I am not to be silenced by poverty and sickness, not by hatred and obloquy, by threats and ridicule—not by prison and persecution, if they should come—not by any power that is upon the earth or above the earth, that was, or is, or ever can be created. If I fail tonight, I can only try tomorrow; knowing that the fault must be mine—that if once the vision of my soul were spoken upon earth, if once the anguish of its defeat were uttered in human speech, it would break the stoutest barriers of prejudice, it would shake the most sluggish soul to action! It would abash the most cynical, it would terrify the most selfish; and the voice of mockery would be silenced, and fraud and falsehood would slink back into their dens, and the truth would stand forth alone! For I speak with the voice of the millions who are voiceless! Of them that are oppressed and have no comforter! Of the disinherited of life, for whom there is no respite and no deliverance, to whom the world is a prison, a dungeon of torture, a tomb! With the voice of the little child who toils tonight in a Southern cotton-mill, staggering with exhaustion, numb with agony, and knowing no hope but the grave! Of the mother who sews by candle-light in her tenement-garret weary and weeping, smitten with the mortal hunger of her babes! Of the man who lies upon a bed of rags, wrestling in his last sickness and leaving his loved ones to perish! Of the young girl who, somewhere at this moment, is walking the streets of this horrible city, beaten and starving, and making her choice between the brothel and the lake! With the voice of those, whoever and wherever they may be, who are caught beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of Greed! With the voice of humanity, calling for deliverance! Of the everlasting soul of Man,

arising from the dust ; breaking its way out of its prison—rending the bands of oppression and ignorance—groping its way to the light !”

ON A STEAMSHIP

(From *The Cry for Justice*.)

All night, without the gates of slumber lying,
I listen to the joy of falling water,
And to the throbbing of an iron heart.

In ages past, men went upon the sea,
Waiting the pleasure of the chainless winds ;
But now the course is laid, the billows part ;
Mankind has spoken : “Let the ship go there !”

I am grown haggard and forlorn, from dreams
That haunt me, of the time that is to be,
When man shall cease from wantonness and strife,
And lay his law upon the course of things.
Then shall he live no more on sufferance,
An accident, the prey of powers blind ;
The untamed giants of nature shall bow down—
The tides, the tempest and the lightning cease
From mockery and destruction, and be turned
Unto the making of the soul of man.

THE TWELVE PRINCIPLES OF EPIC

“End Poverty in California.”

(From *I, Governor of California*, a pamphlet issued by Sinclair to take the place of speech-making in his electoral campaign.)

1. God created the natural wealth of the earth for the use of all men, not of a few.
2. God created men to seek their own welfare, not that of masters.
3. Private ownership of tools, a basis of freedom when tools are simple, becomes a basis of enslavement when tools are complex.
4. Autocracy in industry cannot exist alongside democracy in government.
5. When some men live without working, other men are working without living.
6. The existence of luxury in the presence of poverty and destitution is contrary to good morals and sound public policy.
7. The present depression is one of abundance, not of scarcity.
8. The cause of the trouble is that a small class has the wealth, while the rest have the debts.
9. It is contrary to common sense that men should starve because they have raised too much food.
10. The destruction of food or other wealth, or the limitation of production, is economic insanity.
11. The remedy is to give the workers access to the means of production, and let them produce for themselves, not for others.
12. This change can be brought about by action of a majority of the people, and that is the American way.

ART AND THE FUTURE

(From *Mammonart*. "Ogi," its author, has been discussing his work with his wife.)

"Just what do you think you've written now?"

"I've written a text-book of culture."

"For the schools?"—very sarcastically.

"It will be serving as a text-book in the high schools of Russia within six months."

"In Russia, yes—"

"In every country in Europe, as soon as the social revolution comes. The workers, taking power, bring a new psychology and a new ethics; naturally they have to have a new art, and new art standards."

"They may want to write their own text-books," suggests Mrs. Ogi.

"No doubt they will—and better than mine. But so far no one has done it—and they will have to use such weapons as they find ready."

Mrs. Ogi is one of those who observe the phenomena of religion with a mingling of fear and longing. It would be wonderful to believe like that! "Of course," she says, "if your side has its way—"

"That is how history is made," says Ogi. "Once upon a time a wealthy Virginia planter, with other wealthy gentlemen from Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, rose up and declared rebellion against his king. A war was fought, and the rebel planter won; therefore he is known as the Father of His Country, and all little boys in school learn how he could not tell a lie. If he had lost his war against his king, he would have been a vile and traitorous varlet, and every little boy in school would have learned by heart a long list of the lies he had told. And just so it is with writers who take up the cause of the dispossessed

and disinherited. If the proletariat wins in its war against capitalism, these outcast writers will become leading men of letters. On the other hand, if the proletariat loses, they will remain 'propagandists,' and 'tub-thumpers,' and 'buzzards,' and 'muckrakers,'—you recognize those terms."

Yes, Mrs. Ogi admits that she recognizes them; and he continues:

"I have given the workers an honest book, a sound book, from the point of view of their hopes and needs. I say to them: Why should you read the books of your enemies, those who make their glory and their greatness out of your misery and humiliation? Why should you walk into the traps that are set for you? Life is very cruel, but assuredly this is the most cruel thing in your fate—that you should admire those actions which crush you, those tastes which spurn you, those standards which have as their beginning and end your enslavement and degradation."

"None but workers are to see this book?" asks Mrs. Ogi.

"I use the word in its revolutionary sense, the strict scientific sense of those who do the useful and necessary labor, whether of hand or brain. I am pleading especially with the young brain-workers, the intellectuals. For the hand-worker is a slave by compulsion, but the young thinker, the student, has the ancient choice of Hercules, between virtue and vice. He may sell himself to the exploiters, he may take the dress-suit bribe, the motor-cars and the 'hooch' parties, and the beautiful, soft-skinned, hard-souled women; or he may heed my plea, and steel his soul, and go back to the garret which is the cradle of the arts, back to the ancient and honorable occupation of cultivating literature upon a little oatmeal.

"To this young intellect, hesitating at the parting of ways, I say: Comrade, this world of organized gambling and predation in which we live seems powerful and permanent, but it is an evil dream of but a few more years;

the seeds of its own destruction are sprouting in its heart. I am not referring to its moral failure, the fact that it thwarts the most fundamental of human cravings, for justice and for freedom; I mean in the bare material sense—it fails to employ its own workers, it makes misery out of its own plenty, and war and destruction of its abounding prosperity. It is as certain to fall as a pyramid standing on its tip; and when it falls, what is left but the workers? What other force is there, having solidarity, the sense of brotherhood, the ideal of service, of useful labor, as against the buying and selling and exploiting, the robbing, killing and enslaving which is capitalism?

“This great new force is shaping itself in our world, preparing for the making of the future. And shall this new life not have an art? Shall men not thrill to this vision, and rouse others to make it real? Here lies your task, young comrade; here is your future—and not the timid service of convention, the million-times-over repetition of ancient lies, the endless copying of copies of folly and cruelty and greed. The artists of our time are like men hypnotized, repeating over and over a dreary formula of futility. And I say: Break this evil spell, young comrade; go out and meet the new dawning life, take your part in the battle, and put it into new art; do this service for a new public, which you yourselves will make. That is the message of this book, the last word I have to say: that your creative gift shall not be content to make art works, but shall at the same time make a world; shall make new souls, moved by a new ideal of fellowship, a new impulse of love, and faith—and not merely hope, but determination.

“That is what this book is about,” says Ogi; “and maybe not many will get me, but a few will, and they will be the ones I am after.”

Mrs. Ogi comes to him and puts her arms about him, trembling a little. “Yes, of course,” she says; “and I’m glad you wrote it, in spite of all my terrors.”

"Ah, now!" says Ogi, smiling. "We ought to have a picture of this! A happy ending, in the very best bourgeois style!"

THE OVERMAN

(From *The Overman*. A castaway on a desert island so develops his spiritual perception that he is able to enter into communion with another race of beings.)

"I do not know where these people are," he told me. "I only know that throughout universal space they are the race which is nearest in its development to our own. I do not know what they look like. I have never seen nor heard them. I only live their lives. I do not ask them any questions; our relation is nothing of that sort. It is as if they were playing music which I heard; but also as if their music was their whole life, so that I know all they have to do. Their presence comes to me as the inwelling of universal joy; of love and worship and rapture, unending and unthinkable. Their life is infinite variety—immediate and perpetual expansion—spiritual insight developing in a ratio determined by the will of the individuals. It is as if a man were to witness the spring-time arising of Nature, but taking place in an hour instead of three months; and he comprehending it, not from the outside, but living it, as a bursting forth of song."

"And to this song there is no limit?" I asked him.

"When you speak of the soul as being infinite," said Daniel, "you do not mean that it extends merely beyond your thoughts, but you mean that you may heap quantity upon quantity, and multiply quantity by quantity, in any ratio and at any speed you please, and still have infinity before you."

"You mean that those beings understand what is going on in each other's mind?"

"They understand all minds as you understand your own. It is of the nature of spiritual passion to mingle at a certain stage of intensity, like electricity in the lightning flash. This race has developed a new sense, just as a man has developed senses which are not possessed by lower animals."

"And these people were once men?"

"Presumably."

"And then they have escaped altogether from the sorrows of life?"

"Say rather," he answered, "that they have escaped *to* the sorrows of life. The essence of life is sorrow."

"It does not seem so, from your picture," I said.

"That is simply because my picture is not understood. Every one of these beings of whom I speak bears in his bosom a pain for which there are no words; every one of them—there are countless numbers of them, living each in my consciousness as the voice of one instrument lives in a symphony—each one is a Titan spirit, wrestling day and night without end, without possibility of respite, and bearing on his shoulders a universal load of woe. In no way could you imagine one better than as a soldier in the crisis of the battle, panting, and blind with pain, dying amid the glory of his achievement."

"And such a life!" I cried. "Why do they live it?"

"They live it because it demands with the voice of all their being to be lived; because the presence of it is rapture and unutterable holiness; because it will allow no questions, because it is instant, imperative, and final—*it will be lived!*"

I sat in silence. "Do I gather from your words," I asked, "that immortality is not one of the privileges of this race?"

He smiled again. "The spiritual life," he said, "does not begin until the thought of immortality is flung away.

A man's duty looms up before him—and in his weakness he will not do it, but puts the fruition of his life into another world, where the terms are not so hard!”

“This people,” I asked—“what do they know about God?”

“They know no more than men do,” was the answer, “except that they know they know nothing. They know that the veil is not lifted. It is not that for which they seek—life is their task, and life only; to behold its endless fruition; to dwell in the beauty of it, to wield power of it; to toil at its whirling loom, to build up palaces of music from it. Ah, my brother, why have you never lived a symphony?”

“These people have no physical life?” I asked.

“Assuredly, they have,” was his answer; “it is a life which does not enter their consciousness—any more than, for instance, the beating of your heart and the renewing of your tissues. They have attained to mastery over the world of matter. They temper the seasons to their wish; disease and ill health they have banished entirely; and understanding the ways of Nature, they create their food at will.”

“And their society knows no rich and no poor? Their government?”

“They have no government,” he said, “their law is their inspiration.”

EVEN THE SOCIALISTS WAVER

(From *Dragon Harvest*. The people didn't want war, but they were undecided and are hence powerless.)

The melancholy days had come, the days of cold and rain and little sunshine in France, of fear and uncertainty in the souls of Frenchmen. There was the blackout, though not so bad as in London; street lights were painted blue.

You carried a gas mask wherever you went, and kept in mind the whereabouts of the nearest shelter; indoors, you were warned to stand with your face to a wall, on the theory that you would rather have glass splinters in your back than in your eyes. When the weeks passed, and the months, and no bombers came, you gradually relaxed these precautions; but you could not escape the inconveniences, the shortages, and worst of all the doubts and breakdown of spirit.

The average Frenchman didn't want war, and could hardly believe that he had got into one; he could find so many reasons for not fighting, and lived in the hope that somehow "they," the superior powers, would find a way to get him out of the mess. A great part of the newspapers which he read opposed the war; or at any rate put the blame for it upon the groups in control of the government. Even the Socialists couldn't make up their minds how far they wanted to go, or in which direction; their paper, *Le Populaire*, solved the problem by dividing its editorial page in halves, one "hard" and the other "soft," one for putting Hitler down and the other for making some sort of compromise with him.

The position of the Reds was even more unpromising for the future of France. The Communist Party had proclaimed that this was one more capitalist war, and that the Fatherland of French workers was the Soviet Union. The government replied by outlawing the Party and throwing hundreds of its leaders into jail.

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